

Words

by Darryl Price

often visit me in my room, so quietly, so suddenly, buzzing my
head
with wonderful, possible sentences. Sometimes I find they've been
there radiating all along,
children ready to burst out in a sneaky fit of laughter if I
move just slightly or too much out of my own unsuspecting
comfort zone. I've
never seen them wag their fingers at me like I have a tendency

to do. If anybody does that it's usually me alone cradling them in
my imperfect, impatient arms like a tickling field of bright petals
and random
tumbling butterflies. I can't hold them for very long I've noticed,
but I
do like to sit and just be one with them, move among them,
being aware of their many spirited preferences. How amazing to
observe their many

beautiful suits they wear. They practically glow and light up every
inch of
this earth to me. Every once in a while one or two of
them might come over and investigate me and my thoughts, but
they are
soon on their way like nothing more than quick snapping windy
daydreams, dissolving
into a lost feeling like bells. I collect their dusty footprints for
later on.

Bonus poem:

A Paper Moon for Emily

You were gone crying into us
and initially the taste
of you was very true with a
little longing. We wanted your

every second brought forward, each
thread of your thinking self, while you
were here kept, left permanently
on display, examined, opened,

cherished, day after day, but
upon reading your letters I
felt your unique loneliness like
paper sky, torn, unusable

and buried in birds. It broke me
down without so much as a small
wave of a tiny arm. This may
not be your kind of poetry,

but still I care. You grabbed me from
your mind from a long time ago.
Note, it is received and given
its perpetual freedom, thanks.

From a future friend, I'm sorry
we can't answer your questions, Em,
in the voice you deserve; I swear
a whole world's written back to you a thousand times over.

