

You First

by Darryl Price

Does it matter who's not paying attention?
We do what we can to provide some
much needed light in your eyes. But only
a boring fool says it doesn't hurt when

they stab you hard. I only wish I could
say something that's not an explanation.
You don't need that from me, and I certainly
don't need it spilling forth from my lips.
Don't let me down is too old fashioned now.
We already look pitiful enough

without the eschewed words being spent on
nothing but the floor's sleeping back. There was
however a time you took everything
I offered, it's no secret, although it

might as well have been. You didn't want to
believe I couldn't imagine a lie
coming from you and you meaning it. That's
a poor sentence, but, really, its structure
is the real truth I never got over
from you. And now, the road is unrecognizable,

as am I. It's a number.
Okay? It's a key in a hole. Unturned.
Unreleased from its bound assumptions. I'm
driving, but it's hard to say where, if it's

a day or at somebody's night, I know
you hate that kind of talk. You say when things
are sad like that it means they are mistaken.

They are trouble. At least, I tried. That's
also a pretty close analysis,
I guess, is it any wonder, but it's

the cruelest look you could have thrown at me.
I got it right through the neck. You just want
to be entertained, even while the walls
come crumbling down. You don't think that's too

much of a favor to ask. The last thing
I want is to disturb your rocking Sunday
afternoon. I had a different
reaction to the cure for a heart. That's
all. I tried to break it to you gently.
You called it vanity, this lonely place.

