

# True Stories About False Dancers

*by* Darryl Price

The world is a mighty funny place. It spins wildly and we are held down by its strong ghostly gravity. We're still able to communicate with one another over morning coffee and delicious cake donuts dipped in chocolate. Some of us used to keep rolled up newspapers in our deep coat pockets all day long. It was important to know what was going on. Now we know more than we ever bargained for, but the true stories get so twisted into tangled lies ever faster and

faster. Some say that's a comical turn of events. The price of doing modern business. It's not too bad I think. Things just happen all the time here because my business is poetry. I keep the front doors unlocked even on the quietest of days when no one comes looking for unexpected poems. I don't worry about all that. They'll find or invent their own folded maps out of a natural curiosity sooner or later. We'll meet somewhere in the bookstore of the

one mind and heart. It's human nature. In the meantime here we are blowing off the latest dust and having a secret smile.

You came because you want to still believe  
in certain wonderful things that seem to  
be disappearing and it alarms you,  
but poetry isn't so easily  
made into a mysterious fossil.  
It's no meat and bone creature melting on  
the hot road to nowhere. People always  
like to think dragons aren't real--they are, they  
are just not like our reality of

living between earth and sky. But they can  
still poke their smoking heads into our world  
from time to time. It's called a lark for a  
reason. That doesn't exactly make them  
any less important to the grand scheme  
of things. But let's go back to our own small  
conversation. The mad world being a  
funny place and all. It happens all the  
time. People talk too much one way. Then they  
talk too much another way. And pretty  
soon up is down and down is sideways. It's  
just the next commotion out of boredom

or ingrown fear or even redemption  
of some sort clawing its way to the top  
of the heap for a look around. The just  
starting to glow poems bow their heads and  
silently float toward the sun. Some with  
flapping roots and some with gliding wings and  
some others with wagons laden with one  
of a kind fireworks for the children who  
grew up deep inside us. We'll be there. Don't  
you worry. The poets and the dragons.  
The dreamers and musicians. The painters  
and comedians. The fools and lovers.

Bonus poem:

The Flower That Invented a Ladder  
by Darryl Price

The world is  
a beautiful day,  
I told her,  
and now because

you're also  
in it, it's  
my favorite place  
to be glad.

