

# Right Now You're Being So Sloshed{revisited}

*by Darryl Price*

amongst the other gently  
gathering flotsam up against  
my internal dictionary's borders. Doesn't matter much  
if the deed is life rushing  
itself through a tube that poured  
us out together like this,  
or just mutual need that

made the hole in the facts about  
the size of the two of  
us appearing out of nowhere  
and let us easily see  
clearer to the sand inside each  
other's beings like a couple  
of glass bottom boats on  
fire. We don't need to ask for

true understanding of its  
ultimate purpose. It's art,  
simply given, it's present tense  
when we are in company  
with one another. It's not  
a miracle by permission--  
unless you want to spot  
it one. I don't see the need

to row that far away from  
our respective shores.It's only

some kind of immediate  
love forming that seems to generate  
a pine forest around  
us for whatever reasons.  
Not that big old, messy, fussy  
scientific stuff of chemicals that

cruelly leaves people in torn  
apart shambles on the cold  
bathroom linoleum all night. It  
has no legs to stand on. I  
can personally give it a five.  
It's not a solid of any  
kind. It's just a respectful  
is. I'm not going to

deny it, nor am I going  
to keep it here for myself.  
But I do tape it to my sense of gladness  
as it floats here between  
us like a soapy bubble fingerprinted with rainbows.  
I will say it's more than beautiful  
to adore, and looks  
just like you do in your old sneakers.

