

# Crumpled

*by* Darryl Price

We wanted so much to find ourselves  
in a beautiful world. It was, and  
is, but every inviting leaf has  
got another hidden dangerous  
precedent that must be surrendered  
to in order to survive to see  
another sunset with the ones you  
actually love. It's always been

nothing more than a tired struggle just  
to snuggle and mean it when words fail  
to give glad meaning to what's truly  
happening. Maybe in school you can  
look around and see many different  
levels of life changing its mind, but  
somewhere in the real world it's mostly  
car after car driving into tall

mirrors at sadder and sadder speeds.  
You don't want to hear this and I don't  
want to say this, the alternative  
is to become their puppets, perform  
their silly dances on the blood soaked  
streets like pieces of crumpled paper.  
We are not just monkeys looking for  
the toss of a coin into our cups.

