

Those (Beckoning) Lights

by Darryl Price

The understanding we made was neatly wrapped up in its own
blue tissue cocoon like a neatly rolled joint and dumped
unceremoniously into the forgotten past like a plate of leftover
digitized lies. The lid was slammed shut. Time passes too tightly.

And you

find yourself a prisoner inside your newly broken body, walking
along inside a lonely road's ditches like a lost animal, again and
again. These are the same soft houses you remember.

There are those beckoning lights you still recall willing you home.

But you have only the

billion stars, and they burn off by break of day and you
walk in the shadow of the sun to cool off. You glint like a knife.

You

blink. You flash. It's a field of eternal longing scattering off before
you. Why

do you have to know so much about always being left
alone? Nothing's ever going to save us from the arc of being.

We are beautiful in our doomed rooms, but it doesn't
really matter. They will dance without our names on their
swaying sideways and hissing chanting lips. They'll destroy the

hidden garden's rough

beauty in the name of the great goddess of fear, like always.

Oh and if there is a greater love it has no

friendship for the living. You'll find no pity in its

deepened and blackly drilled out eyes. But you'll hear the faraway

laughter of

its lovely parade, like a quiet bright rain, that beckons

and doesn't soak, but relieves every imagined wound with a
freshly laundered air through clouds. So breathe it in, deeply

while you

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still can, hug another human being. I don't mean to
be that snide, but the time is coming when you
will sink and swirl in so many bitter tears that
you will never touch the sweet earth again so innocently. They
are not sorry that you hurt. They only want to
feel their own brand on your skin at all times. It's not like they
said

it would be at the beginning. We can only write it
down without lying to our own dancing lives so many times, and
then leave it alone, but still there're so many jerks

to fight off in the choking bathrooms. They only want everything.
Nothing else will

do. That is our war. That is why the sad
faces turn away from us and weep along with strange willows.
They are ringing like

living bells. Perhaps on that strung hope that we can possibly feel
something deeper than the hum of our machines being consumed
by other cold hearted machines. I only wanted to hold you. That
is not a sin, no matter what they say in church. It
is a fabulous miracle of sorts. It is a guitar solo in a bat's ear, done
with some

real flare. It's the more we've always heard them talking about in
our crackling on the fire dreams. It is always the same plan.

I've got to get going now. Remember me. Dream the life. Dream it
well, for all of us who are here waking before you.

