

You're Never Going to Break My Heart

by Darryl Price

Like any lovable lump of hidden rocks, these hills she
breathes life into, blinking existence, are all well worth jumping
up and over again
and again. Just ask the little kids. Their endless landscape
of discovery invites everything from airplanes to lost stars
to come out and play. Having that image in
my head feels pretty good today. Sometimes it's all I've got-- I'm
like a ticking time bomb--one I'm sure I might
need just to get my feet going. Today is just one of those quietly
disappointing moments in life where I
don't really feel the want to speak with ANYONE. It's not anyone's
fault. People...are pressing

down on me from all sides okay it's true. Their twisted
expectations sometimes feel like broken boats, impossible to lift
to
the surface again, or elephants, you can't make any real lasting
arguments for or against, you can only live out
the dumb squashing of your insides and hope for
a much better future in the future. The funny thing is I do. I do. I
do. I do do do do do do. At least nine times over as you can very well
see for yourself. Aren't you a powerfully perceptive being in the
universe!

I see all the clever pretending to sleep regimental plant guards
also pretending not to advance on us at

all and the huge magical clouds exchanging various forms of
animal life and directions from
one second to the next without hesitation and a glistening beach
of blue and blustering crab like

cars,busy as speeding about bumper bugs on our summer's bright
sidewalks, and some somersaulting baggy beings that have come
loose from our little

lives, blowing around like the freest of prisoner nerf balls and it
all seems

to be saying something much more positive to me than the sound
of weeping willows. Don't know why

I should feel like I'm dancing with a giant when
all I'm doing is settling more and more into dust. Something in me
believes

in something else living in the world. It isn't
sleep. It isn't war. But it's calling me as sure
as any bird any blast of wind against the
house the room the heart. Poor old moon. She

gets to have her romance but not the safety of a marriage
while the rest of us continue to hold her tiny
hand as she cries, only sometimes she doesn't cry
but smiles and that is so much more than wonderful to
behold whenever it gets to happen. You know it's true. And then
there's you. Yes you. Finally we're at that point in the messed up life
of the poem where I get to admire you.

You went barreling into the future drawn curtains pursuing a
popcorn dream

they sold you when you were but a one celled child of about eight
or nine. Don't

you know yet how to tell the liars apart from the rest of the gang
of thieves,my dear sweetest girl alive?

Yeah, well,like I said, I let them catch up to me too once out of
some imaginary duty to a beautiful forgiving sky God and my

dancing white flag was ripped in half like a nightmare's only ticket and

all I got for it was broadly whacked to the ground with a stiff flat board and a windmill of skinned-up fists plastered to my face. Didn't

I tell you that that that was their only real language and by unanimous choice?

I guess you've got your always kids now to make fine enough hanging

pictures with,images that won't matter to me over time, lord knows, I've got and cherish mine. But I meant every

poem. I still do. It's just that the world

we knew as beautiful beyond any of the old words passed down to us by our beloved professors has been run out of town for good, passed

over, not by barbarians but by a hoard of

new and hungry mouths to feed. I'll clothe them with whatever I can muster out of my own musical medicine stash before I'm gone like a changed light bulb-- like the wildest buffalo snot-- to my unknown soldier's grave in your heart of hearts I'll go without a single bitter word.

I'm sure you're doing pretty much the very same thing you always did every single day, you always were in your own perverse, but kindly way,a mover and a by gosh honest enough shaker. We've each still got

our real work to do cut out for us. You know it's a

thankless situation. As soon as you're spent on something momentarily unpopular they'll

be on their merry ways to another, younger you. But I'll always try to remember everything about you every single day of my life. I promise you that much.That's what

this poem means to say out loud to the world. It's not so
very much in my hands right now, I know, I get that now. I thought
I'd have a lot

more cooler stuff stored up like white hot stars to sprinkle at your
pretty feet for you by this thickening moment in my short and
shattered time on earth. Well. Something's always making me smile
again in spite

of things going imminently dark like something hitting the water
at night. I'm not saying it's you,

but you're part of its ongoing course of action and

I guess you could say that's nearly true at the least and that's
pretty alright with me. Always has been.

