

Pull Another String

by Darryl Price

Now as my fearful hand goes unwittingly up I search the faraway trees for the closest possible answer I know I don't know. The clever waiting beast is looking my way with an intelligent roving eye that says he likes to hit. It doesn't matter. You're worse than that. My ragged wooden legs walk straight into battle for you. My tired fingers pull the hot trigger over and over. You are always watching safely through

someone else's arms. That hurts the most. You could have stopped me, cut the string, no matter how long, how frayed, how camouflaged in the deep dark hidden waters, you could have said goodbye. Pull another string, I can no longer express myself. Words are only useless stars, they shine but don't explain. Pull another string, my shirt is suddenly soaking wet with leaking blood. This is no love song. You'll know

when it is because you will pull that string. Pull another string, I will place my little dreaming head back into my hollow praying hands until your fading laughter reaches me and ends the torture. I didn't start this. Pull another string, the love quickly floods my mind to the top and over. Pull another string, I'm walking on slippery submerged stones toward a shining shore that never comes any closer. Ducks fly

south and return before I am out of enough jerking strength to continue. But let's be more, polite about the whole thing. Pull another string, then pull back, I'll shed enough wide open tears for the both of us. The entertainers have all got the right idea, the easier gig. Who wants to represent the unpredictable clouds? Pull another string, what do you want me to do? Pull another string, I don't expect you to

understand. Pull another string, the dream is far from being over. Pull another string, I don't want to play your game. Pull another

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string, blossoms shake free despite all my stinging years of icy, if soulful, loneliness. Like I said, words are not my friends. Pull another string, the days say yes, but my body says no, maybe. Pull another string, I'll try to think of something else. Pull another string, somewhere a wolf

howls. You get the picture, or maybe you don't. Pull another string, there will be mental music. I can't help that either. Pull another string, to just walk away, that seems cowardly. Pull another string, listen. Pull another string, I'll try to forget to read your thoughts. Pull another string, I want to find out how brave I am when it comes down to it. Pull another string, I would have liked you. You'd have liked me.

dp

Bonus poems:

Your Lucky Stars by Darryl Price

I've been walking down a lot of roads, but they don't seem to
Go where I was heading. It's not like I've been making circles
wider

And wider heading for the good old days. My head has already
mapped

That disappearance on my heart. The only truth is you are still
here

Or you're not. I've been walking, I've seen a lot, but it doesn't
Always add up to a happy ending, even if you've witnessed many
miracles

In far off places. The people are the most interesting part. They can't

Help growing toward the sun. You can see it in their eyes. They

Cause a commotion wherever they are standing, moving or sitting. I've been

Lucky to be with them in any way, but my body always gets Up from the table again. It's a familiar story maybe, but I've never Told it. And I never will again. The winds will tear up the

Only manuscript and scatter the pieces. Maybe one will land in your hair.

The sun will turn the rest to ash. You know it and I know it, but I wouldn't change a thing, because I'd rather walk a Million miles than miss your face crashing into mine. That's all I've got.

I've been walking in a bunch of footsteps. It's a choice. Those folks

Left them for me. Some are burning like wagons on fire. Some are Hidden, drowning in the grass. Some are rising like fireflies. I didn't know

I could walk on the ceiling of stars either until I tried it.

Some are cold to the touch. Some are springing ahead like rabbits. Some

Are deeper than the ocean. You've got to be careful not to fall Into the wrong end. I've been walking all my life, but I still can't see the ending of all things yet. It's almost March. I'd like

to be around long enough to grow some wild flowers for the bees.

That's what my travels have told me. The simple things are the ones

That make us who we are to ourselves. I've been walking. Sometimes I can't

See the train I'm hearing. Sometimes I feel like I'm falling, like I
never stop. Sometimes the music quits being meaningful and
you've got to reach
for new fruit. Some say that's just an illusion. I wouldn't know.
This
road that I'm on has at least kept its poetic values intact, showing
a different side to beauty at every instance of changing horizon.
I've been

walking into this poem with you. I've been walking for the
company and
To learn more about us. I've been walking to leave something
initialed for
Tomorrow. That might be a lie. What if it isn't? I've been walking
And thinking. Is this a comedy trap or tragedy? I've been walking
like

A zombie. Check my vital signs. I've been walking like a
sleepwalker. Wake
Me up, whoever you are, whatever you are. I'm walking here. I've
been
Walking in the rain, haven't you? Walking and talking to the wind
and
Leaves. Walking like an escape artist. Want to be home this very
moment.

dp

Art Department by Darryl Price

It's all about seeing what you can do
with what you are given. Take as much time

as you need. Construct something that looks like
something you'd like to see constructed. Don't

worry about what the other guys might
think. This is yours for the entire time it
takes to be complete, finished to your
satisfaction—something only you will

know. None of us can say when, we only
know what your attempt makes us feel like, and
that may be colored over by our own
desire to create something out of what

is already there in our heads. But if
you are true to yourself then it should speak
a familiar sounding language
we all understand like music, laughing,

like food, like fun, like dancing but with your
unique signature on it. Tell us a
story, we are listening. Show us a
sign, we are looking for another way.

Leave us a handprint, we will know you were
here. Beam us a signal, we will read the
cloud's faces with great interest. Use all
color and shape to bring us deeper, and

into your images, if the texture
feels right we will respond with our own dreams
and ideas, we will release our hearts
from their self-imposed cages. We'll thank you. dp

The Adventure by Darryl Price

There is something only I can say, being myself.
I wish I knew what it was. If I
Think I've finally got it nailed down that's usually
When it decides to turn into something else. It's

Happening right now as you can see. I don't
Suppose you have any idea what this might mean
In the long run for the both of us?
We are part of a work of art. After

All we are in a here of our own
Making, plus the giant one there is no escape
From. There is something I'm sure I can say
But it all seems a bit doomed from the

Start. Should this ever stop us from going on
The adventure together? I think not. There's something I
Wish to say alright, but that's as far as
I've gotten to understanding the feeling. I don't want

To scare it away you know. There is something
I can say to you right now, but I
Don't know how. I've just put it in this
Poem to keep it safe until I can figure

It out. There is something, might be important, but
Probably isn't, and this makes me sad. Not harmful
Sad, just sad-sad. I'm thinking it has already been
Said anyway, but I wanted to be the one

To bring it over to you—a one of
A kind flower, left where it is growing. That's

My style. So, there you go—said and done.
Done and said. I hope you can decipher it. dp

