

# There is Something

*by* Darryl Price

I want to say so you'll hear it, but  
nothing comes close to that feeling. It's  
there in your eyes, your voice, your hair. How  
much more can I avoid saying those  
perfect words that will make it all the  
way inside you? There is something like

a blind love going on here that I  
won't wish on anybody. It makes  
me run into walls. It makes me silent  
in the noisiest parts of myself,  
until I'm not sure if the motion  
is me or you going about your

day. And some part of me knows you don't  
care about any of that. There is  
something I want to say so you'll come  
closer, you probably figure you're  
already close enough. I've seen their  
transparency, the vain messages.

Yeah, I don't see you like that at all.  
It's more like quiet rain. The brightest  
star of the moon in a corner of  
my window as soon as I get into  
bed. The far off train whistle that  
sounds beckoning, yet familiar.

Not a ghost, but a living spirit  
in the forests of the world. There is  
something unfiltered I want to say,  
but all that beauty makes me think I

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wouldn't stand a chance of making sense.  
This poem sounds more like a plea than

a hand to hold. That's what I meant, gulps  
the imposter, to say. It's was just  
a thought I let come, and now let go.  
There's something I wanted to give so  
you'd smile underneath your seriousness.  
Until then I wish you much light.

