

# You Know (Where to Start)

*by* Darryl Price

It's no secret, but  
action. We can't always

help the way music  
makes us feel, but

we could also add  
an instrument of

our own making, just  
being in the room,

or under the stars.  
Whoever the

conductor is, he  
or she seems to believe

we've got it in  
us to arrive at

that precise moment  
called for by the

notes that have gone before.  
Still it seems we've

all heard that song somewhere  
in our astral

travels through the many  
dreams we've had along

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Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/darryl-price/you-know-where-to-start>»*

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the way, sang it to  
ourselves maybe? Why

is everything so  
endlessly, naturally

heart rending  
in the end any

way? It's no secret,  
but everybody

must choose, hide your heart  
or open to love.

