

# The Story You Wanted

*by* Darryl Price

For I would draw a diagram  
To signify the things I am  
But I think you know--Todd Rundgren

The door was opened before me. I know that's not a good way to start out on an adventure, but it is what happened to me. I didn't see any beckoning light, I felt a crazy urge, like being covered in blue paint, the only

thing in my medicine pouch. And it was enough to set me off. I supposed there would be dangers to meet, but a part of me just didn't care, not that I wanted to be hurt by things in the dark that could bite

or possibly hit with darker thicker sticks than mine. I just couldn't wait any longer. I'd already folded up your precious tears to take along with me for cold comfort. My own tears would have to wait for the next train. I never looked back, not for a long time, and

when I did I only felt a terrible sadness for those still stuck in the golden molasses of a lost childhood like mine. How could I keep my dreams wrapped about me for so long? I may never know, but I believed in a sweet dove-eyed

angel calling my name when I most needed it and some sunshine. That's the true story. I've never been alone, except in this godforsaken world. Otherwise I've always felt a benevolent spirit living in my mind that knew how to

listen and provide a palpable relief to the terror in my body, so I could breathe again. I'm not like the older brothers who are convinced they don't need to be forgiven. I need small daily miracles just to get up and face

another day, get up in the morning and believe in everything again, that I somehow deserve to know these next new hours and

minutes. I got tangled up for a while in all these feeling words. Well, I could either

lay there and suffocate or start to arrange them into a new way out of my latest sorrow. I found a way to speak and the thorns parted. But there was no princess in a glass case waiting for my wizened approach.

There was only the same yet different road stretching out past the mysterious trees. There was only grey stones and crumbling walls built so long ago no one knew who first put them there. It wasn't another floating door, but it might as well have been a good enough reason to laugh. Life began to throw its trappings of grief on me, and this weighted me down like a diver in an old black and white TV show. You know

how the rest of the story goes, I don't. I'm still living it out, and pulling myself through the long tunnels of so-called truthful mirrors, looking for something like love inside all the abrupt changes. I guess I always am going to need an old

friend around, like the wind. I found one in music. I found music in the rain. I could always serenade myself with the trees and their lovely leaves. The stars all have ready flutes in their hands. And I added my own

made-up poetry. Well. We've played in a lot of scary cities around the world's desires, but of course the best musicians must pack up their saltry instruments each night and try to make it on time to the next big gig in the sky.

I couldn't be anybody else, not like you. I don't admire it, but neither do I despise it. I don't even understand it or pretend to. So let me scratch out the hello part of this and just say goodbye, sorry if I bothered you.

Bonus poems:

Together by Darryl Price

I don't mind being with a river. It  
reminds me of you. I don't mind being  
lost beneath all these spreading clouds. My speck of life  
is a very grateful spot to be. I

know the turning world will turn me out eventually,  
but here I am for no one all sandwiched nicely between the many  
colored strands of the sun's morning rays and a full stomach. I  
can breathe without you I've found, still feel the love from the  
universe. Let

myself respond in the most vulnerable of positions. I  
don't mind being alone with this river right now. It  
seems to be thinking about it all, too. Well I'm not  
sure where the dreaming starts or ends for either of us right

now. I can heal without you around, feel the  
love that is life. There will come a moment when I  
will turn away from this vision because it  
cannot stay the same forever. If I do not

move I will fall into a nothingness; before  
time completes me. I can lift my heart alone,  
embrace the love I know. I don't mind having met  
this wild river. It has taught me its

story of being, inviting me to swim in  
its unique water. I'll remember the cold happy feeling for as long  
as I live.

This poem is our handshake, our hope together. Goodbye old  
River. Good to talk with you in silence. Enjoyed your rushing away  
answers. dp

Between Clocks (The Turnaround)

I've got to let go of everything. I keep crashing  
into things I think I know. I don't know shit.  
I know I will die, but who knows what that  
goes to. I wrote some poems, they tell me, but  
they don't tell me anything I don't already know about myself. I've  
been everywhere I hated at one time or another in  
my life. I've got to let go of it all now.  
There is nothing here I believe in that equals the story  
of your lovely face. I don't want to hear that story

again, because I feel lost from all love at this moment. Doing  
anything where  
you're not. But I'm breaking into every line only to  
find another sentence buried underneath. Even Beauty without  
her masks  
makes me trip and fall deeper into more trouble than ever. Pretty  
words can go straight to hell, and I must go on from here.  
I'm not the lucky one here. Not like you. I'm  
not your friendly ghost. I'm not anyone's friendly anything. I'll  
always  
be the forgotten stranger on the remembered boat. Questions to  
me  
are their own answers. Answers to me are questions. The fading  
sad

poems I've got left are all I could come up with to send you in  
either  
case. I've always been one with the fools. I've got  
to let everything go now. Happy New Year's Eve. Merry  
Christmas, 1963.

Goodbye to all that kid dreaming. Whatever I've found pushed me  
in and away from all of you. But in my mind, I'm  
never far from turning the key to home. In my mind, I'm  
close to overcoming true loneliness. But my heart hurts my head.  
Maybe that's  
not what you want to hear, it's certainly not what  
I wanted to say. But I've got to let go of

everything. I know it. I'm not even sure if I  
could take on any new thoughts within me. When we were  
given our chunks of time I believed in a forever. Now  
I know the illusion is an alliance between clocks and  
Eternal hoping. I don't mind. I see it's beautiful for some. I'd  
like to see it remains undisturbed for them. Everything must go  
back  
into everything else in the end. That's all. All the beautiful faces.  
All  
the lovely smiles. All the ringing bells of laughter. All  
the tears. They don't belong to us. We might belong together. I'm  
not

saying that to get you to turn around. You can't find me,  
and I wouldn't want you to. I'm glad and I'm  
sad, but I'm not sorry. We are citizens of the stardust kingdom.  
And you were someone I noticed right away as being  
worth the journey inward. It's nothing new. You were and  
are my own favorite light to see by in the familiar  
darkness. Now I see in the dark quite well. We've  
all adjusted our headsets to meet the new millennium. I  
only wanted to remind the road's leaves to remind me again about  
the need.

