

Monstrous Thing

by Darryl Price

It's only just a poem. The good
that's in us is us. There's a monstrous
thing trying to get out and ruin things.
To unbalance everything standing
on tiptoe. To end the dance. To grab
the moment and burn it down flat
to the ground. They are haunted gray souls
looking for shells to inhabit as
part of the battle, but still the good
we are remains in us to the end
of our beginning. Even if it
is just a poem. The good that's in
all of us is a fine way to start
to hum back up to speed. Humming has
been proven to change the sound of things
by opening unexpected doors
and sudden inviting windows in
the overall melody. There are
holes in the universe everywhere
if you sing yourself one open. The
whole universe hears you even if
you only think it and adds your vibe
to the knowing about itself. It's
a poem in search of a poem.
What could you possibly be afraid
of? How deep is your love? Indeed. It
is us. We are it. Grab it. Now let
it go. Your love is deeper than you
have ever imagined before. The
only poem is still being born.

Bonus Poems:

I Love You More Than These Words
by Darryl Price

That's the trouble I'm in. There
was once a time I would have
immediately embraced
that magic challenge with a
lot of magic gusto of
my own to spare. Now I see
some dark things more clearly. You

simply don't need my love. Not
to be your best self. Not to
complete your picture of your
charming tender side. Not to
shoot across the sky and fall
out of the whole world again.
Not to grow older. Not to

recognize your own heart and
soul. But these words are all I
have. Everything else is an
illusion created by
a dream. I would have embraced
that notion, too, if it meant
that we could sit and have a

fun conversation over
coffee and morning trees and
soft morning birds and rising

glad morning flowers filling
themselves in with new sun. A
little breeze maybe. Some rain.
Lots of leaves turning into

lots of blue shining stars. But
these words will have none of that.
They want to invent names for
just you. The way you walk. The
way you breathe. As if only
then could you be told the mad
alive feeling you create

for those lucky enough to
be cast around you. I get
why he sang that song after
he couldn't find you. Because
maybe the words could. And if
they could they might make a kind
of difference at long last.

Half a Chance(Gone)
by Darryl Price

There's nothing but a lazy poet here
trying hard to not see the lost feelings
of another broken heart. Add it to
the wretched pile. You want me to sift through
the sad wreckage and find yours and do what
with it? I can't return it to you. It's
gone. Along with mine. And theirs. Our luck ran
away a long time ago. Look. I'm not

really that lazy, I just don't recall
how to care anymore. More trouble. Look
at us. We are barely clothed. No one is
coming back now. This is that island where
everything is too late. And we are those
unfortunate ragged things left to dry
our faces by the fire. Unloveable
because we were made wrong to begin with.

Doesn't matter if the fire was forged at
home or not. The result is the same. We
were given over to the enemy
wolves. Our smiles are on upsidedown when we
are just being ourselves. More trouble. We
were never found and the game ended a
long long time ago. They are already
onto the next bunch. Go on. Wish them luck.

A Stupid Thing to Think
by Darryl Price

Stardust seems to live for a long time.
I know you keep telling me you can't
live forever. Stardust seems to last,
through times forgotten and now in your
dark eyes. It's like an ocean inside
and outside every other ocean.
Stardust seems to live for a long time
after the last flicker of a fire.
I don't mean to keep you from your own

destination. I just want to say
I see you among a billion bright

butterflies and I don't even have to try. But that's just me talking way past the obvious point. I don't mean to lose focus here, but it's pretty nice to share a moment's breath with you. Stardust seems to live a long time. Love grows weak and weary and dies of an

empty broken heart. You're lucky and you're alone and sinking in the left behind stardust again. You keep on telling me things that make me think the worse, but I'm going to empty that worn bucket out if it's the last thing I do. If it hurts, at least I've done an honest day's work. Stardust makes for our luck. It wrecks our expectations.

Then it kicks us out the door we thought was our home. The possibilities along the way all wanting to be chosen. All I want is to say don't throw your life away. You have a true abundance of the stardust stuff. On the other hand, I'm becoming less and less visible as someone who is coming back for good. Stardust, sweet as wine.

