

# All the Young Angel Heads

*by* Darryl Price

I don't think you understand. A sad boy  
doesn't just die inside, slowly he becomes  
withdrawn from certain types of lovely  
youthful reasoning out loud, accustomed  
to feeling what is expected of him, just  
to be allowed to survive another boring

day. The missing life goes on. You're allowed to  
get bored with being bored, the obvious self-inflicted wound. But  
sometimes we can't wait any longer. We don't know what we're  
waiting  
for. Boys are targeted everytime they  
must run or fly, which is almost always. You think you understand.  
We were beautiful creatures. Unconditional

love is there for all for you and yours, not me, and  
not for us. All things are speaking to you whether  
they can defend themselves against your sharp  
relentless onslaught or not. I don't think  
you understand. Boys will never leave you  
to suffer alone like the bastard men of means.

Things here are alive even if their green  
angel heads are not all the way up the  
elevator dream shaft to the sun, and the  
moon kingdom's revolving restaurant at  
the end of the next world is on fire. It doesn't need  
explaining. Boys send their love any way

they can. It gets misunderstood pretty damned  
quickly. I don't think you understand. I'm

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still waking up. Even now. Even here.  
I don't think you understand. Strange hungry  
eyes are looking back at us from out of  
the joyless darkness. Boys grin and bear it,

but each one of us will bring his fists to  
the final protection. It's what we do.  
You may not understand. It's all for you.  
Everything is love for you. There's nothing  
else. I don't think you understand. We promised.  
It'll be over when we're asleep forever. dp .

Bonus poems:

Human Heartbeat by Darryl Price

It's the same words just different people.  
I don't know or care how we got here. It  
doesn't matter. I don't believe we are  
made out of nothingness and dust over  
the terrible karmic rainbow again

and again and again. But the heartache's  
real enough. It's the same words here being  
realized. You respond because you hear  
them in your own head and recognize the  
voice as yours. Who cares if we've been sent here

before we are here now. It's the same words  
begging at the freezing door, or selling bent wounded

flowers on the barren street. The same words dressed up  
to fit your guilt or compassion. It's the  
same words describing the blue sky as it

passes above your eyes. I do my best  
to own it for them but you always insist on  
looking for right answers. It's the same words in  
the darkness as in the light. Suffering  
tends to put the blame somewhere else but we

know it is on us. The same words haunt us. They  
secretly follow us home from work. They  
tap on the window with a dark tree branch. They  
rain hard on the leaking roof. But we learned a long  
time ago to use the human heartbeat

to start a good conversation with the  
music-minded elementals surrounding us. Folks, it's  
another myth gone haywire. But it's the  
very same words drinking themselves silly.  
It's the same words searching for some crumb of

consolation I suppose. Words jingling,  
broken, soaking in a paper bag. Words left  
by the side of the road. Words rotting in  
the indifferent winds. Being born one  
more time for old time's sake. Words hoping. Some

dreaming. But you've heard it all before. Words  
trying to get you to listen. Wanting  
you to touch them. Who knows what level of  
tenderness will do the magic trick? It's the same  
words once rejected by you when you were them. dp

Feelings by Darryl Price

You are the Earth's only hope  
with your faith in love's friendship  
with all beings everywhere.  
You are the Earth's only hope

standing in the rain. You are  
the Earth's only hope making  
music on your computer.  
You are the Earth's only hope

via email. The rest of  
us have already turned to  
flowers. Our shine is ringing out.  
Soon the walls will clap no more for us.

You are the Earth's only hope  
for removing the wires put  
into our dreams. They can't stop  
you from making so much noise  
,  
but they'll try. You are the Earth's  
only hope for remembering  
that good feeling that comes  
from being free. You are the

ones who love to dance. You are  
the Earth's only hope to wake  
again in the garden, to  
leave our stunted shells behind.

Come on. Open the gate You

are the keepers. Each one a  
piece reflecting one together.  
You are the skies on quick fire. dp

Doorway with Bicycle by Darryl Price

My writing career cannot be fixed. It's  
already taken all of my time to  
the whole terrible beauty of another  
dimension. Already lured me down  
strange paths in the forest that I felt sure  
I knew how to return safely from. I'm  
still trying to get home. My writing  
has derailed every relationship that  
might have been good for me. I had to watch others get  
to that dream together without me. My

writing career has walked away without  
me, has other grand plans. I'm always surprised  
by those who overlap their creative  
sides and their love for friends so successfully.  
My friends were always us or it. That  
usually meant choosing a way to  
quietly present my love without it  
ever being truly acknowledged as  
having always chosen them. This leaves you  
with only one option, the broken heart.

The poems don't care. They want to live. They  
only want to see above the weeds, and  
above the clouds, above even the stars. There they  
explode, the ink runs into the gutters,  
dries. The heart remains a broken bottle. I think it

might even be getting to me. But the  
poor choice is already a faded photograph.  
A pooh bear with a broken arm. A box  
of old postcard souvenirs. My writing  
career is almost finished. I wanted

to get it right this time. I close my eyes. I close  
my eyes. The last parts I'll paint by faith alone in  
to something that's probably not there--the  
voice at last showing its smiling teeth. Yeah I could  
really do with your smile right about now. You  
might not think it's all that much fun, I'm here to say  
it's always been everything. I can't help  
that now or ever again. My writing career  
became an animal of its own making. You  
know what happens when the tiger gets so

hungry that he can't ever let it go.  
This doorway is my portal into that  
summer of my bicycle and you. I've  
kept it hidden away all these years. But now my writing  
career can't use it any more. The sun  
here is a pinched pink dot on the corner  
of a colorless sky. I am still in  
my flannel pajamas. My writing is  
nothing if not persistent. My writing  
career, which wasn't much to begin with, looks out and sighs. dp

