

The Windows

by Darryl Price

It doesn't matter who goes first, the ghost
or the witch. It's all a story within
the story that never ends. The top of
a flower becomes the bottom of the
soil, something for rain to push on through all
those holes in the world. In the meantime, paper dolls
roll off the presses in one world,
while internet influencers dance on
bedroom boards in another. We had the
Beatles live, and functioning well, through human
bodies; they have cartoon avatars.
Where joy can be found, there is hope. Yet no
matter the play, the actors speaking for
action are talking to you talking to
yourself about nothing and everything.
And it continues as sweeping on the
street, and in the windows, among the trees,
and in traffic--clouds or cars, cars or stars--
you're only here. Where you must start from and
where you will end up. Alone and surrounded.
In an orchestra pit. Wondering,
how did I get here? And, now what? Repeat
after me, it doesn't matter, etc. They
always want to bully you into applying
for the job, Angel, first class; but,
that seems a very limiting option
for a dreamer or poet. You literally
must invent both, the inside and
the outside of the door. The poem and
the singer. The known and the unknown art.

