

Walk Don't Walk

by Darryl Price

You're going to let cyclical death
get in the way of your natural
living? Not likely. I like your smile.

That's as close to the truth as I want
to get. Sure, I'd like to dry your tears.
But those belong only to you. They

are yours to feel. To give. It doesn't
matter where they came from. What for. Your
smile is a very nice sweet thing that

I've finally noticed about the
world we live in. I don't know. It makes
me somewhat hopeful for a something

amazing for someone else. I know
it's not for me. But it's meant to meet
up with all the good and magical

medicine that's always out there. It
will certainly set things right somehow
for those lucky enough. Sure, I'd like

to lay in your arms. That's as close to
the real beauty as I'd need to get,
before you turned your eyes away from

me again. Your smile's a waterfall,
it promises renewal under
its cleansing care. I don't doubt it. My

path probably seems like an illusion
to you, but I've never been a
liar. I'm not about to start now.

