

You Left Forever Sitting on my Doorstep

by Darryl Price

and so I'm staying here where I am a little while (longer). Who
knows
where the time sleeps? I don't think I'll ever catch
up with your heart again. That's the same lame novel approach
I'm always stepping
into to read the next road sign from. It's a good enough story I
suppose, but the odd
ending always remains the same. a horrified, last sad awakening
of
the younger poet self to the old man weeping in his fretful sleep.
Now you've gotten to the impossible stacks of new blue smoke, the
suicidal

enshrouded manuscripts being thrown on top of a bright hot blaze
that's
already been written (and sounding slightly blotchy to me). I'd
like
to burrow my way out of the whole mess and
be done with it, but that would take another major
letting go. That's what I'm having my own girl trouble with. I
still seem to care. I don't want to abandon you to the always
hungry

prescription wolves and the violent Parchesi termites of dead
fashion just because they've
come to the door with all their right papers in hand and official

stuff softly laid upon their splotchy outstretched gloves. I owe
you. You gave me so much
more of my own life than I would otherwise have
been aware of. It might sound silly to you now but I appreciate
your soulful notes full of unheard of noises. It made the
insufferable differences into something interesting

to watch as they happened to us. Gave a tragic notion, but motion
nonetheless. It
unfroze the harm done all around us by crooks and soul thieves.
Look, they were
very much never going to understand this dreamlike vision of
yours, or mine. By then they were already sure of
their own rightful places as being inexplicably physical. But we
were new
to the whole youthful world gang thing. We had possibilities
galore at our disposal. We wanted

peace to be the right answer every single time, not just in the
abstract sense. We weren't
the pretend kind of lovers. Things blossomed right into our faces
like diving into ice cold water.
We were just that close to the ground running. So when
you left so suddenly I saw a horizon I didn't recognize
as being plausible anymore, and that really scared me into many
tiny torn pieces of belief like too many tears to comprehend. I
once saw a great tenderness allowed to express itself frequently
in

your intent upon gaze and upon your uniquely shaped brow, my
friend. I saw the meaning
of certain kind words give birth to an eternity of awesome
meaning. I was
not afraid to laugh like some people are now. And that's

the very bearded point of view I possess I guess of this outstretch
of letters

of mine. It's not over on my part. We were
new to the whole eve of disaster thing happening on over at

the nightly news station. I saw a lonely child fall into
an ugly raging river. You helped wipe the insane wet from our
worried

faces at the time. This can't be misunderstood, forgotten or
denied, by me

now or ever. You can continue on your journey as
you will. As for me, I'll shine off you 'til

it's my own turn to step within the curious limitless bounds and
sink away into a yesteryear all gone off like the snuff of a candle's
light to heaven's smoky ceiling, all by myself, like always.

note* * *the ones that eat away yesterday

