

# You Were This Close

*by* Darryl Price

I don't know if we'll meet again  
in the sea of light. Circumstances  
aren't only up to human  
beings. After all maybe it's

all drunk circumstance, but that doesn't  
answer the blinding question,  
it only poses some more. This  
is what we know. You are what I

knew surfacing in the sky, a  
deeply frying dream on fire. That  
doesn't give you anything to  
go on. It's a story stuck to

another story's moisture pack  
inside a larger jar of stories.  
You can see this picture from  
your bedroom window. You can know

its raw material when your  
feet hit the ground running. I held you once  
and it didn't feel like the end  
of the world to me. That's what you

give off. I'm a different kind  
of continuous animal.  
My hair is full of birds and wheat  
fields and luminous leaves. I can't

deny this. I no longer want  
to. I only meant to find the  
right words to thank you. And gift you  
this. All else is what betrayed us.

Bonus poem:

Part of the Map

of you keeps popping up in my bittersweet  
dreams like a mausoleum, but I don't know  
what for. You are not a ghost. You  
are not a passionate rocking chair. There is  
no insatiable journey taking place. My travel days  
are simple well being and over. I get  
that there are different modes that have nothing  
to do with flying cars and everything to

do with laser shots of electricity zapped between  
certain neurological catchers in the atomic windows of  
our physical structures, but I don't want to  
rely on that instrument as the ultimate truth  
inside the music I'm listening to. Even if you get to the  
yummy center it wouldn't change things around for you or me,  
except

now you have been thrown back further outside  
the (hidden churches of wildflowers by trees) circle of most  
future

conversation—because you have seen its deeper meaning  
first hand. That's the problem with any kind  
of youthful idealism in life—it only brings  
you back to the start. You are the

being you are and you are the one  
that is. Should this make you a nebulous  
mystic of some sort? Only if it helps  
you in any way to embrace your own

below the sea human nature radar for some kind of ultimate  
happiness.

Only if you mean to grow brighter and  
brighter until you find yourself dangerously close to  
leaving a sacred shell on the clear night  
floor in a silver pail of watery like moonshine like  
a long gone silence . But back to the coup  
de grace. I've given you my poetry as  
an embarrassingly yelling madman. I've given my poetry

as a nice little lover on the side. Because our love,  
to me it should have always meant something different  
than the regular misunderstandings between the multi-cellular  
organisms that  
need all that protein just to function. I breathe to convince  
myself that you are really a wonderful evening  
I'm having and not just an anthill of  
shall we say tests. So that's how I  
came to write this poor thing scratching at your door this  
evening.

