

# That Particular Diamond

*by* Darryl Price

looking space packed right in up there  
like a sun bleached kite stuck in between  
    the several bluish colors  
of the sky today has its own  
amazing heartbeat. I can see  
it clearly from here. Oh I can feel it  
    reverberating for miles and  
miles. If I look away it waits  
on my returning gaze like a  
    silent yet good-natured friend. I dedicate  
its honeyed song to you today. No one  
else will ever write this down nor  
remember the one short time in

summer's fire that it showed itself  
like an omen to only me. It's  
about all I have now that's not  
    already gone to the birds of  
sad time and schoolboy circumstance  
like so many crumbs of a once  
delicious favorite slice

of remembered bread. It's fed me  
like a cake one more time to be  
believing in something I can't  
    actually see coming and  
moved on and I've given the rest  
of its quietly fluttering  
breath to the poem dripping in your hands .

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Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/darryl-price/that-particular-diamond>»*

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They Boil Roses Alive(umpteenth draft version)

for pleasure not for making  
soup. They scrape the stinky mash  
onto old newspapers  
and toss'em right away.  
They'll start their annoying engines  
and soon branches will  
have mouths, eye sockets  
and broken noses.  
No speech is ever needed but the noise.

Bugs will speak as for words,  
thorns will gnash for teeth,  
cold winds will flap like  
hair, and all this is  
done for nothing more  
than to give boredom  
its proper hooligan name. Someone to  
play outside with. The harm done  
seeps to the roots. The  
harm done warps the spin cycle

of galaxies still  
unnamed. The harm done  
is fed into the  
womb like a cold beer.  
The harm done wiggles  
its oozing black way  
up the splitting dead stalks.  
The harm done gums  
up the light which gums  
up the color. The

harm done grinds the  
oldest living creatures  
on earth to careless tooth  
picks. The harm done turns  
the ocean's middle  
into a snowman's  
plastic belly. The  
harm done stuffs the nostrils  
of the tiger  
with cement. Let's dance!

D.P. 09/19/09

The SoAp In ThE sInK

Hello ghosts. I'm not ready yet to become  
part of your toothless frothing singing group but I  
thank you for the bubbling foamy offer. At  
least you care. But really you look just  
fine the way you are all meshed together

in silent wail and unfreezing moan. And I'm  
sure on some level that it's a most  
wonderful music you make that creates just the  
right imbalance between the swaying and the swinging  
note, the glowing imperfect atmosphere for such ghosting

together activities. It's just that well you see  
I've a few more activities myself such as  
the writing of more poems among the bacterium  
to perform before I could be called anywhere  
near complete and ready to change so picture

significantly. So although I do certainly appreciate the dear trouble you must have gone through to present yourselves in such an amusing and creative way to me I have to decline. I want to live. It's ever so much more fun in the right now.

dp

