

Maybe Just One More Then

by Darryl Price

You don't deserve this poem and I
don't deserve to write it. Whatever
time we have left is way better spent
sitting in a sunny garden with
a good interesting book and with
a beautiful golden delicious
apple to bite into. But apples
have become the old cell phones of our
famous time and books have become like

ruined statues. I know you are tired of
waiting. I am too and I've only
been waiting a lifetime. Yet I still
believe in blue clouds and I guess that
means that I still believe in you. I
don't know if that will ever help you
out or not. You've not done anything
to earn this poem, but that's not the
way poems work. They like to choose their

own subjects and freeze out a poet's
imploring mind until they get their
pouting way. Then it's all kisses and
squeezing hugs. Makes a poet sick or
maybe just mad. You don't deserve this.

I don't even know why I'm still here
at all. There's just something about your
pretty face that moved a monstrous wall
outside of my broken heart's window

yesterday and suddenly I could
see the ocean opening up its
buttoned down collar into rolling
waves and could hear the searing seabirds soar
into refreshing winds, playing sounds
together like guitar strings. I don't
like liars so I wasn't going
to become one for you. Maybe you
do deserve this poem and I am

just waking up to that fact myself.
I mean I'm pretty sure you do. I
just don't think I'm doing it justice.
Which makes me want to run away. That
seems like the safer thing to do here.
Just take off. Leave the thing half buried
in the paper sands. Walk away. No
one will ever know the difference.
You won't even know. But I will. I

must. And so here I am. You do so
deserve this poem. You don't know you
do, so I'm knowing that for you. That's
my job. Problem is, it leaves me with
another hole in my pocket. So
to speak. That's also my lot in life.
I don't mind. This poem is for you.
There. I've said it out loud. The whole world
isn't listening. They never do.

Bonus Poems:

The Song the Lorax Taught the Table while We Were Playing Cards
Late into the Evening One Night by Darryl Price(a Revised Version)

The trees have become afraid of our love song. They
used to bend forward with all their might, clicking into
place and building impressive physics. Now they carry their
frames
backwards and upward trying to flee something always behind
us.
We were not good shepherds. We only wanted something to
eat and a

place to sleep. You can see it
in the faces of the colonized leaves. They hate us.
The trees have become afraid of our love song. It
used to mystify them and bring them into listening range.
Then we fired the first shot, we swung the first
axe, we cleared centuries of their stories and put them
in toothpick jars.

They used to love our determined broken
trails through the snow, but now they toss the moon
high above our heads and weep. Their armor is broken
all the way through. Even the haunted forests have become
more abandoned than full of millions of tiny lights. The
trees have become afraid of our love

song. They are
shutting their eyes again and ascending to the heavens without

us. Maybe at the top of the world they still
throw flowers at each other. The trees have become afraid
of our love song. They hear it now as the
end. Their march is no longer to reach the center
of everything, and join in a

beautiful, joyous windy celebration
of branches and bark. They need a healing circle, but
it's all in their heads now. Only the saplings have
the old dreaming heart, but even they are caged and
kept behind miles of tar and soot. The trees have
become afraid of our love song. That seems a real
shame. Where

do we go from here? A butterfly with
something important to say is still going to have a
very tough time being heard as anything more than a
butterfly up to butterfly things. The trees have become afraid
of our love song. It is printed on their hardened
faces. They do not agree with the meaning of lots
of space. The trees

have become afraid of our love
song. But some of us want to understand again. Some
of us would like to be part of the healing
circle without causing any pain to other living beings. Some
of us will always admire the fierce beauty of their
construction and join the council in the sky to pledge
our own individual

devotion to their rooftop safety in this
craziest of worlds yet. The trees have become afraid of
our love song. But, this song before you is a
poet's attempt to make contact and say we are indeed
friends forever. You will always be included in our thoughts

and prayers. Nothing would be the same without you. Thanks for such a lovely hill.

Some of the Poems You Forgot to Remember by Darryl Price

are starting to feel a little left out of your life at this point. You do remember being asked by them to always keep them in their original origami wrappers? As I

recall one was a seahorse you were particularly fond of calling a sea dragon. Another was a caterpillar you liked to keep in a fruit bowl for laughs with your other less

serious friends. And of course let us not forget your favorite--the typewriter ribbon that also served as a tiny kite on windy days. Some of the poems, short and stumpy robots

meant to stare you down from your high horse. And some were actual wild horses visible for a moment on top of disappearing hills outside your window. Others were raindrops I suppose

playing a sad and lonely song on the soaking heads of certain summer flowers. But that's just another word for dream. I grew them into a garden meant to communicate something that

can't be said with words. But here I

am gathering what remains into sentences like an
old comedian on a gong show waiting for
the inevitable missed cue to ring inside my

ears for the last time. The poems you
forgot wanted me to say goodbye. It's not
much to offer after such a long trial
period of mutual creative shennanigans but I do

my best to let you down easy. Some
you forgot have faded away now to paintings
of sail boats bobbing in an endless loop
of sunset and dissolving cloud as you pass by. dp

