## 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.

[^0]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.


[^0]:    Available online at «http://fictionaut.com/stories/darryl-price/words»
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