

# The World's a Beautiful

*by* Darryl Price

box of wild animals in a tiny window and not just because you're  
in it, too, but

I can't really imagine its twirling  
around and around like that without you.  
The sleek massive bodies of sharks too are  
beautiful in slow motion rise but then  
most things are in ballet mode. Snows can be

a simply stunning beautiful curtain  
but it's still a bit of a fooler as  
an understudy to the sun's caress because  
it sits quietly getting heavier as you  
look at it, and it doesn't stop eating  
the ground until it runs completely out of itself

entirely. Rains splat the roof looking for something  
else to do besides the same old boring  
steady job of keeping the beat but always get the thing done in  
the end.

Nonetheless, you could say it jingles as  
it passes by. But like so many species  
of elementals that's just one aspect

of its timelessness. It can break into  
a whole family of interesting  
faces at a moment's quick notice. This  
continuous music then plays into  
the heads of every living creature and  
you get connected to things both ancient

and high through its many riveting, rich

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melodies. Birds paid particular  
rapt attention to this for so long that  
they naturally assumed they must have  
invented it in passing a long time  
ago, all by themselves, but of course frogs

beg to differ. Clouds beg to differ. Leaves  
unfurl and show their own evidence to  
the contrary. Now I put in my own  
two cents worth of ink for mankind. We build  
grand monuments, hoping to capture the  
holy breath of that wind to guide us back home again before the  
last darkness.

Bonus:

A Prisoner Refuses to Eat  
by Darryl Price

They have placed a  
gun on every table.  
I don't want to  
kill you for supper.  
They have thrown a  
net around every tree.  
I don't want a  
sky made to order.  
They have stolen a  
child from every heart.  
I do not believe  
in this long mirror.  
They've become us when

it suits their purpose.  
I do not want  
to answer that calling.  
What I want's not  
like anything that's made  
but looks a lot  
like your smiling eyes.  
It is in fact  
most like your laughing  
voice or the yellow  
sun blown across daisies.

