

# 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.

