

Watching the End of the World from the Beginning of a Revolution

by Darryl Price

We were always going to be here. This isn't the big reveal. It's not even the best last joke. That's to come. Like the apocalypse that it always wants to be, like playing with the big planet gods. Nothing says we're all doomed like another cold beer. Wave the flag. The filthy flies come anyway, attracted by the smell of smouldering dreams

in the hearts of dreaming lovers everywhere. We aren't alone. We never were, that's just the latest gadget being sold up and down the illusion of streets. It's a lie, but one we love to sell ourselves as we shiver

under the blankets, wishing they were stars instead of mistakes, hands to hold instead of knives to sharpen, demons to kill instead of lost opportunities to find some understanding in the living eyes of another. We were always going to be merciful. That's the only thing that holds the universe together. Without that one drop of kindness everything dies in the pond immediately. Oh, did you think I was going to be a nice guy about your insistence on the political untruths of the day? We were always going to be the music lovers. Were always going to be sky

gardeners and always not going to be fooled by what we hear and see. We don't just hug trees, we're honored by their presences in our lives. Nature is unforgiving, but we are not. We know we are playing with

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rain and fire. We were always going to be magicians who do no harm. But this doesn't mean we won't. Remember, Jesus wept. That should tell you everything you need to know about the nature of nature. We were always going to be sailors. We know how to wink in the midst of despair and mean it as a sincere

signal to our scared friends that all is never lost. We were always going to belong together. We were always going to bring the medicine of giving our hearts. It doesn't have to be said in a hard to understand riddle. It's a lovely song that's been around long before songs were invented. It's a good feeling that's been there inside everything forever. It's not hidden, nor is it for sale. It is free as a bird. Yeah, that's a Beatles reference, who said, "Fun is the one thing that money can't buy." Always loved that. The audacity it took. The

youthful cheek. It was true then, and now. They were always going to come and go. We all do our part to carry the whole dance of love thing onward as far as we can go. Worth remembering when we are feeling especially alone in this world. We were always going to discover wonderful things together, like laughter, like kisses.

We were always going to mean this poem. We were always going to claim our sorrows and our joys as one gift and not be bullied by the hate-mongers into thinking we are different and beyond reaching out in peace.

Bonus Poems:

The story isn't so far now. It's
by Darryl Price

coming at you, just like you wanted.
Something was listening. Everything
probably. In its own way. Jealous
ocean doesn't stop opening its
foggy mouth just because you may have
forgotten how to love yourself. It's
been a long time. but I could write the
next sorrow script and you would still feel
like dancing into nothing for the
broken heart of it. That's how hard you've
got to go at it anyway, 'less
you want to be nothing more than a

shadow instead of someone's shelter.
That girl did it for herself, not for
either of you. You've got no right to
force your forgiving tears on her grave.
She's felt all that touching shit before.
Remember? She simply disappeared
rather than stay here with you any
longer. She wanted to be gone more
than she wanted to figure out a
new way to save herself the trouble.
I say we need to carry on. To
the next connection. That's the real faith.

Maybe it's for her, her sad demise.
But maybe it's because we can still
hear the music in the sky calling.
Save your fucking prayers for a sincere

goodbye moment. She won't remember
them. We aren't ever going to need
a bigger wall. All our fears will find
their way over it. We aren't hiding
from any ghost's sunken eye, we are
growing out of this part of the burnt
pages only because we can and
because we want to rise and be free.

You Turn
by Darryl Price

Absolutely nothing
has changed. We are them. They
are still us. If I could
I'd want everything to
turn out alright for you.

That's my story. But it's
right. I'm on my way to
the end. Just wanted to
make sure you know that you
were always there, a main

reason to carry on.
I've given you words and
not much else to go by.
And here's a bunch more. But
they are absolutely

true and the best punchline
I've got to offer to
the struggle for meaning.

We love and are loved and
I will always love you.

