

# 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

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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.

