

Two Drunken Elves Don't Know a Good Hobbit When They See One

by Darryl Price

Wait for it. It's not the end of the world,
it's the end of certain things. It's not that
the sky is falling, it's that the coral
reefs are dead or dying. I don't know how
the ravaged trees have managed to survive
this long with us breathing down their sore necks.
It's gaseous in all directions. The moon
and stars are all turning their shells around
their shaking bodies and trying to hide
in silence from us. But, you know, we find
a way to kill just about everything
eventually. But that's just ancient
history come to life as shadow. We
will make war or we will die trying. But
what about the rest of us? For me I
decided a long time ago that things
put deeply into my young brain didn't
necessarily belong there. And I
kicked them out. It's painful to care about
other living things, to watch them die from
senseless murder at the hands of angry
men who feel they have no right to eat all
the cash fish. Or whatever. To grow so
big in our faces. To be so free to
roam. To think too much. To write poetry.
It doesn't matter what you do, if they
spot you, they will destroy you, because that

Available online at «<http://fictionaut.com/stories/darryl-price/two-drunken-elves-dont-know-a-good-hobbit-when-they-see-one>»
Copyright © 2020 Darryl Price. All rights reserved.

is what they do. But do you realize
they are in the same enemies' grasp, too?
Wait for it. You don't need another new

device. You are the best device. You don't
need to be taught how to be. You need to
be shown how to trust. Wait for it. Wait for
it. For it. The end is the beginning.
There is no going back. There is only
being here or over there, and over
there means gone, lost, turning invisible,
dissolving. The water comes and dilutes
you. The mad fire comes and eats you up and
belches you back out in concentric smoke
rings that the wind runs away with like a
greedy child with a big bright buldging red
balloon. So wait for it. It's all Godot.
Maybe it comes, maybe it doesn't. Or
maybe it's already here. Maybe as
long as you wait it keeps coming. But the
final arrival is anybody's
guess. That's the meaning of the essence called
original art. To guess at something
so mysterious that it begins to
make sense by making no sense. Join the club.
Wait for it. Blah! Waiting is fear. And fear
is a good thing only once. The rest of
the time it entraps you in its pretty
inviting mouth like a butterfly. And
you get eaten alive. Where's the joy in
that? Unless you are a monk and can see
only one hand clapping in a million
slapped over your mouth, over your soul, and
over your freedom to self expression.

Wait for it. Everybody wants to make
a few bucks off you. If you've got nothing
they can resell, then you are useless to
them. But that's always been their real campaign
promise: we promise to eat you until
there is nothing left. But, come on, we are
not their meals. We are families, and friends,
communities and dancers. Gardening
poets and passionate painters, swans and
simple sparrows. Fireflies and jungle cats.
We are all the stuff that makes up all the
other stuff that sprouted out of stardust
sprinkled on our billions of floating souls
in outer space. We are a loud cosmic
collision of everything with every
thing else. And it's quite beautiful, also
terrifying. So what? You don't have to
be afraid to be careful. You don't have
to hide to care. You don't have to be plain
stupid to write poetry. Or sing songs.
Or make a good soup. Whatever we are
in, it is us, we are it. And that's the
good news. It always was and always will
be, no matter what they say. And that's my
message to you. Send it along. The sky
may be falling, but it may need to in
order to survive. Everything wants to
continue to live now. And some of those
beings are older than all of us put
together. Let's help them regain balance. dp

Bonus poems:

We Are
by Darryl Price

here. Some of us are gone now. Many more
of us are trying to remember good
things that are sweet and fair in this world. Some
say there's not much left, but I disagree.
Because we are here. And as long as we
are, there will be laughter. And tears to be
sure. There will be music. There will be shared
instances we're not even aware of
yet. And the big mystery that surrounds
us all. But there will be something else: a
determined strong humane striving toward
finding another answer. A brand new
another. Until we are someplace else.
Someplace better. Today the world is filled
with a ghastly invisible illness.
But it didn't stop the trees from budding
or the birds from singing. My grass needs cut.
There will be rains. We are not through being
challenged. And we never will be. There will
be loud cheering again. Maybe from the
rooftops, if we are lucky. There will be
profound silence. And weeping. And tender
holding of hands. But there will be skipping,
poetry and comedy. Who knows where
it will come from this time? But there will be
thankful sharing. There will be much talking
together. We will find our way. Because
we are here. It's where we live. It's our home.

Let's Dance
by Darryl Price

But that's what they are doing, as they put
on their thin paper masks. As they come in
the closeted rooms and become a rare
presence other than impending doom. As
they allow you to look on the glowing
eyes of another being and see all
life, even your own, is precious. As they
expend all of their own energy on
little acts of kindness that may never
arrive in time. As they continue to
love the ones they left behind in trusted
hands. As the rain doesn't stop swelling the

drowning sewers to capacity. As
the latest tornadoes arrive with the
currents to feed upon everything in
their path. As the sun sharpens his long and
pointy nails against the new flowers of
Spring again and the river stone bark of
ancient trees for future entrapment. But
really that's who they are. We are. The dance
is everything happening to all of
us at once. As we put on our shoes and
decisively step upon the same grass
and walk up the same stairs, begin again

to see what we can do about all of
this culminating mess we are now and
always will be in together. Doesn't
matter who made it. Because if one of

us made it then we are all guilty of
doing it. But they do their jobs, believe
in doing their jobs. They leave their homes. They
leave their babies. They leave their husbands. Their
wives. They take the subway. They take the trains.
They go by car. They come on bicycles
and on foot. Just so that we can have a
fighting chance. They respond first every time.

Those Teeth
by Darryl Price

We are so quick to forget
who we are talking to. They
have surely grown those long sharp
teeth for a dreaming season
of their own. They developed
a hungry brain that wants to
kill for a living. Our brains
are not made from the same soil.

We somehow developed soft
dreamscapes to play hide and seek
in, but figured on coming
together eventually
for one more starry laugh
in the dusky hypnotic
night. Because it feels good. It
actually feels right. It

feels perfectly fixed in good
time. Lovesongs have to come from
someplace that's real or they don't
matter. Listen to yourself.
Do they matter? Only you

can answer that question for
you. That's why you don't need to
ever follow anyone

into the garden unless
you want to. Everywhere is
the garden. You can choose love.
It's just that some of it is
not as nice as we want it
to be. Neglect. War. Famine.
No clean water. Disease. Ease
that was not allowed to just

flourish into wild free fun.
Why deny it? But that's all
still being explored by those
possessed of it because the
forever trail never ends.
It always spirals, weaves
and spirals around and around
every new grain of sand in

the timeless ocean, souls who
can't let go of a tiny
nagging question. They tend to
go colorless. So why do
I care so much, you might not
remember how much? Because,
my dear, as I've always told
you, it's true, I do. You are

not only a someone, but
a sacred temple to me.
A place where I readjust
everything I know and feel

into simply being here
with you. I don't claim to know
what it means beyond heaven.
Foresake not hope, if you can.

