

Who's Going To Defend the Love

by Darryl Price

we feel entitled to, so unwanted, afraid for, from the billions of
stomping oafs, leaping onto our hearts like squishing jelly
sandwiches for fun, bullies in power out there? To be brilliant on
its tiny behalf? I forget, exactly why
are you still here anyway? Don't you
have somewhere else to go, one that's so incredibly, much more
important than being here, present and accounted for, with us?
Weren't
you that one who proudly proclaimed that, "real

love's no more useful than a useless path to any of your other false
riches?" What shall
we have built in its place, to honor our children's sad writing, for
days and many cold hungry hours? Who
will stand, alone or without being inwardly ugly and somewhat
outwardly boring as you seem to long to be? What's that stupid thing
you're always lurking behind anyway? You'll say
your true name, at last then, to the whole assembled room, as one
revoked lie to another? Who smoked
the last cigarette? Why's that so

hard to admit? Who poked the last
hole in my heart? Why don't
you put on some good music? What
makes you think you have to take everything
we say so literally? Who'll define
this love after we're gone from the room? Look, I'm through waiting

for you to fess up, but why not you?
Who else is there? Who's side
are you really on? How are we
ever going to find the courage we need
without your help? Will you at
least finish taking home the first someone of your own dreams
before it's much, much too late to kiss them in a beautiful and
perfect moonlight?

Bonus poems:

Here Hum This

For your information I do hope you'll find us. Hope
you're still looking. Hold on hope even if it's all you've got left of all
you once thought you knew to be certain and true.
You'll find us. Continue looking for us because we're still
always looking for you.
You'll find our signs growing in the wind sooner than later. We'll
have bunches of joyful

kisses for you to share with all of us when you finally do get
here. Hum this tune. Won't
you help to cherish the
sacred waterfall, keep its secret? Keep the word love

flowing into your minds like another waterfall. Dream a supreme
joy on purpose. Breathe it. You'll find
us. Open up your everlasting

eye and let your soul

shine forth. Know you'll find
you. It's all about the
love. That's all there is.

The Obviously Once Sat Upon Road

twisted itself around alright,
leaving us more dull than sorely seated, but
the almost here lights blanketed
the deep down of our own winsome lucky streak
like some vanilla frosting made
of smoke and fog that had come
from nowhere to keep us at least floating, floating, floating toward
home again

like a thank you note delivered
on a silver tray by a gloved
and proper wind, who left for bed
immediately afterwards I might add.
They just don't stick around once their jobs
are done I guess. But I swear it
didn't simply sprout up like a
billion tiny angelic
mushrooms rising up together
all over the softest places we carefully

walked upon once. Although now I think about
it, why not? The world is still
one baffling mystery after another. The small
miracle of just us still seeing
into each other's eyes in this
foolish landscape's muck under such harsh

circumstances has a lot of
local help from all the juices
being squeezed up and through the old
ambiguous, overcrowding
trees if you ask me. I say that
because they don't often question
their very beings like some I
could name. If there are no friendly
trees to believe in then you get
your merriest boost from the nearest
walking varmint, know it or not.
I mean the world's fur is full of

wild things with legs of their own. Things
that don't necessarily have
to be fixed to matter to the
comic progression towards the
whole cosmic progression of things going back to meet and greet
itself.

You know the whole star eating star
bit? Nothing's going to stop that
much crushing hunger from feeding on
itself. But is it beautiful
in the end? Are we going to remain beautiful like that from
now on? I want to know. Will this dream
matter to future strangers? Or
are we the only witnesses
to ourselves and when it's gone it's utterly and for always just
simply
gone? I can't stand that much sadness in the world.
It steps on and breaks an already broken
branch in my heart. Remember. Please
remember. Whatever happens . Remember me.



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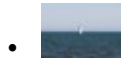
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Good writing, DP.

"If there are no friendly trees to believe in then you get your merry boost from the nearest walking varmint, know it or not."

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Darryl Price, 37 hours ago

Thank you Marcelle and Sam for your kindness in visiting and responding to my work. This one took it right out of me, but I felt proud of the results. And your words make it worth the effort. Thank you.

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