

# 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.

