

Silly Old Man Acting the Young Fool

by Darryl Price

The green on your shoulder
Is worth all their papery property taxes
And then some. They cash in every friendship
As if it were nothing more than a

Ripened apple for pie. Get rid of
The thing before it begins to
Rot into some unworthiness. But that doesn't make our
Merriment in each other's company any the less

Appealing on this fine sunny
Afternoon. That's all I'm saying and
That's all I'm after. I've lived to this
Buzzing moment here with you and find any

Painful stab in the road's rib
Has been worth it. The sun,
Even this wounded one, is not frozen to the
Sky for anyone special, but I'll paint a little

Picture and hang it on
A cloudy wind just for fun decoration.
It doesn't have to be an enormous hit
Song you know, it's just how I feel

About being here with you.
Well, I see the green has

Sparkled over into fading golden waves. I'm equally delighted
To make your acquaintances. Here we go again. Ah.
Well.

Bonus poems:

We Are Sly

We are sly, they tell us so, but they don't know us.
It's so hard to believe in anything they say. The world is
full of wars that ended the world, but you're still always on
your own. That's about all there is to know, and you can
discover it a dozen different ways. Climb a rock, surf an ocean,
haunt a heart. These days have all been ceremoniously named and
the

saddest hours have been shackled, cooked and reconstituted, but
the snow covered

hills you followed on your way home from school may not be
there the next time you look for it. The picture becomes the
ruined launderette. The picture becomes a map that doesn't make
much sense.

The picture becomes something you used to cover up your head.
The

picture becomes a beautiful dream lost in a paper bag. We are

sly, but they are disappointed in everything. We are sly, but we
don't hate anyone for the sport of it. Maybe that is a
repetitive plea for help, but it's sincere. The laughing world
changed course

without any sailors being honored for their service just the same.
The

picture becomes a danger to yourself. Even the rain is blue
without
you in its parade, but that's another empty apartment. Now
there's this.

How Many

by Darryl Price

How many guns are enough bright pain? How many to
Make your deaf ears stop caring less
About what's happening out in the streets?
How many guns before
You have renewed strength to lift your
Heavy hearts up again for more than
The hungry and poor? How many guns

Before you elect to unlearn how to be a hateful
Bastard? All these words don't say what
I mean. How many guns getting us
Into a hell of
A mess before the road disappears and
We can't come home? It's not a
Trick question. I want to know. How

Many guns are showing you any real affection right now?
When you look into the mirror, how
Many guns do you see? How many
Guns gliding above our
Personal landscapes? How many guns appearing in
Your words? How many guns in your
Mother's eyes? How many guns sending a

Small ray of light out into the world? We're not

Better than the rest. How many guns
Sing in the wind like the body
Of a woman in
Love? How many guns more like a
Long cold drink of leftover coffee than
The delicate personality of a soft wild

Flower? How many guns comfort the dying? How many guns
Keep smiling at us? I'm upset. How
Many guns think about killing themselves? How
Many guns know me?
How many guns dissolving into summertime butterflies?
How many guns have you ordered? How
Many guns are too angry to look

Inside your mind for your heart, to look your child
In the eye? How many guns put
The smell of smoke in the air?
Many guns take away
Our friends forever. How many guns make
A little love? How many guns breaks
Your spirit? How many guns causes your

Compassion to grow darker? How many guns does it take
To end the world in a hail
Of gunfire? How many guns is enough?
Melt the guns with
Us. Melt the guns with patience. Melt
The guns with pleasure and delight. Melt
The guns in freedom. With generous conviction.

