

Sea Floor Fever

by Darryl Price

I'm dying but that's not
to say what you think
it says. I've crossed the
river of myself many, many times
before and wandered to the

shore, broken and drenched and
full of the fever of
dreams. Each time was a
kind of ritual drying of
my newly born wings, to

try again to fly, some
people never want to fly
I guess. They have no
use for wings, but why
do you think we have

them? They mean something. I
think it has to do
with purpose and by that
I mean with meaning and
by that I mean being,

being free, being unencumbered, being
creative in the air we
breathe. I don't know. It
sounds silly, but you know
words don't know everything. Sometimes

I wish I could speak
in moments of wind or

through the mouths of leaves
or in the tiniest colors
inside the arms of a

flower. Instead I rustle in
my clothes and bang on
the door with my loud thought patterns,
but nothing much seems to
happen, except every now and

then I catch a glimpse
of myself reflected in the
trees or maybe the stars
and I think maybe it
will be alright to be

something else. But here is
dear to me, too. It's
where I've discovered so many
beautiful faces and touched part
of the world that amazes

me. Anyway I'm aware, okay,
I get it, but I
don't think it's all that
sad. I mean ring a
bell if it makes you

feel any better. I'm here
to tell you I'll be
busy bringing music home with all of my good
friends. Because I can. Because
I do. Your secret adventurer.

