# Sees, Kindness, and Made

## by Darryl Price

### Sees

We fell into this lake together and traced the clean soft lines straight back to ourselves, with a carefree laugh, ha ha ha-an embarrassing ease. This small miracle does tend to put in orbit something high flying besides clouds into the sky inside of our minds for a very long time afterwards. You simply trot around on clumps of roses for traveling shoes, carrying this

crazy dream of a painting with you wherever you may go. It's alright--the painting's with me. Can't be avoided. If you've got a working car you will soon drive it over to her new place, avoiding the many bumps in the road as you can just barely make out in the mind numbing darkness of overflowing time. If you have to go on foot you'll be forced to

shrink the hapless feeling down to a quickly jotted footnote in your hot little hands and hope that no one cares to know what's so patiently lurking down there in your pant's pockets. Robbers can usually

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smell a pretty dime from a good long mile away. They're always converging on you anyway, but this gives them that extra incentive to puff their stuff in your face.

In the meantime you hunch over your stolen maps like a mad scientist in a too tightly worn lab coat and try to ever recalculate the exact earth where you first did meet up. Or is it gone, maybe still waiting somewhere on her angel face at the far lost world's woozy frontier? Oh, please, let it be her that takes me again to confront that holy presence.

#### Kindness

I didn't know that I was not being super invisible. I had no idea.
I thought for sure you were much too busy talking to someone else's feverish imagination on the night's budding springs. That stupid jerk standing up there holding your hands at arm's length didn't even realize the hours of trouble you'd gone through

just to match the color of his dull eyes.
He was brought up on a brutal farm I'm told by alien farmers but that's no real excuse if you ask me. And but so what? He painted in your private journals with nothing but a bark, wet mudbrush, so that

at least for that particular day there's nothing for you to see on the page but

his sloppy overgrown fingernails. You maybe shouldn't have said how you were suddenly being attacked by a wild animal that came charging at you from out of nowhere like a flying bullet. That you bravely fought him off as best you could, but he was still able to smear a little something sticky and on your best intended clothes,

too. I don't know. I really don't. I can't.
You always seem to have your one sweetly
sculpted tiny swan hand on the back of
his fat little head, like if you didn't
somehow steady his boulder skull for him,
the poor,poor boy, it would be bound to come off
and roll away and be forever lost.
Limitless time. At all times. And; always. That's the real stuff.

#### Made

Birds await. They know the way the wind likely blows the sun. It's all second nature. They're curious but become just as baffled and bemused when you get right down to it by a differing song made out of some strange new circumstances as any one of us might be. When you reach the useless flathead summit you'll see at last, you'll get the same moon, the same leaves, the same stones,

the same knowing awful realization

that was squishily fermenting in the pungent bushes a mile or so back on the tight grill of the tiger trail. Things smell pretty good and then they stink just as bad. Your own fabulous part of that stinkdom is your freedom calling you up to suggest you might want to stop and think for yourself. You only have this long to be

you. Be ready. That's all. Then you're expected to quietly bring your bought and paid for stack of disappointments back home with you and try to sell them on the sly to someone else who's still listening to lite Radiohead-like bands for all of the above answers to all of the above questions. What if you had all of the right ones at your fingertips--would you still be an

unhappy cheat and fritter your life away on sad unrealistic movies playing nonstop in your head?
Let them have to deal with them telling us what to do for awhile. Go home by way of living out the journey.
Us, we poets do it all the time.
You'll be fine, but probably won't get as rich as a ruby this very moment sleeping somewhere underground.