

# Old Love Passes By Like a Landscape

*by* Darryl Price

from a moving train. The lost ball in  
the tall grass still wants for no one. And  
I'm supposed to pretend? You got your  
smile from something, not someone. But it  
took all your long hair in the process.  
You've been looking for the one true grace,  
the ultimate answer, again, well,  
haven't you? It's okay. I don't blame  
you. If you can remain present, it will

be in front of you--seeing the stars  
authentically from inside out,  
like you always imagined. The train  
doesn't have to be a blurring of  
your hopes. Let them float. The return way  
to yourself is to feel this moment,  
whatever this is, wherever it  
happens to be. Old lovers pass by,  
a paradox of empty boxes

tearing apart in the relentlessly  
busy wind's hands. Not much you can  
do about it now, except enjoy  
the show for what it's been worth up to  
this poem's pretty pout. Let it go.  
As you yourself pick up speed, the train  
goes rolling down the tracks making a  
grey history of its photographed  
smoke stacks. The old loves were corrupted

and that's what really hurts. I know. The loved ones abandoned their own beauty for some other form of truth. But it didn't work out either. Because of when you allow the bloom instead of forcing it into the light will you be allowed to meet the Garden in its true essence. The new love has been waiting, like a friend, to take your hand.

Bonus Poems:

A Bad Hat for You to Softly Break  
by Darryl Price

This isn't exactly a funny place.  
It has its ups and downs. And I've seen more  
than my share of the unkind folks. They seem  
to be everywhere. That's what's so sadly  
funny about trying to make a life.  
It only goes where all life goes, with or

without us. George was right, but it didn't  
matter much to anyone then, and it  
sure doesn't matter now. You've still got to  
be you and nobody else. I've been out  
the front door a lot, but I can't wait to  
be sitting at home again. A funny

place if you say so, but it's not really

anything you haven't seen for yourself  
or heard before. Still isn't it fun? I  
mean the living in so much trouble, so  
much beauty and beer, so much looking for  
the wrong answer. Do you trust yourself? I

will admit sometimes I'm tired of floating  
on without you, past all the daily new  
sorrow, when all I want to do is shout  
how we still need some mercy in here! The  
little acts of kindness become like church  
campfires or stars. They're out there, but living

in their own stories, even if you can  
see them from afar. They are a painting  
of an outlined hand on the wall of air  
that surrounds everything. We can't help but  
want to say hello to each other's eyes  
even through our broken windows. And all

the time the oceans drink our foul water  
and spin around in dizzy circles and  
our wretched excess beneath the weeping  
of the moon. We've never been good making  
the right choices at the right time--and that  
time is always right now. Moving around

a lot or not. You think I have the words  
for this, but I don't know. They don't seem to  
do more than fade as you read them. Is that  
what you want from me? Empty words? Places  
I have been almost killed me and made me  
old. This is just one more. But it's a bed.

Free Pizza, but I Wish Merriment for You  
by Darryl Price

Let this be a no harm zone moment  
shared between us and let us come to  
some belief in understanding, human if possible, just  
because we can and we might need to.

The world is fine, but it can bite--  
hard!--whenever it wants to be free and  
left alone. Let this be of no harm--  
make no mistake--I finished all my drink.

Understanding keeps us laughing all the way to  
the back end. The world is beautiful, with  
one blind eye to walk careless and away  
with. Is that what you think? Let there

be no harm, it's only talk, and conversation  
is cheap. Understanding, because I can't stand the  
thought of you lying with him. The world's  
like a bewitched change in the weather. Let

there be no trouble left in these drowning  
downward tears of mine. Understanding is missed ever  
more these days. The world's getting tired of  
burning to sleep. I seem to forget, but

I can't. I can't be angry. There's something  
I want you to know. I lack the  
words. I lack the focus or timing. Needed  
to get your attention. I'll meet you halfway.

Let us finally understand what we talked about  
when we were lonely strangers at the heart's  
open port. I only pour days into poetry  
now. Then I understood every minute's meaning because

it meant only you. The ordinary changing world  
has taken everything but this feeling to the  
other side. Still I have to go. I  
still have to. Go. I'll be seeing you.

Can You See  
by Darryl Price

those days add up to nothing if the same people are allowed  
to kill anyone they choose for the color of their skin? If  
the same people are given more money and power than God it's  
over for the rest of us. If these people are allowed to

make their hatred into law? If the same people put all your  
love in filthy cages? It's only a matter of time after that--  
they finish what they started. Can you see that weather shouldn't be  
controlled by those concerned only with their vacations? If the same  
people

educate with only lies in their books the fires burning within will  
consume everything everywhere. If the same people get control over  
your laughter  
then only tears will be used to smile with. If the same  
people only live to fire their guns at somebody there is no

safe place for children to come out and play. If the same  
people break every promise the water on the blue planet will turn

to poisonous mush. If the same people go to Mars they will  
destroy the world's forests of molecules in a laser second. If the

same people are not tripped no amount of virtual singing from our  
balconies will bring back the harmony of the moon and stars. If  
the same people murder all the small creatures in their greed for  
land and resources only the cruelest of predators will live there to

greet us. Captured flowers and permanently drawn claws will strain  
the horizon

with blood and coerced perfumes. Clouds will not be welcomed. Rain  
will

not be welcomed. Sun will be used to stoke the new trail  
of fevered tears. This is no joke. It's no blind exaggeration. It's

a poet's plea for the world. Help us! If these criminals are  
not exposed for their crimes against nature and man then no way  
home will ever see you rest again. If the same people outlast  
our capacity to reinvent kindness over and over when needed then  
we

have already arrived to hell. If the same people are allowed to  
smite the sick and poor with impunity for nothing more than a  
laugh and a beer then we need to find real mercy in  
our own hearts before every doorway becomes a dangerous soul-  
snatching mouth to

feed. If these same people, with their clubs and their skull flags,  
are given permission to enter our homes whenever they need a new  
body tied to the whipping post then we might as well let  
them put the wires in our heads now and turn the TVs

on full blast. If the same people have no need for books  
we must write many more books. If they have no love for  
beautiful paintings we must brush more art on the canvas. If they

ban all picnics and dancing we must get our red shoes out.

If the same people ban all sorrows tomorrow we must hold each other tighter today. We will feel everything. For each other. For all the living and dying things. We will feel it on all surfaces, bruised or not. We will feel it in the trees, in the

leaves, in the roots, in the dirt. In the wild winds, no matter the season. If the same people make the same mistakes made in the past they have learned nothing, are not capable of helping themselves rise above the fear. Put courage to the present test now.

