What Was It

by Darryl Price

we were all meant to do with our love? What I can
think of is to ask the question again. I
suppose there are others more willing to

supply you with a proper answer, but none seem
real to me. These words are only stones,
meant to skip across the waters between us. They may tell

you something deep in the sinking end, but for now,
this is only a twinkle I've made, to let you
know someone else is there in the many crowded shores of
leaves.

Bonus poem:

They don't know what I know

about you and I don't
know anything. You were
always the perfectly
lit image that came floating
up to me in a
clear blue bowl of watery
dreams. I waited for

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/darryl-price/what-was-it»*
Copyright © 2013 Darryl Price. All rights reserved.

more of this clarity
only because it felt
right to wait. I never

carried your picture around
with me because any
representation
of you seemed like a false
gesture on my part. And
now I fear I've lost you
forever because you
cannot stop falling down
the rabbit hole, because
the island I'm shrinking
into has already

been removed from anyone's
treasure map. If you
found me now it would have
to be because you made
the dangerous climb backwards
through my poetry
to the very top of
my living head. And that
I fear is impossible
even for someone
as beautiful as you.