

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.

