

It's All in Your Head

by Darryl Price

The terms of a broken heart, I guess I never
got to read them. But they must be
something awful, something numbing, something no sane person
would ever agree to. You're already on the verge

of becoming nothing I can remember without a photograph being
shoved in my face. Like a ceremonial mask,
the terms of a broken heart, that's not
my signature, is it? The violin is not my

spirit animal. The terms of a broken heart, you stop
breathing, or something like it. Am I strong
enough to carry on as if we've discovered
another new fire that will mean as much all

our lives through? That's what it's like, the terms of
a broken heart, playing dead while the bullets
fly. You were the friend I always dreamed
of, not just floating away like a small blue

balloon. I didn't think it would hurt so much, constantly
seeing you again in every new face. My
tears are like ice. The terms of a
broken heart, and here you are demanding a new

lonely chance be taken. Asleep on the sand, all I
see are the lost thoughts of a forgotten
dream, trying desperately to come to the surface
again with a cold splash to the face. I

shouldn't give it that much of a listen. I should've
learned my lesson. The terms of a broken

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heart are shit. I find it hard
to live, not touch the small of your back.

Bonus poems:

This is the Wild Place I was Telling You About
by Darryl Price

I want you
to remember me. This the place
where I'll always be, if you're looking hard enough.
This is the place I've let
go of all expectations, no regrets, and no
masks. This the place my heart
bobbs about like a living sailboat for you.

This is the space I sought best
to envision once. This is the place
savored to the fullest in my deepest, wordiest
lines. This is the place where
I went in, with or without any
grace. This is the place that
might as well be a secretive

garden. I can't ever imagine you as
being a stranger here since it
was built with your presence in mind.
This is the place I made
peace with all other beings first. I

wished them their own happiness. This
place my cell wall has to

push itself through. This the place where
art unleashes original singing like a
telekinesis machine. This is the place I
smiled back at you from. This
is the spot I placed my
hand on the cave wall and
called across all time to ask for

your true feelings. This the place I finally
danced, the place I think aloud.
This the crack where I survived the
end of the world. This is
the place they can never understand
is all around us. This the
place they are standing on. This

is the space not ever for sale. This
is the "X" only discovered by
those who bring their own individual maps
with them. This is a place
only a lover would get to know. This
is the dreaming place. I told
you about meeting me here years ago.

This is the place that must do
the talking for us. Keys are
where you'll find them. This is the
place, always a part of things, still the
most natural way to fling open
doors between nows. This is the
place I planted you your wild flowers.

A Beginner's Guide to Something or Other
by Darryl Price

Certain people just know how to sing back
to some things, calling from stone or through red
bone, to accept the gift of a new song
and make it their own for awhile. Of course
you'll be entrusted to give it away
again because it is a wild thing and
thus belongs to the endlessness of sky
and the warm inviting branches of the

timeless guardian trees. It's the only
way we can show great care for all beings.
If healing is to be done then begin
it until you finish--the result will
always mean the same as a miracle.
You must learn to say goodbye as you smile
and say hello as you ache. It's not a
mad riddle of any sort, but it's an

open path, a path of do no harm. Your
role is to be, not to own anything,
but ever to acknowledge the living
edge wherever it confronts you or takes
your hand with true human humility
and empathy. They suppress that kind of
simple lovely thought throughout the concrete
centuries only because they feel they

alone are entitled to the power

and we are not. They beat us to death and
burn our beautiful poems, but still we
live on and sing on every tongue's measured
breath like mushrooms or berries. That's because
there is a nourishment that will not be
denied for long. It comes from our own hearts
and independent minds and protects us.

Wake by Darryl Price

up, sleepyhead! The world is
beautiful, if you are. Brave,
if you are. Curious, if
you are. The world is sick and

dangerous, if you are. Wake
and evoke a sense of home.
Have a seat. The world is a
comfort, if you are. Kind and
generous, if you are. Why

do you feel lethargic when
you have this pretty poem
in your pocket? Shit or fun,
if you are. I'm not against

you having fear, I'm for you
having hope. I'm not against
you telling lies, I'm for you
telling the truth. Not against
the square, for a big circle.

HOW TO REMEMBER IMPORTANT THINGS by Darryl Price

Save the whales. Save the dolphins.
Save the bored housewives.
Save my hands, so often cupped over the sorrow in
being alive. Save the beautiful
made-up cherries of delight
I feel everywhere in your presence.
Save the sprawling landscapes
of late night cafeterias of the mind.
Save the often forgotten radios of our flying dreams.
Save the hand-printed love
letters of early morning light. Save the inexhaustible
curiosity of a small interior poem of silence.
Save the naked air.
Save the Spanish tongue of Neruda.
Save the sparkle in
the brushstrokes of a Picasso.
Save storm and the rainbow.
Save the North Sea. Save shadows.
Save all hearts from
beginning to break again.
Save the ripped apart sky from
the rain of so many angry bombs leaking inside.
Save the secret handshake. Save the Pandas.
Save the sea turtles. Save the roses. Save the last dance.
Save the sailing boats and floating planes
of melting romance. Save whatever makes
no sense. Save this feeling. Save the butterflies
with passionate, provocative kisses.
Save the question of imagination. Save the end
of the poem until you really need it. Save the
world from itself. Save your wild goodbyes.
Save every word.

