All These Poets

by Darryl Price

All these poets with their hands Full of poems are driving Me into the wheat fields like A flock of crows. They offer You a cigarette and light The damn thing with a poem.

They give you a little dance, But when they take off their clothes Poems are stuck to their feet Like blades of grass. All their lips Taste like poems dipped into old Barbecue sauce. They trail with

You after butterflies or leaping on poor Fireflies, but when it comes time To free all the prisoners Their keys will only unlock A chest full of more poems.

What's wrong, they will say, don't you

Like poetry? Eyelashes
Wink, but the closer you look
The more you make out the ends
Are fastened with small poems.
Earrings are acrobats with
Poems to be handed out

Like flyers to the breathless thrilled to death Crowds clamoring below the bleachers. They'll invite you

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/darryl-price/all-these-poets»* Copyright © 2015 Darryl Price. All rights reserved.

Over for dinner, but your
Fork and knife will have been replaced
By rolled up poems, tied with
Typed out blurbs. These poets don't

Believe in poetry as A way of life, of being Awake, they see it as a Fabulous job and they must Get there first for, or die trying. All these poets want you to

Swallow their words without chewing.
Without thinking. Without
Buttoning or unbuttoning. Without feeling further
For the poor souls who need it
The most. Without so much as
A thank you for the sacrificial listen.

Bonus poem:

The Ragged Stars Spit Their Stained Wooden Teeth on the Soggy Ground by Darryl Price on belts upon the cold slice of my clouds like sopping poor man's curtains. I can't help this hill. You get to climb into someone's friendly valley lap and sleep. I can't help these flopping, wounded birds trying to fly through dirt like sick frogs. I've got my tiny skeleton scarf to drag myself with, but

you've got each other. I've got my parched hands stuffed in my pockets like missing scars, but you've got more than yesterday's tears. I did not get to forget. I've got my Captain wherever I go, but you've got your steel army of polished fingers lifting you to safety above the splashing norm. I've got my lonely window full of dreams, full

of blowing leaves, but you've got your apples like new pink erasers in a basket of no wrong. I've got my songs in my head like shadows that came apart. I'll never see you again. I've got my electric wires, it's all trees on a slope. I've got a diamond soul, but you've got a paid for future, no matter the burned out sorrow on my brow.