

I Think You Know That

by Darryl Price

you've swallowed a whale bone and not a whole
chicken. It's not about being surrounded
by very nice stuff. We always thought
there was much, much more than haunted walls inside
cold castles. People connect the dots like
collecting stamps. Things get colder all the
frigging same. Feels pretty empty from here,
without your complicated faith in your

own sad misunderstood dreaming. I'm not
trying to say it so they won't hear it.
They can hear it if they want. I was so
lonely I wrote love songs. I am lonely
in love with you. There's no more to it. I
am the one who chose to be this poet.
No one forced me to lay about. I think
you know my head was exploded around

it, in its beauty, to its end. Now I
must continue to write these letters to
no one because I can't stop blowing up.
But someone may still receive them. Probably
not while I'm alive. People live like
they are racing to the gold cup finish.
We always said there has got to be more
than all the uninterrupted silent

tears, the violent fears. I believed you.
I believed you. I believed you. Believed
you. People count the times they try through the
night. It doesn't matter. It all adds up
to the same lying thing. A sky full of

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stars. An ocean full of sand. Only the moment sets us free. But we are chasing butterflies instead of being met as

butterflies. I think you know some things just won't work without love. Maybe nothing does. Nothing does. I'm sure of it. And now this particular letter starts to close in on its origami swan self , pushes off towards another far shore. It's been much too long. Nothing leads me back to you, nor needs to. I found you, the smile's on my face.

Bonus poems:

Upside Down Jesus
by Darryl Price

The upside down Jesus was first seen in a bowl. What kind of bowl has been up for considerable debate ever since. With hilarious results if you read the internet

like a newspaper. What's he doing in there, one lady was heard to ask no one in particular. He's giving us the peace sign. You sure that's a peace sign?

Why is he smiling so much? It makes him look nutty. Shouldn't he be pissed off? I mean look what they did to the poor guy. His hair looks nice

though. I wish he'd say something profound. But upside down

Jesus never did. He only smiled and gave the dubious peace sign to all who dared to have a look

inside the bowl. Well, I think he shouldn't be upside down at all, said a man in a moustache and tweed jacket. It's very disrespectful to say the least. Very

unprofessional if you ask me. Who does he think he is? This is an interruption of normal everyday life and I won't stand for a bit of it anymore. Whereupon

he left the area and was never seen or heard from by anybody ever again. By sunset the ever growing crowd had turned into a festival of sorts. People were

selling all kinds of things with Jesus' image on them. Tee-shirts, key rings, cups, pastries and even panties. Musicians played little happy tunes on their guitars. The crowd was laughing

and eating, slapping each other on the backs, and taking turns staring into the bowl. As the sun began to set the image also began to fade with it, but

it never did right itself. Where's he think he's going, various voices were heard to ask all over the place. Tell him to stay right where he is. And don't

move a muscle. Please. Someone. Stop him from fading away from us. Stop him. A priest stepped forward and asked upside down Jesus to stay. We need you, he said.

Upside down Jesus smiled. They say his smile was the last thing to go. That and his eyes. But again there's a terrible debate over the accuracy of this whole report.

When I Go

by Darryl Price

you won't feel a thing. When I go you
won't believe a word I said. When I go
a little brown sparrow will visit your sleeping hand
and bring you his dirty French fry. A lost
gold ring will be found in the tall grass

by children playing with a new toy gun. When
I go the music will turn itself into a
dream color of unheard music. The kind you remember
liking but can't remember why, coming from a stranger's
open upstairs window. When I go I'll try to

quietly remove my broken heart from your waking vicinity.
You won't feel my energy for writing these rainy
day poems, playing piano with just a few lonely
fingers anymore, anymore. When I go you won't be
found hanging around. When I go I won't bring

you down that road. We will quit being anyone else
but strangers in the bright hot afternoon winds. Clouds
will get better seating. When I go you will
get dressed up for a Hollywood Halloween, eat some
bland breakfast cereal at your mother's and drive to

the local farmer's market and end up buying something
you've never tasted before. It will make you happy
in the car. It will make you cry in
the driveway. You will end up throwing it all
away. When I go a brown paper bag will

do. When I go I'm going to quit trying
to explain my actions to anyone. When I go
I'm going to reflect my art into the jazzed
up dancing tree limbs, shake all the leaves north
and south, east and west, writing down that wall.

When the Light Goes Dark
by Darryl Price

You are going to make another war. I am going
to make a fine paper swan. You are going to
plant a grim bomb or two. I'm going to plant
a Bodhi tree and look for the artful moon entering
my room. You always seem to be chanting on about the
courage it takes just to die. I sing about just feeling

kind of sad, perhaps you've heard no other whispers about love's
price.

You are going to count your money all alone. I
am not going to bother with counting all the stars. You
are going to run over something that once wept real tears.
I am going to lift my eyes for them. I am going
to lay my hands on their wounds. You are going

to smoke something truly foul and push the smokey lies through a
million

pointy teeth, which are really chimneys, which are really
buildings,

which are really dirty windows. I am going to forget
to always be the first one. You are going to pretend you

can't find your heart. I am going to walk with
the ones who need a friendly cane to get along

and belong. You are going to look away behind a
steaming plate full of signature fries. I am going to
let someone else laugh in the perfect places. You are
not going to bend backwards to be made any better. I'm
placing this poem here for you. I'm on your dream radio. Listen.
I'm not waiting to hear the ultimate truth. You're the missing clue.

