

Life Without a Heart

by Darryl Price

isn't so hard to imagine if you can just squint through the minutes like a good McGoo, slog through the headline happy seasons and sleep at it most of the day. It only hurts real bad whenever you try to carry off a roaring laughter instead of a restless cough. No, that action in and of itself is a worn out piece of sadly

closed down for good no good joke, heaped upon my own worn down soul, good for nothing useful that I can think of, empty as a run over paper cup, and certainly not for singing beautiful secrets into your garden's pretty flowered ears

anymore. Nothing really makes me laugh like everything still matters, not anymore. The odd thing is that single runaway tears still drop like suddenly, softly missing stars. I hear them splash into the rolling nothingness I can feel without you sometimes, so far and far away now like the wings of a couple of ancient bells on the necks of a Christmas mare.

Otherwise you know it's all pretty much the same awful sunlit stench life offers every time I wake to the tender slap of another unanswered dream's extinguishing smoke alarm. No new thing comes into view except the damned view:

Oh I do wish I did have something more red this time than more blue this time to
fling up into the silly air, like ribbons or neon string, only for you now, when all I can come up
with are chewed on memories that look remarkably like the threads of a once cherished
but now gone to seed favorite blanket of mine. I always
said I was against nostalgia
as a way of life, but I yearn, I do,

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for a drink again of something utterly
new. I collected all these years of
these seashells for the garbage. And now once more I
cast them like dice at your old name. Let them
sink away, please, take them back, back into
the deepest part of everything, far from
where I sit with my emptiness, an old
silent writer with no words at all for love.

Bonus poem:

Some Water

by Darryl Price

If it all just doesn't matter, it still
matters to me. I get the tired, hungry
sediment. But I still care, that's all I'm
saying, if you are a hurt being who
for some reason needs me to care. Here, let's
give them what they really want: the running
colors of the disappearing sun was
disappearing, too, into a mash of
shiny new rivers, where suddenly waves
collided into napping shores and sparked

the beginning of another new old
chapter, born again into nothing and
also everything. Can you eat it, the
pushing, shoving, elbowing fish asked each
other. No, said the sprawling ball of roots,
it's much too salty to do you good. Well,

what about a small nibble anyway,
said all the gathering field mice. We'll try
it. We'll try it. Let us try it. Please. A
cool satiated snake slithered by and

said grimly, you're all a bunch of ninnies.
A snail looked on with both eyes and said, but
it really is quite beautiful, isn't
it. Yes, said a caterpillar, but the
real best is yet to come. And that best was
indeed coming, time after time, even
when being interrupted by a thin
and matted mangy fox, who proclaimed, thank
you for setting this wonderful table
on my behalf, I shall belch out my best

gratitude at the appropriate time
and place, as per usual. Everyone
immediately dispersed, except for
a huffing about frog who had made up
an original song, an instant hit
classic, about the whole affair and was
determined to sing it, right then and there,
in spite of the obvious fuzziest
lurking danger. And so the story goes,
night after night. Maybe with some new made

characters, maybe with the same old ones,
memorizing their immortal lines, or
forgetting their mortal cues, and causing
a solid thumping ruckus down among
the oblivious cattails, who swing because
they can, and always feel it deep down in
their reed of reeds, where it really takes on
a happy blue tint of its own, before

closing time and the quiet sizzling sounds
of riding silence grows ever louder.

