

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 open 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 an 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 sticks. I just couldn't wait any longer. I'd already folded up your precious tears to take with me. My own tears would have to wait. 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. How could I keep my dreams wrapped about me I may never know, but I believed in a sweet dove-eyed

angel calling my name when I most needed some sunshine. That's the true story. I've never been alone, except in this 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 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 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 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. Life began to throw its trappings 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 truthful mirrors, looking for something like love inside all the changes. I guess I always am going to need an old

friend 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 salty instruments and try to make it on time to the next gig in the sky.

I couldn't be anybody else 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 spread clouds. My speck
is a very grateful spot to be. I

know the turning world will turn me out,
but here I am sandwiched between the many
colored strands of the sun's morning rays. I
can breathe without you, feel the love. Let

myself respond in its most vulnerable position. I
don't mind being alone with this river. It
all seems to be thinking, too. I'm not
sure, where the dreaming starts or ends right

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

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

story of being, inviting me to swim in
its water. I'll remember the cold happy feeling.
This poem is our handshake, our hope. Goodbye
River. Good to talk. Enjoyed your rushing 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. I've
been everywhere I hated at one time or another in
my life. I've got to let go of it all.
There is nothing I believe in that equals the story
of your love. I don't want to hear that story

again, because I feel lost from all love. Doing anything
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. Pretty
words can go straight to hell, and I must go.
I'm not the lucky one here. Not like you. I'm
not your friendly ghost. I'm not anyone's friend. I'll always
be the forgotten stranger on the boat. Questions to me
are answers. Answers to me are questions. The fading sad

poems are all I could come up with in either
case. I've always been one with the fools. I've got
to let everything go now. Happy New Years. Christmas, 1963.
Goodbye to all that dreaming. Whatever I've found pushed me
in and away from you. But in my mind, I'm
never far from turning the key. In my mind, I'm
close to overcoming true loneliness. My heart hurts. Maybe that's
not what you want to hear, it's certainly not what
I wanted to say. I've got to let go of

everything. I know it. I'm not even sure if I
could take to new thoughts within me. When we were

given our chunks of time I believed in forever. Now
I know the illusion is an alliance between clocks and
Eternal hoping. I don't mind. I see it's beautiful. I'd
like to see it remains undisturbed. Everything must go back
into everything else. That's all. All the beautiful faces. All
the lovely smiles. All the ringing bells of laughter. All
the tears. They belong to us. We belong together. I'm not

saying that to get you to turn around. You can't,
and I wouldn't want you to. I'm glad and I'm
sad, but I'm not sorry. We are the stardust kingdom.
And you were someone I noticed right away as being
worth the journey homeward. It's nothing new. You were and
are my own favorite light to see by in the
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 leaves to remind me again.

