

# Drowning By The Pool

*by* Darryl Price

The entire room is waiting for me like an octopus behind a closet door.

The monk of the lamp knows he will get his daily turn on if he prays loudly enough. The favorite chair has my dent in

its punched around chest like an embossed tattoo. A crushed red space I can

crawl into and disappear from any sense of impending gravity.

Even

when I'm walking around I feel like I'm falling, falling, just falling apart. I'm not even sure how to get this message delivered over to you. It's a pretty simple text I guess.

Pretty much nothing more than hello, help. I'm not holding out for the answer. There's nobody looking for these mad words from me. It's a good thing I have new music to pump into my veins, otherwise I'd probably be dead to the whole house. Any way I've noticed lately that I'm the very same guy in my dreams as in real life. I feel so numb like I can't

find my way outside anymore. I don't really have the energy to unwind that one. Just chalk it up to no news is good news. Jesus, I hate these sayings that make you feel more alone in the universe than ever. I guess I don't want to be here either, broken like a glass bowl forever,

like an obsolete voting machine, but I have no place else to go right now that fits my feet being thrown onto the crumby floor like balled up dirty tee shirts. I'm starting to get used to being into a much slower rhythm though. I just

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close my eyes. Float, float along. Don't want to see  
you standing outside the watery feelings like a statue beaming  
nothing but sunshine and shadow to the accompanying trees,  
hands  
on your hips. Better to row out a little bit  
deeper, let the coolness of the wind speak for us, and  
for everything. Eventually I'll make shore, if nothing unusual gets

me first. Might even hear your sneakers carrying you away  
as you turn to go. I don't know. There are  
a lot of squeaks to the soundtrack of the day.  
Any one of them could mean something has changed into  
something else. I was thinking of that David Bowie song,  
Planet Earth is blue. Yeah. It is. From where I  
sit it looks like it just needs a little hug of some kind,  
but my arms just aren't big enough to do the  
job well. You made me think they were, once. That was  
just waves. Now I'm dangling off another poem hoping for  
an unexpected waterfall to knock some sense back into me.  
Or at least start me coming home again. Go on.  
This is the place where I get off, get lost  
like a so called friend, a riff coming from an unseen window in the  
neighborhood, as I  
feel you vanish into a hole of senseless, draining stars.

Bonus poems:

Happy Birthday

by Darryl Price

It's all heart, this spirit of  
our love. It's the heart, could  
biology be true? It sounds like  
a lie. It's the heart, fools  
sometimes forget. Oh the heart, yes

we might lose something already disappeared.  
It's a heart, never question. I  
said heart, the clock inside, okay?  
It's the heart being plowed, being  
mercilessly harvested. I need a drink.

It's the heart rolling around inside  
everyone. It's the heart, in the  
trees above our heads. It's the  
heart, and, as I suspected, someone's  
making that wish. The universe doesn't

take lightly to such things. It's  
heart, the joy behind the mountains.  
It's the heart, not caring what  
you've done. It's the heart, crumpled  
to one sorrow like ten thousand

cigarettes. It's the heart, in almost  
exactly the same spot as last  
night's feverish moon. It's the heart,  
I tell you, but you won't  
listen. It's the heart, shocking you

awake, again. The heart, banging the  
door shut behind you. It's the  
heart, the biggest rule breaker in  
the galaxy, living by stolen means,  
take the chocolate and run, kid.

Bonus material:

I Moved You  
by Darryl Price

You said, move me, I moved you, but, listen,  
I don't want to be saved. You said, move  
me, I moved you, but I'm still a boy  
in so many ways. I don't want to break  
your heart, again, those days are gone. You said,  
move me, I moved you, but you could never  
be my friend, not in that secret way. The  
mystery of love pisses me off like nothing else.  
You said, move me, I moved you like a  
mountain, but you just weren't into holding on, arms  
to arms. It makes me feel so lonely. You  
said, move me, I moved you, you left me  
there on my own. You said, move me, I  
moved you and you made your excuses like a  
drunk in the middle of a blackout. You said,  
move me, I moved you in a purely beautiful,  
brave and dazzling trick of the light and yet  
you continue to haunt the darkness like a low  
riding moon. You said, move me, I moved you,  
but it was way too much to include me  
in the joke I guess. You said, move me,  
I moved you and I probably always will. You  
said, move me, I moved you like your own

personal singer, there isn't anything to be concerned about.  
You said, move me, I moved you and nobody  
knows. Yet that's a long way to go.

