

The World's Loneliest Girl

by Darryl Price

Turns out it was you. But. You made it into the latest dumping ground in spite of their voted insults. In spite of being told you weren't even going to be around to be danced with. The loneliest girl now looks perfectly trim and trendy to all eyes. Her shimmering shorts fit her hips like a gently gushing waterfall. In spite of toes that flicker at the bequest of her candlelight shoes.

In spite of a lit cigarette cough banging around her lonely fingers like an astronaut dragging a Milky Way between the bars of a cold dark spaceman's deck, the loneliest girl gets to sit close to the camera at every show from now on.

In spite of no one wanting to take heed of your purring at your new online profile. In spite of hip young

men interrupting your slurred speech with a profane speech of their

own. The loneliest girl knows how to smile and mean it. In spite of being herself in spite of herself, this catwalk is now open for its pretty psychiatric business to begin with, immediately. For all.

In spite of no lover boy in sight the loneliest girl plans on not going home until dawn is gone for good.

The loneliest girl in the world has an invisible blanket thrown over her dainty shoulders. In spite of being tuned out, she dreams of a warm bath at home, she's likely coming for you, with her cat in tow, sometime soon.

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In spite of directors taking little notice, she loves old books and movies more than the company of almost everyone she knows. The

loneliest girl is constantly glistening. In spite of no perfect partner, writing

a love letter. In spite of just waking up, feeling flung open. The loneliest girl will go back to work tomorrow. In spite of the excitement of being in the best rooms money can buy, breaking

inside at the ruddy tip like a soft wooden pencil. In spite of all the kisses, needing someone to hold desperately onto. The loneliest girl is

running away from the pale, she says. In spite of pet sounds.

In spite of wild worlds. The lonely girl is her own writer of the world's saddest radio friendly song. In spite of the tom-toms

echoing in her head. In spite of the slurred lines of sloppy fools washing in constantly at the beach of her feet. The loneliest girl is getting her own feet wet all by herself. In

spite of a poem she'll never read to anyone else ever. In spite of the slow downward dance of all that soft swirling of delicious drinks in one's empty hand.

Bonus poems:

The Numb

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The numb windows of despair closed on your
chapped hands for good this time. They will never
open again to reveal a surprise,
not in this world, not for you, my friend. You
also shut us crying out of your house
forever, and that's what hurts the most. I

can eventually get over the
sad fact that you left, but never over
the cruel path chosen to embrace you
to its dark depth. It's a cold wind, there's no
real scientific doubt about it, and
many hot sparking layers will be now

required before we feel comfortable
again in our own skins. You said goodbye
in your way, but the question of hello
was never truly discussed among us
who loved you for yourself to my own known
satisfaction, and now there is a girl

with a frozen face sitting by herself
in the tall dry grasses looking at the
hardened clouds spewing chunks on the lakes who
no longer will take anyone's hand for
any reason. She was my soft friend, too,
once upon a time when we had new sweets.

It's Started To Rain

a little, to sprinkle the world with
yellow leaves. Already, I asked? The park bench I've

finally decided on smells
pissed on like newspapers, old or

new, can't tell. Don't
really care, doesn't much matter at this point.
Blank pages are illuminated by what's left of
day, sky, so I hear,
whistling birds, but don't

spot any, unless a
little faun hanging from
a playground swing counts--he is laughing after
all. The ground beneath
my feet is brown

from earlier wet, old
leaves and acorn caps,
twigs and ants. Alas, I hear the cicadas
motoring through tall tree tops
like wind-up speedboats,

puttering in and out
of their set vacation harbors, diligent
as worker bees. The
last thing standing's an old
birch tree that's seen
it all centuries before. dp

The Poor Dumb Creature

I'm not back, I just wanted to share. I was looking at a picture of an unusual fish that a man had caught and killed. Scientists weren't even sure what kind of fish it was--just that it was rare, unusual and dead. Then the verdict was given on TV. These two things somehow meshed in my mind to create this poem.

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was dead, with a spear stabbed in its fat head
and hung from a pole like an upside down
clay flag. The dumb creature who had killed the
beautiful one was grinning from ear to
ear like a flickering cat. And as I

studied the body I thought about the
natural grace it must have taken to
move it through all that water for all those
many years, stay alive, to actually
grow that large. Now it was no more than

a black and white trophy for a picture,
its softening head making a crushing
dent on a wooden rug, its flopped fin a
useless arm pulled through a rope, and nothing
more. On TV police cars were burning

like grotesque candles in a macabre store
front window, on main street smashed open stores
were being looted and tear gas bombs were
being sprayed like confetti on fed-up
balling, sad protesters. Two hate crimes were

committed. Only one was ever known,
truly decided. Another young man

is dead on our streets. It took seven mad,
brutal bullets to wake up a partly
slumbering country to its own petty

indifference. Those who protect us did
not protect us. Those who serve us did not
serve these. Our lost children are not being
respected. Any harm done harms us all.
Politicians are quick to pass out some

newly minted campaign slogans instead
of genuine outrage or concern. But
the people became the living symbols
of a nation that has a voice. Let's hope
that walk'll be heard deep in our bravest new heart.

