

The Young Hate the Old

by Darryl Price

The old hate the young.
Robe exposed monks do not
Hate mosquitoes. It is one. It is one hand. It is one.
Mountains don't hate sky.

The rich hate the poor.
The poor hate the rich.
The parade of scholars hate the
Uneducated

Workers who despise
The Learned. The wise do
Not hate anyone
Dead or alive for

Any reason whatsoever. Bees
For instance do not
Hate hungry birds diving with their stone sharpened beaks
pointed at their fuzzy little backs.
Gasping for quick air butterflies do not

Hate the end of summer's nectaring stations and its intoxicating
perfume of almost rotting flowers.

They love the hollow remembrance of those young flowers as
much as ever, it's true,

But not like in a made for TV
Shakespeare kind of CinemaScope film way. More like

In a happy, happy dream sequence way,
Where all the interesting and charming characters

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Come to a much greater life understanding together, or like an unexpected guest with

A French horn blowing into the rolling credit background as you walk away with nothing in your hands.

Bonus:

Seashell

Here it comes then, that strange familiar feeling. There is more
Of something friendly inside of everything else it seems. Who
knows

what might just as instantly be made into a new feeling, a
particular warmth

come over them within the same spot of stance as you there? Well
perhaps that is too much to be asking the audience for right now.
There is nothing left of the old life but something
crunched out of a cardboard box and left on the window
to begin to fade over time. Still there is something that speaks
of community, I can't understand that I know as an
understanding between us and late summertime. Perhaps another
mock language other than mine here

would have given you a much clearer picture. You're the one
who picked up the poem so it must have been
meant for you all along. Hello. Is that too simple a puritan phrase
to utter now?

We're nowhere near goodbye, not yet, not until you drop the last
point that contracts me back into another sand grain of its
own make and model. We'll have to eventually make sense out of
the

present facts we make together. We have finally met. I can't say
I'm not glad, but I wish it were in an
area where we could at least look into each other's
living eyes and see some plain truth staring back from in there.
Perhaps we are. Who am I to say

how the old world works on any new made up level? Who's to say
that eyes made out of words are not the better for it?
All I know is the further I get into these lines the more
I know you were meant to meet me here, and
so here we are. I have absolutely nothing fabulous to tell
you, but I do seem to be humming something amazing
whenever you are nearby. Even now I can't say that's a
very good song to hear. You resonate within me from right where
you
are and from right where you have found me. I don't
want to know how this magic works. You can slice

and label all the mystical loveliness you want out of this world but
it still
won't answer the ringing bell's ultimate question. There's a
hillside.

Can we go and sit somewhere and watch nothing but
the color blue turn into a circus of balancing stars together?
I like the breeze. Is that part of your being
here, too? It's so nice. I wish I could always stay
with you like this, alone, free, away, sharing everything and
nothing without meaning to. But the ground says it's now about
time
to go, so here's that goodbye I promised you. Here's to a certain
light made more vivid by our coming into contact with just one
another just this one incredible time.

Darryl Price December 01, 2012

Turn Around, Leave the Parade to the Experts

by Darryl Price

Some of us march forward all our lives. I like to step out
Of line. It's no big deal. I was never one for waiting around
For something nice to happen. You might not like this, but really
it's

Not my concern. I don't know who you are and you certainly don't

Know me. These poems are just something I like to do besides
trying

To blackmail the powers that be into leaving me alone. As far as
I can see they just aren't wired that way. Any movement away
from

Their complicated conversations is a big plus for me. It's fun to
splash

A bit of Bright wet paint on a piece of empty paper no matter
what current

Critics make of it. If they call it shit perhaps you've finally made
Something that isn't simply boring. Even that's not the only point
worth pursuing

In the daily grind. The ones who march endlessly think they are
going

To the gates of heaven, but they are already in a hell. Life is
Meant to be awakened to constantly. It's not about where you are
standing,

It's about not losing heart, which is pretty easy to do. I don't
Have any hard advice for you. That would be lending you my coat

That's out of proportion to your own body. It might keep the rain
Off momentarily but eventually it makes you look like an idiot who
can't

Dress yourself properly. You don't need anybody's advice to know
how you feel

About your own footprints. It's not always getting you to discover
a different

Song than the one you are hearing, sometimes it's about thinking
about the

Direction to that tune. Guess some things are beautiful indeed,
but I don't

Want to hear some old poet describing them to me like I'm
blinded by

The gaslight. The marchers like to stare straight ahead, but I
don't think

The back of someone's head qualifies as any kind of proof that
God

Cares if you make it. If there's any caring to be had perhaps

We'd better start the engine with something a little less esoteric
than a

Celestial cup of foul smelling free floating green tea. The
marchers are always disappearing

Up their own backsides and painting the cliffs white with their
smeared ghosts.

It's more a sad letter than an answered pathetic plea for love,
more faded

Memory than museum worthy sunflowers, more washed up and
wrecked boat rib than fascinating

Seashell. You want somebody to take you home, I don't. Being in
the

Depths of this life I find all kinds of reasons to put the
Next word and the next down. Standing in line I'd only see
something
Or someone trying to hide their broken springs from the Gestapo.
I'm not interested in being
Issued an official writer's card. This is what you get from all the
mess.

