## Me and the Fleeting Glimpse

## by Darryl Price

I worry about my garden. I know there are larger concerns lurking in the stale shadows than my limp little flowers, things more pressing to the meeting of minds than thick lush green leaves might bring, but this is my own greenish way of

giving the world my answer back in roots, or at least in a sense of some sure

rootedness. If I could plant a redwood or a whole mountain of rock I would, certainly I would do it, yes and yes I would-- just for

you to enjoy. The wild world creates its own fields and that's just fine with

me, and yet I have these new little yellow flowers to simply enjoy as company today-- I bought from China-- that I'm trying to keep alive in the world of my kitchen, standing right up there in the window sil

before me. I don't know exactly where this hope always seems to spring from. Still I believe in its simple enough elegant purpose—to be. That's what I like so much about the poems. There're so many varieties,

and they'll grow just about anywhere—you never know where you'll find one next—or what they might do to you, if you should decide to eat one or more. Well, could be nothing.

Maybe, or something. Maybe that's up to you. It's not

so much to go on, I suppose. I'm growing these tiny yellow flowers, not for world domination, not to get your rapt attention, not to bomb you, not to take away your lands, not to fool

you in any way, not to rob you, not to trip you out over a cliff, and they are so very sweet to look at, with their softer than air floating petals, and I hope somehow this makes a difference in the way we go about our lives today. It already has, for me at least. I've made the choice to give you some of my flowers, inside these cupped words today. I hope you'll accept them from me, and also enjoy their essence in your own homes, right away.