

Beat-Up Trunk of Old Forgotten Paintings

by Darryl Price

The world can still be viewed as a drop
Of rain, but not all the tears can
Be revealed as such. Stories swirling inside are constantly
Shifting gears, searching for the lost highway, and
Sometimes finding it. There is plenty of love
Going on, and a constant one, but angels
Get bored, put down their wings and grow
Horns just for the hell of it. People

Get caught in the middle of these petty
Wars over nothing but lies. In the meantime
All you can do is whatever you want,
Hoping something matters in the end. In our
Time we made plenty of rhymes and growled
Right back at the thunder with our own
Version of beautiful noise. If it baffled many,
We still believed. This is more than a

Trunk full of old paintings, it is a
Map to the constant present tense where all
The best opportunities for living an authentic life
Are restored. Look at our hats! We wore
Them to make each other happy. Look at
Our shoes! We wore them to get you
To smile. This whole thing is to celebrate
With you in spite of the nefarious gangs

Terrorizing the scene with their infantile tantrums of
Hate and money. We knew they would criticize
Us no matter what we did, or wrote,
Or painted. Sometimes a perfect world is more
Of an imperfect try at something new, something
Unpopular, something impossible, something that feels good,
something
More fun than functional. We fit. Then we
Didn't. Someone's got that missing piece right now.

Bonus stuff:

Look What They've Done To The End of My Song, Maharishi

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The air is a nice surprise, once you get over
The cold. The first thing I wanted to do was
Turn my palms up to the sun like solar panels
And juice up. After that everything comes back to blossoms
And stems and more leaves. Then the thoughts return to
Their rightful places, resting among your hair like daisy chains,
Or follow the path of your walking feet like ecstatic
Gypsies, tranced-out, making new music out of whatever is
available.

This is the circle of my life, well outside the
Worn away seasons, and it has its own traveling forests
That provide the heart with its many windows. Every branch
Provides enough mystery to keep the skipping splashing water
wheels

Turning in time. I'm as surprised as you, but not
Nearly as turned out. Poems won't allow any dishonest shadows
Cast. And I'm not interested in pursuing half-truths in order
To appear less sad. I've made my bell. I won't

Abandon its one true blessing just because you are tired
Of hearing something I never said. That was just a
Tide. That was a very still shell crunched beneath a
More vigorous lilac wind. The gulls might have heard an
Ache in the newborn grains of sand. I don't know,
But I can guess. Love is always beginning. That's what
Keeps it so much younger than you, not the other
Way around. Sorrow doesn't pass on the chance to speak

Of joy. My path is not your strange rabbits running
Under the apple tree like landlubber bees, but a mystifying
moment

All its own. I give it to you, but not
To keep. I'd like it remain butterfly wild and hummingbird
Free, but those are just the colors I prefer. Once
More we come to the end of my song. I'm
Happy to make it in your name. If I disappear
In a deep, deep sea, I go my own dreamer.

Bonus material:

I Would Kiss You

I would kiss you if I thought
You needed kissing. I would

Touch your hair if I wanted

To feel the wind in my face.

I'd walk holding your hand if
I wanted to listen to it

Rain. I'd write you a song if
I couldn't think of anything

Else to say about the
Beauty that surrounds us. I'd

Embrace you if I sought an
Explanation for what's always in

My heart. Again I'd kiss you
If I thought it might comfort

You, leave you without any regrets,
But I would have to be sure.

I would kiss you because I'd
Want to remember what we

Came here for, to this poem's
House, to the combustible

Planet's inviting window, the time that
Goes on and on shaking the night like a freight train.

Mirror

Take these pretty poetry things before
They are finished, you know you

Want to. Take all the pale
Fingers fluted with rings, the nails
Becoming visible at last like the
Sails of great ships, the bones

Beneath the waves holding the life-force
In its place, ripe with pulsating
Branches of many bells, and eat
Them, drink them, become them. Take
As many tall trees as you
Can and stuff them into the

Cotton bags of clouds like dried
Snakes. Take clouds and float them
Across a mirror. Take a river
Then and pour it on your
Hair like a silk scarf and
Laugh out loud. Throw your head

Back, open up your throat like
Never before and finally light up
The night like a good little
Star. Of course they won't listen.
But put your hands deep into
The fields of stars and pull out

All the moons you are meant
To know, and get to know
Them. Remember this, a garland of
all the roses in all the
world isn't enough. The streaming morning
sun isn't enough. Only love's enough.

