The Fake Humility of Stars is a Terrible Thing to Waste(in Three Recycled Parts)

F Bomb

I am coming in like a blackbird. Like I'm going to tickle your mud. I am coming in carrying a half-sunk message backward. Is that your lonesome answer? I am coming in to sweep for all saints. 'Course I didn't

just wake up with that nutty feeling. I am coming in like yellow daffodils. I am coming in because I was thrown into a ditch. Again, here I am coming in drunk as dust. I am coming in for nothing's sake and naked

at last. I am coming in with swirling feathers punched out but will you ever lift a hand for my forgiveness? Coming in screaming like birch trees, branches still burning from a huge blast of milky snow. Nobody knows the first of why.

Ape Shit

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/darryl-price/the-fake-humility-of-stars-is-a-terrible-thing-to-waste-in-three-recycled-parts»* Copyright © 2014 Darryl Price. All rights reserved. We go to the circus to walk a thin cracked line.

Not to climb a hill. We go to the moon to raise

a drowning man's fist to the seeds of loneliness

but still sleep alone. We go to the deep market

to ache and wish for a little love then as now.

We go to the garden to outrun God's silent

train together as one. Then we hammer the fruit home.

The Giggles

I don't have time to meet your demands. This poem is the only money I have left that shines. I don't have the time to find myself. This poem has happened. Don't have time to express my love. This poem could have been worse. I don't have time to understand the spinning night sky. This poem is asleep in your soul like any silence. Don't have time to unwind all the lights as they may happen to appear. I don't have time for one more cup. This poem is the last hand. This poem wants what it wants out of your spread-out prose.

Bonus poem:

I Don't Know(a first draft)

what you could want from me that won't end up hurting you. Hours later I can still find your body in the air as if you were

folded up in my hands like a big warm towel. The urgent weight of your cold feet alone is pressed all around me like the

sudden urge to drown in a hole in the soft day's rainy realities. I'm afraid it's what you seem to do best. You turn us all into

a strange swirling echoing disappearance. I'd much rather have you laugh at me. I know for instance your teeth are somewhat bad but they're original. The same could be said about your flour sack of a heart. Or your loosely tattooed on dress. These things make a life

come into view like a blown up splattered creature. But I continue to feel like humming you in my mind. Like reaching for your hair

with just a couple of straightened fingers. Like I'm running away but somehow still arriving back in front of you, at the faintest false stops to those always looping around us stars.