I Don't Know What I might say

by Darryl Price

But it all works out. I guess. Truth is something I'm sure I've never seen before, but the more time goes on, the Less I'm inclined to believe in it. Still I don't want To be one of those giving the finger to God And begging for a showdown with an army of unfeeling

Angels. We were kicked out of heaven for having a Healthy curiosity about the taste of things as they weren't Presented to us. I think we made the right choice. Taste buds demanded their freedom, and from there it was Only a matter of time before others followed their prime

Example. Eyes, ears, lips, fingers, hair follicles all wanting to Know more, more about the winds, more about the sun, And the rain, more about themselves among the stars. It's Okay to feel things more deeply than ever before. We Chose to break the rules. It wasn't by accident. We

Wanted to know the rough unexpected skin of the road We were on, even if it went unraveling under the Doorway like a broken dam. We wanted to lift our Unadorned faces up into the sky without flinching from fear. That's the key. We don't want to live with nightmares of

Being thrown into a ditch for being out of line. I created my own lines here. They may not make A lot of sense to you right now, but I

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Think you'll enjoy the flowers in the end. If not There are plenty of other gardeners, including you, who are

Willing to grow something else for everyone out there. Either it's free

Or it's not. And that has nothing to do with The cost. It's just an attitude, even as you are Buying or selling the goods. I don't know what to Tell you that you haven't already thought of all by

Yourselves. We are fallen from Grace, but we are always Happily weaving our poems anyway. We are still holding Onto sweet faces like jugs of lifesaving water and drinking Deeply the impossibly beautiful light from each other's eyes.

That's

Enough to prove to me this life is good enough.

Bonus poem:

You May Telephone From Here

There's something in the space you are tonight that's for me a real presence in my own life, and so like any other coward I write a poem in vain. It will never be seen as itself by you, but

possibly be mistaken for an open window. Some

will definitely call it furniture, some will wrongly identify it as mere photography, but it's a hand, more specifically

my hand. It always was. True friends long to touch each other again. Sometimes the best we can do is to reach out from the room we are in, feeling throughout our lives for the sweet evidence that our love is

always coming through to us. In the meantime we fall into deep dark sentences, into words spoken to no one in particular. I'll send this anyway, as part of both our worlds, if not the best.