

# Hey, That's One Gulp per Magic Fish to You, Bub

*by* Darryl Price

This is the hole I fell in. I can sort of crawl  
out of it now, but I must have fallen fast  
asleep in there. Does it really matter if it was for  
a long or a short time? Everyone is suddenly  
gone like a smile and replaced lately by  
sadly different versions of themselves.  
When I saw you again I thought at last  
one of my old friends has made it back out  
of that damnable hole, too. But your face  
was not carrying that kind of bright torch for me  
exactly. It said part of you is still  
in there and always will be partly mad. This is

the hole where I tripped and discovered the  
beautiful earth floating in your dreams is definitely flat if  
you want it to be and invisible  
at the strangest of times, made of countless  
intelligent plants and animals and fairy beings. The  
unnecessary animals eating  
some unnecessary plants. Plants eating  
animals. Large terrified animals  
eating small terrified animals. Plants  
eating plants. And no one else in the whole wide  
universe paying any attention  
whatsoever to our growing feeling

of absolute loneliness. This is the  
hole where I crashed into the obvious wall of  
everything. This is the hole where I wrote

you a love letter made out of days and  
nights and clouds and rain. It wasn't my best  
work, but it was organic in the sense  
that it was all I had to speak to you  
through. This is the hole where I planted a  
small faraway tree for John Lennon. This  
is the hole where I played my guitar to  
a room full of strangers I forgot were  
even standing there listening. That's when the music's really

working its magic through you straight to them. I  
almost thought I had made it home, but it  
soon enough became clear to me that I'd  
feel that much loneliness again and for my  
entire life. Probably. This is the hole like quicksand.  
This is the hole in the ocean. I'm sure  
you've heard it all before. The orbiting  
bullet hole in my third eye. This is the  
time ruptured hole like a bomb going off in my heart.  
The hole in my dorsal fin. This is the  
hole where I went around and around for  
what seemed like a very short long time. I hit

the cold of dirt. I hit the indifferent  
sleeping trees or was it the overflow  
of summer's naked flowers bathing in  
the dripping dew? Something there stopped me from  
breaking all my bones. This is the hole that  
started out as a perfect day with you  
in it. But then you decided to give  
your skin like sun to someone else. I was  
left with a loose handful of stardust and  
a broken moon for a golden compass. This is  
the hole I carved out of old railroad tracks  
for myself. Now that light is coming down on me.

Bonus poems:

Blossoming by Darryl Price

The quick getaway is almost always open for business. It requires no self discipline. All you have to do is run and keep running. By the time you get to where you are going the movie in your head will

have switched directions any way giving you a fifty fifty chance of survival for another day. You might be one of those people who pull their cars into the garage backwards-- what else is it for? Do you really think

you can outrun their helicopters? Look, there are more important things in the world than your fear of the man. They are coming after us all-- one way or the other. Let them come. We know they are already here.

Listening to our poetry. Trying to figure out if we are dangerous or not. Civil or not. That's their gig. Ours is to figure out if we are boring or not, authentic or not, caring enough or just going through

the motions. We are all wounded. We are all afraid to be loved, flying again. No one wants the possibility of that pain on purpose again. It's our only hope. They are betting on us nailing our own feet to

the haunted floorboard, howling at the moon, waiting like a

penny under the stars on the railroad tracks of life's  
massive indifferent onslaught. But that is an illusion. One that  
casts back at them just as much, right between the eyes.

We are all time bombs, we are all childish suicides, but  
that's just a bit of what stirs up our unique collection of dust.  
The stars made us and now we are their children  
for better or for worse. And the Earth is the

sacrificing angel we never knew, who fed us, even if  
it meant going without herself, who keeps looking for us,  
who knows the one song that will stop our lonely  
self hatred long enough for us to pull out of

our fever life and survive to live in hope for another day. That's  
where  
all poetry comes from. That's the passageway to sure freedom. It's  
inside the sound of the human heart beating as always, the flower  
blossoming, the rain pounding on the door, let me in,

let me in, or come out and meet me face to face if  
you dare to get wet. And dare we must. In spite of the  
present danger. Because it is our time. There is nobody  
else to do the dirty work . Bring out the joy and don't forget your  
own.

Surprise  
by Darryl Price

This is our toy garden. You are the elevated trespassers who made it  
more about yourself than the tilting sun. Playing with every rose as

if they knew what they were doing all the time, blooming out of the precious earth and sky in your face like that. Just for you. But it's an

old story. You were just a confused boy. I get it. Just an obedient son. Just a connect the dots obese teacher. Preaching a new propaganda. Making a living. Following orders. Someone didn't bother to love you for being you. You took offense for a

long lifetime and began to wage a hidden sour campaign against anything that didn't feel good enough to your own puppet-like insecurities. You can call it holy putty in your hands, but holy fuck you were wrong to harm them for feeling so

young and lost around you. They were only growing kids trying to figure out the elephant-shaped surprise in the center of the universal room. It was too big to see around, too big to duck under for safety. It might not mean to, but it could crush

you against a wall in an instant. All we had were our brave toys and our unconditional pets and brand new imaginations. But you had actual power, power that might have been shared as in used to protect and defend the new journey

outward. Instead you cast a silent dark spell of abandonment and mistrust from the back of your most comfortable smile. And the sudden crinkly air filled with the silent screams of tumbling seeds not attuned to your private preferences. Frightened faces of impossible hopes

all drifting off toward somewhere you weren't ever going to be found. How could I not hate you for that? You chose to use your privilege like a privilege. This is our garden, mister. We were here first. Does this surprise you? Look back at the faces of the

flowers you so badly wanted to be truthful mirrors. Our garden. Our love made this. You saw me fall and you walked away, pretending I was the one at fault. But first you made sure to hit me in the trustful heart with your barbarous anger. You wanted to be left alone

with all those pretty flowers. Turns out I was the one who didn't lose heart after all. You can only find shelter in the third eye dark if you know what you are looking for. And believe it. And thank it. For all the mistakes you made in overcoming your initial fear of the unknown. For all the misunderstanding standing in the way, blocking the light from the entrance.

Perfumes by Darryl Price

There are enough love songs  
left out in the open  
to rot away. This is  
one more. You and I know

nothing lasts, not even  
absolute forever  
things. They grow into their  
own deaths. We all do. But

as I'm still here I'd like  
to present you with this

cool flower I somehow  
grew myself, picked it

out just for you. It was  
already perfectly  
perfect for you. Perhaps  
you would gift it one last

soaking drink in a clear  
pretty vase with a near  
view of your sky? I don't  
know. I never know. I

just believe. Believe in  
a flower that only  
I can grow. I see them  
come up, speak their colors.

Watch their heads bow down, drip  
their glittering beauty  
over the land; winds dust  
them, precious as perfume.

