

# There's No Poem Here

*by* Darryl Price

It's just me. I wanted  
to talk to you.  
I'm not even sure  
what it is I'm going

to say. It's more  
a feeling I want  
to pass on to you.  
I imagine we'll

get to it eventually.  
It starts

with me trusting myself

not to lie. It  
starts with friendship and  
even if we're not  
friends, it ends with it.

It's only me. Each  
person, it seems, has  
to answer the question,  
what is love, for

themselves. In their own

time and in their own  
fashion. Guess you could

say, this is mine. I  
want to show you the

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meaning I've found, in  
case it helps you in

your own discovery.  
I'm not against  
your chosen path, I'm  
for my path, even

as it meanders  
around the universe  
looking for answers

to impossible  
questions, like, what  
is Home? My wish would  
not be to take away

your sorrows, but  
to grant you courage  
to continue to

look for a better  
way--to express, to  
create, to learn, to  
grow, to accept

and give real forgiveness.  
This is a small  
kindness, a gust of  
kissing wind on a

sad day in time. You  
are not alone. I

am here with you. You're

already here, too.  
That's a start. It's as  
good a place as any  
to journey from.

Let them bitch and moan.  
That's what they do. This  
is what we do when  
we pick up the hope

again, not just for

ourselves, but for everyone  
who is hurting,

or lost or lonely,  
who is hungry  
for the love that is  
always there inside

each and every lifeform  
everywhere. I  
wouldn't extinguish  
your shadows down to

nothing, but give you  
present awareness  
of certain eternal

lights available  
to you, like music,  
lights like holding  
hands or laughing out

loud together, or  
sharing a meal, or  
climbing mountains of

beautiful trees, watching  
oceans of stars.  
I know you know what  
I'm talking about,

so let's dispense with  
all the doom and gloom  
scenarios currently  
sprouting in

our heads. They're just weeds.  
Don't let them displace

the flowers in your

garden. You are the  
gardener, do your  
job. You are the gatekeeper  
to your soul.

The rats don't stand a  
rotten chance against  
you, if you'll remember,  
you're weighty with

possibility.

