

# I Wish There Was A Way

*by* Darryl Price

To still make Emily smile. Even  
Today. On the street where  
Paper lives and works I'm  
Making this small effort out  
Of a few stray letters and  
An attitude like a chip  
On the kicked about shoulder. I don't  
Know, I think she deserves it.  
That try. Even if nothing happens. A bell refuses to ring.  
But time going by, if

There's no heavenly trajectory far-flung  
Enough to reach into her  
Sunday morning elbows and give  
Her a friendly jostle from  
The bumbling farcical future, then what?. You know I've  
Been in trouble with the  
Reality police many times before, what poet  
Hasn't? Emily's secret grin seems a  
Lot more important than listening  
To them wagging their dagger like fingers at the sun,

People with no imaginations to hang stars on. Just  
Because they scream something is  
Impossible doesn't mean I have  
To buy into that kind of false religion,  
Or be part of that  
Kind of closed minded thinking.  
Maybe I'll draw her gritting her teeth  
Back from a cartoon picture frame,

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Or put her smile inside the sleeve holding  
My songs at the foot of a cliff, our little secret, just

Accept that it's already on there somewhere.  
I kind of like that  
Idea, seeing light stretching out  
In the darkness in spite  
Of all the guns aimed  
At our dreaming faces. John  
Lennon said, whatever gets you  
To the light is alright,  
And I believe that, too. Your Emily  
Smile's worth every word spent on this moment's steps upward.

Bonus poems:

Bone

We built a secret road and rolled it into a crumpled ball and  
pushed it deep into an empty wine bottle  
And dropped it into the laughing ocean for much, much later, but  
like all young dreams it was  
Found out by busy strangers and turned into mounds of vanishing  
cash. We still had a perfect  
Picture of what the innocent sun looked like through red broken  
glass. There's  
Always something you can do with the sea and a little leftover  
sunlight if you're willing.  
Maybe those few drops of pure dreams were only alive for those  
people we were. I  
Honestly thought we would help to remember who we were  
before the

World came knocking on the door and took us away in separate cars. If

You cared as much you would have shouted something amazing and sweet from your window.

If you cared you would have thrown something at me that only I would ever know how to catch. I don't blame them. They are Nothing more than partly animals, nothing more than hungry, hungry mouths,

Nothing more than nibbling plants with perfumed hidden agendas, but you, you were

A close friend and that makes things infinitely worse. The stars grinned all of a sudden

And their rotten teeth were terrible to behold and smell. All because you thought it

Was all a sleepy little game to be dressed up for and later abandoned to some gruesome

Sort of creepy scrapbook for adults only. I never thought we'd sink so suddenly into

The solid ground like that. It didn't make any great sense to me. Until I saw your reflection

In the reflection. Then I knew. And my heart snapped in two like a broken fish.

### For Birds

The tree outside my window  
Suddenly lit up like a tortured  
Lamp and then it was simply  
Gone and the room felt  
Like an abandoned monastery. That's

Just one explanation for your  
Departure that doesn't involve dumb mutiny

Or sad motive. I haven't got  
The time to solve the  
Mystery to everyone's literary satisfaction.

One-way trip was started and  
A slipped-away trip was taken. It's  
The same for all the contestants,  
Probably even those who choose  
To stay in the darkened

Room and wait for the  
Lights to turn back on. A  
True love is always left behind  
When there's free fun to  
To be had. Do you

Really need a metaphor to  
Read between the betrayed lines? People  
Are left frozen on the grass,  
For no more than a  
Shared cigarette and an illegal

Gun in the mouth. After  
All these years, has it been  
Worth it? I'm a poet, you're  
Whatever you are. It doesn't  
Matter anymore. Other stories have

Covered ours up like something  
Forgotten underneath snow. The thaw is  
All mine. It's just another piece  
Of art. It's not even  
For you. It's for birds.

## That Rare Moment

Words are only the windows I want you to look through  
For now. Mostly because they can give you a seeing key  
To unlock the many rooms of my feelings. Don't worry. It's  
Nothing more than a vase for some flowers, a glass for  
Some spilled sunlight. I know it's momentary for you. But you  
Can't pretend in the face of the big reveal, or else  
Everything falls apart, and that would make a disastrous picture  
of

A singular spectacular sky. I don't know where the brightness  
comes

From that illuminates you to me. I mean I know it  
Is you, but it is also me, some part of me  
That recognizes in your voice, in your face, in your hair

A movement that gives me a raw courage I never knew.  
So the words become like curtains, they are meaningless in  
themselves.

They need these alphabetical walls, the whole spinning language  
outside streaming

Through the Inner airways to make their introductions, to ask you  
To dance. That's its whole, strange phenomenon, like a favorite  
song,

You can't help but feel fantastic in its presence if only  
For that rare moment it plays around in your head. The  
Silly artistic purpose here is only to not be a liar.  
The real purpose here is to be authentic as we live  
And breathe. The personal purpose is to be honest without faking  
A special boredom with you. I didn't make this up. The

World existed well before the spark created by our crossing paths.  
I felt it enough to bleed forth this poem. You may

Not have noticed it happening at all. That's not my problem,  
But it is my mortal awareness, owned or disowned, soul-wise  
Speaking for the taking. It shouldn't matter to you. I'm only  
Saying you made a big difference in my heart that deserves  
A little notice of thanks on my part. You probably receive  
These kinds of awards daily. I'm more than happy to add  
Mine to the shelf because it certainly belongs there among all  
The others, but I will not be lumped in with the  
Strangled stars when I am the one bringing you the moon.

