

Pterodactyls

by Darryl Price

In his head he thinks oh whatever when I wake this time
I shall have a very fine discussion with
Someone special, oh but finding meaning in anything nowadays
that's

Just too much rich flattery, isn't it, filthy mirror? Inside

His head's crowded room he thinks look at me I am writing like
A New York genius, but really he is
A common bore, specific, comatose, delicate and ordinary, dull
As an unpublished art book on blue frogs. In his headspace alone

He thinks this time as I open the
Door and step out I won't forget to
Watch for pterodactyls. To himself he sounds strangely
Lecherous. In his mind the crumbs of madness dance,

A bitter disappointment built up over time, he's
Almost sure he will maintain a safe distance
From now on. In his head, he thinks
When did this happen to me? In his

Head, a big thirst, unquenchable. In his head
He thinks why should I be such a
Damned fool all the time? In his head, he meant to
Photograph the birds-like flowers. In his head, he

Could see what the children said coming true.
In his head-ache he thinks what art can
Possibly wash away unhappiness this deep and wide?
In his head, behind his eyes, he sees

The dense dark trees making their case against
All the doves in his heart. He wasn't
Entirely innocent. In his heart, good fellow, he
 marvels at the capacity to not completely disappear from this
terrible worldview.

Bonus poems:

Cartooning for the High-Brow Beginner by Darryl Price

"Climb in the back with your head in the clouds, and you're gone"
The Beatles

It's a laugh. Can't you take that small fact, and run
With it? You must start somewhere. You don't just
Finish at the lead. The adventure is
Inherent in all things, but the central
Button may be hidden in plain sight. That's

Part of the funny dharma. Draw what you like. No one
Is holding a gun to your head, but you;
And if they are, you know where you belong in their scheme of
things.

It's a laugh. But the danger, but the pain,
But the sorrow, but the trains, but the silence,

The nuclear towns, on your knees, boys and girls, on your faces.
It's a laugh. Start digging, peel away the hideous
Wall paper, the chipping clouds, the fossilized stars Your clenched
fist is
The wanting spoon, your forehead the sly foxy fork. The regime

Just repeats itself over and over. It's a laugh. Look for

Yourself. Everything is a two-edged sword
Waiting for the next throat, to drink the blood,
To drop the ripe moon in one swing. Take your time to taste it.
It's a laugh. It's another necessary good-bye. Not always
A sweet lullaby. Maybe you'll be one of

the lucky ones. It's still a laugh. The color
of the sky when you aren't looking. The color of a flower mixed in
with everything else.

The color of a gathering of voices. I was here and
Now I'm not, but we're still having this grand same
Color together like we are possessed of something like miracles.

The Little Jokes by Darryl Price

They come into your room when
you are sleeping. They tell you
how much they love you when you
are all alone and just not into
listening. They sit at your
forgone writing table with
their fragile empty cups of
childhood tea. They glide down the
ever glorious moonbeams
and tumble on the buttoned
down enemy grass for hours.
You may or may not reach for
a sad drink of water. The
gray windows are gaping like

warped carnival mouths, but that
doesn't say you must go inside

to the party. Everything
is an invitation to
a knife fight. They start gently
tapping on the quiet walls
like ectoplasmic drummers
looking for the start of a
brand new kind of river song.
It is being alone with
someone that makes all the real
difference any way. It
always has. That's what we look
to heaven for—that thrilling
notorious moment of
pure escape for two. It's not
the stolen kiss, it's the kiss
in that place where no one is

watching and no one's afraid,
crying over cold memories.
No wonder the glad lovers
piss us off so much, spooning
each other in the sun, and
singing sweetly to the sore
oozing world around them with
every step forward. It makes the
rest of us look like we are
made of crumbling manure
and not much more. They come and
they multiply. They fill each directional space
like wild horses on a hot
trail of hormonal rampage.
I take my place willingly.

I once burned on that same hill.

