

The World is More Beautiful

by Darryl Price

than really I can stand. It's

leading me astray. The page
looks more painfully empty.

In my mind, the heart has blown
away. Am I next in line?
I've stopped looking for more. Wish

I could be in your eyes once
again. The moon's answer is
unchanged, lonelier than a

book journal left behind in
a getaway car's back seat.

