

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.

