

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

Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/darryl-price/the-worlds-a-beautiful>»*

Copyright © 2012 Darryl Price. All rights reserved.

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.

