

Green Dots

by Darryl Price

"It just makes sense to be nice to everything that lives."--Aurora Aksnes

Like Aurora, my favorite color is moss green.
Anything else is a lie told to throw
you off the scent. You will abandon her.
Just like you will abandon me. Green. We
were walking through the thick leaves, looking for
a way in. That kind of silence. We
disturbed nothing, only because we had no harm
in our hearts. It's you we are trying

to get away from, you we are trying
to reach. You will abandon this message. You
will abandon the one true gift as it
is being given. It's only a matter of
time. Green. We touched somehow. I liked the
end tips of her fingers more than almost
anything else on the planet. She may have
smiled, but only because she felt at home. You

will abandon her lovely eyes. You will call
her lovely skin nothing but mushrooms. You will
abandon us to the wolves, which is what
you were planning to do all along. We
were hoping to fall through the earth and
be swallowed up together. Alone would have been alright,
too. She's good at being alone, because she
cares so much for the small. Green has

to have its own sacred place where it

can read books, paint if it likes and
write music. Isn't that what she said? She
wasn't talking about books. She was talking about
light. She didn't mean paint, she meant dance
and make light. Play in light. Play with
light. Notice light. Be of light. Welcome it
to your home and heart. Magnetism is magnetism,

but it is also communion, telling yourself that
you have not forgotten any living thing. Of
course she is scared you will find her
out and cause harm. That's why she wants
to find you first. To offer you peace.
Instead you will abandon all prospects for peace
once you get to know her voice, because
you are just that greedy. You will not

abandon your guns however. Even if she gets
you to stop and listen. But what you
don't know is how she is creating something
beyond listening and beyond all the guns that
ever were or ever will be. Beyond Green.
It's an ancient story within a story being
told by a dreamer, a thinker; for the
first time again, we are being called upon.

Bonus poems:

That One Trick
by Darryl Price

You've fallen for it, too. Thinking there
is only one path to saying or
hearing all is love. Gathering all

the clues you know nothing about, please
open your eyes. If it were only
that easy, everyone would simply

go home, collect their box of shit and
stop being a fool and waken. I was
always the last to know, I know, but

not in what I always am, believe
me. See, it's the same. Some people can
only see those they can't define as

sitting there being quiet. I was
never one of those standing in the
dirty sad ocean, waiting to be

taken under by a terribly
dark mystery. I wanted to know the
truth, what is pure. Meet it head on. I

don't think I'm sorry. You pushed me. Pushed
us. Some of us can walk upright in
our bedtime dreaming. It's where we belong.

You can't come in if you can't stay more
awake than broken. That's the rule. Put
your heads down. Grab an arm. Come this way.

When You Say There Is Very Little Magic
by Darryl Price

left in the world, I know you are lying. Priests
of old used it against the wrong citizens.
Nailed them to trees and left them there to die. When
you say there is very little magic left
in the world, I know you are pretending to

be brave. To be asleep. Things out there will hunt you down,
you say. But what once things have you maybe hunted down?
Magic isn't careful. It's wild. When you say
there is very little magic left in the
whole world, I know you are hoping to not get
caught in the act. When you say there is very

little magic left in the world, I know you
have not grown a garden from scratch and seed.
You have not walked into a forest alone
and unarmed. You have not met a new rain on
the lonely road on your way home from work. When

you say there is very little magic left
in the world, I know you have not listened. It
really doesn't matter to what. That's just some
awful squeezing device they use to get you
to say you are afraid. It doesn't matter
of what. When you say there is very little

magic left in the world, I know you are full
of hidden tears that need to be released. When
you say there is very little magic left
in the world, I know you are refusing to
look me in the eyes. I know you are choosing

to be full of doubt. When you say there's very little magic left in the world, I know you are warning me to stay far away. You are made to. You are pulling your lips back to reveal your gums. You are showing me your longest teeth. You have now forgotten how to smile without

biting. It's okay. Because you don't mean it when you do. Your faith is in nothing. Except for hollow bread. The possessed holes. The end. But you do know a better conversation. When you say there is very little magic left

in the world, I know you don't mean it. When we were just children we played together because it was the honest thing to do. It was an uncorrupted apple we touched, tenderly, to share in a holy circle. Because we wanted to trust someone in a dream. It's like

that. When you say there is very little of the old magic left in the world, I know you have been seriously smacked on the head by monsters in a ramshackle cave somewhere. The clamp down neighborhoods can hide a lot of pain

inside your chest. Your pain is not your master. When you say there is very little magic left in the world, I know you have forgotten all flowers. I'm still your friend. You're still my friend. When you say there is very little magic left in the world, I know you have embraced regret.

