

Sparrow

by Darryl Price

I don't care what my reincarnated
self thinks about today. I'm already
aware that everything stinks in the end.
Well. It's supposed to. But all things must seek
travel while they can. Dance while they can. Dream
while they can. Laugh while they can. Nothing fair
remains the same or it solidifies

where it steps and simply falls apart. Yet
everything is still here. In some new form.
People make religions out of this shit.
I just don't know. If you were the one and
only Cleopatra in another
lifetime, you haven't learned anything else
from it. I bet she wishes she were you.

The grass is always greener in someone
else's innocent stare. But don't look too
deeply. You'll only see the same sad lines
looking knowingly back at you. They just
want you to believe in something so you
won't feel so alone when you get lonely.
There's your cosmic mystery. How can you

be that alone when you are constantly
being surrounded by all this life? You
are still being born. That's the only thing
that makes any sense. Not everything has
to be where you find yourself on the path.
That would become very boring very
fast. And a boring parade's an insult

to all intelligence, an unkind smear
on imagination. As a being
with a soul, you have opportunity
to turn base metal into the light of
wisdom--Alchemy anyone? There
are as many ways as there are stars and there
is only one true way--and you are it.

Bonus poems:

Love Was Here
by Darryl Price

Of that I am sure. It stood where I am
standing now. Love was here. Just a little too late
I suppose. Love was here. Did I do EVERYTHING wrong?
Love was here. It happened so fast. Love was here.
Don't be a cry baby, Love was here. But haven't
we met so many times? Love was...ah? The Goddamned
joyousness of it! Love was here. The sentry at the
dry back of my throat must have fallen asleep again.
Love was here. Riding up and down my spine like

a bolt of lightning on a rollercoaster. Love was here.
It was the wind mocking the wind out of me.
Love was here. Sniffing like a cat through a garden.
Love was here. How did it find me? Love, all
that is dangerous, was here. Love was here. What do
you know of truth? Love was here. It showed no
signs of abating, should you ask. Love was here. To
kidnap all who lie naked and dare to whisper the

impossible. Love was here. The perfect dream shape. The perfect

sun and with the perfect moonlit shoes to go with
the perfect stars above. Love was here. With fingers refusing
to unbend from the steering wheel. Love was here. Saying,
so glad you could make it, I was just thinking
about you. Love was here. Don't you get what I
mean? Love was here. I'm not saying sorry. Love was
here, Darling, demanding as hell: sign here! I will. I
will not. Yes, you will. Yes, of course. Yes. No.
Love was waiting here. Why should I give in to

an angel, voice like a laughing snow, talking softly in
her gentle way? Love was right here once. Hi. Hello.
Help me. Help! Love was here. Should I come? Am
I to be meeting a friend? May I leap into
your arms, too? I'm going to wait and see. Love
was here. It's a sad world. Love was here. I
get tongue-tied. Love was here. If I could I'd lower
my face into its fountain and sleep. Would you like
to hear something funny? Don't you know me? Get in.

The Sorrow
by Darryl Price

You feel it, too. That should be enough,
but it's not. Just because you walked, ran,
tripped, fell where you walked, you think you don't
have to say anything that just might
incriminate you to me. That's the
cold kind of utter bullshit that makes

a good person feel lonely inside--

because then even you don't want to
be hanging out with that dishonest
of a person, even if it's you.
Look, I wasn't trying to find you.
I wasn't hiding from you either.

I just happened to find you where I
was standing once upon a time. It
made me feel glad for the pain. You feel
it. I know you do. I know you curse
me for the fresh discovery of
feeling. It's not my fault. I made my

own way in the world's hungry grip and
squeezed out alive and in one piece right
there in front of you somehow. A sad
different tree in a same forest.
A barely noticeable flower
in a rolling field. A musty moth

on the moonlit bark. An anxiously
awakened lightning bug on the grass
blade, about to rise like a twinkling
star again. These are windy stories
to tell, but they both end up with the
two of us being together long

enough to establish the fact. So
now I am to be an incomplete
song in this time and I know it like
I know my own breath on the chill air
before me. You know it, too. All I
can do is leave you these words and smile.

moon

by Darryl Price

I am the unremarkable moon,
not the one that explodes and becomes your
favorite playmate. That was just a joke
some of us said when we thought the adults

were sleeping standing up. You've got to do
something to improve the air quality
of your life--before it is all sucked out
by cars passing by on the highway a

million miles away. The little thorn bush
gleaming in a butterfly's eye can turn
you easily to stone if you are not
careful, and everything likes to be touched.

Isn't that so damned funny? We deny
ourselves the one small thing that would make us
truly happy just because we messed up
love the first time around, and probably

every single time since, too. It makes no
difference. Only liars cheat and so
cheaters are not the only liars. The
brazen schools are full of them. Look, we've all

bought a dream, only to get home and, oops,
realize it was a bag of air, Yes,
pretty or not, the ghost sitting on a
spooky log in the middle of the dark

spooky woods expects you to come over
and have a seat. You might as well take your
fright and burn it. You will be expected
to dream walk. To look into the fire's head.

I didn't say it would be easy. I
didn't say anything. You are the one
looking for a way out of here without
getting caught. I only came to watch you.

