

This Pretty Business

by Darryl Price

Oh it's another one of those strange thrill rides
slowly building from a buzz saw whisper
into cool morning's consciousness, coming
on and crawling through the moon's mattress like
a silver stream and under the dented
pillow where there's a punked out bedbug feeling,
caressing the loosened brain's slumbering
tummy with an electric feather or
felt pen writing down a half remembered
dream. I notice the window fling itself
up into the sun's sorry face as if
to say, 'Well, what the hell do you want from
me now?' I smile but I don't think I mean
it, not like that. I'm always surprised to find
myself in the shower again, aren't you?
How did I get myself in there without
tripping over my own helpless feet? At
least I made it this far. And what's the point
of looking out the window through those two
sly fingers? There's nothing out there that you
haven't seen before until you leave the
house that is. You'll have daily adventures
aplenty or more black crow boredom than
you can handle like balled up and squashed trash heaps
spilling out of the tops of an army
of fat green trashcans on every single street. I
think maybe that's the biggest problem we've
got going for us—we go about just
doing all these kinds of so called normal
human things without ever expecting

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the floor to cave in beneath us, and when
it does we fall without hesitation.
Thanks for the hole to bury myself in.
Goodbye cruel world. No thanks. That's all I've got
to say. I might not know exactly what
it is I'm looking for but I'm against
not finding it, if that makes any truth as sense
to you. And if it doesn't let's just say
I disagree with your definition
of being alive. I'm up. I think it's
okay what they say—if you can't find the right
door then get busy inventing a new
one for yourself and your loved ones and don't
be afraid to use it to find one real
feeling at home again. In a weary world, we've
got to give up this notion that it's all
somebody else's pretty business
to be happy or sad or a fool or
here or gone to other fascinating
stratospheres of music making. You are
the star here, and that's it. You can travel
the sky but you can't move out of your own
way. You walk around but you're still hanging
around. You must belong. The way I see
it what you are is your own time machine,
your own lighthouse. You go in your head and
you come out your heart and then jump back inside,
do it again, until you arrive at
your final destination. Look how much
things have changed while you and I weren't looking so hard
at the pointed purple pain. And what did
you expect? Tears don't really make sorrows
disappear but they can work their special
brand of magic in other ways profound;
if they're the real thing they'll mix well with the rain,

we all know happily where that leads us
to eventually. Not so bloody
obvious are the changes happening
on your brand new day's head. In the meantime
why not go dance together in the park?
I mean it. Give it a rest. Fear not, the
world's not going to collapse forever.

