

The Planetary Phosphorescent Horses

by Darryl Price

sprang straight up to their full galloping heights roaming over
your hills like constantly shifting eyes, your
strange approximated illuminating
hair like ghosts giving birth to a tender smell
of green sea foam. This was all I saw, but it was

quite enough to imprint its smell upon me with your brilliant
and eternal hymnal in hand. No voice cried out louder
within my own sacrifice at the great sad
invisible risk involved, no breath penetrated

its fragrant tendrils to my deeper soul. And for this I am
to be forever pulverized like a sand
castle on the stone dead kingdoms of a once
sweetly abandoned rain moon's pocketed face. You're not waiting

around. How is this not poetry? There is
not a green drop of dream left to be had, of brutal fever,
of unprocessed wind, of paper sheaf you are
not the secret central ash made flag of, in

my staunch piratical mind. You shape rain into
an apple. Thunder is your drum drip from the
honey vat of all my letters, my pungent paints. How
is this not a beat for me to bang heavily upon the door with? How
am

I not supposed to chant you are of lights made?
The songs of colors elevates your beauty
like the head of a diamond cathedral
shining in all directions and nothing else

plunders me more silently, while unfolding
my secret smile. So I go on, across the struck down
universe, an ancient house, with a handful
of stars inside, ticking like a reprimanding Grandfather clock's
grinding teeth.

Bonus:

Thoughts Before Jumping Out of a Window

by Darryl Price

I.

The vile departed head barker sends around once more to
capture the smudged meadow infested trees, but of course
they move in different
smuggled time circles than us and are able to look directly

at you without breaking into many blue pieces of their own
smashed lovemaking. That is their
porcelain strength and their elegant purpose in this
reimagined life—to continue
their mad cap mushroom adventure around the whole wide
world, observing

and recording all the poor bastard seasons of everything to
come.

That's why it's sad to poets like me that so
many truly ugly machines have been made to massacre

them and us. We built our paper houses out of their fantasia
slices because we know deep down they will likely stand
the test of time until the end of all days. That's probably when

they'll finally open up their many sad eyes anyway, instead of
seeing everything through a prayer of roots and branches,
and try to forget this ever happened to them, like this, until
then they'll

likely have memorized all the names for all the animals
who harmed them even a little. It can so be helped.

That's why to see them as they truly are you must only believe
in yourself at long, long last.

II.

Again. Feel the water animal. It is a familiar
form that came from the stars, too.

Inside its body there are a million
ways to smile pretty and die. The storms at
sea are a conflict between the explosions
of light and a sudden urge to
walk upright. Even the tiniest shell that

makes up sand wants to be found
out by something still dreaming of sky. I wish there
was a simpler way to tell you
something surprising in complete and utter silences, but it

wouldn't matter. The only thing you can
feel is the song you are singing
as it makes its way out of

your inner most chambers to dissolve like chalk in your rain. You
dazzle me all by yourself. These few
words are only fingers walking along your worn away
edges, seeking some truth that is hidden
inside the grooves like a running off the plate grilled to please
sunrise.

It happens and it never happens again
and it never stops happening to me.

III. Please

Here is a sword never laid to lamb
before. Here is a tree top
on a fast slab of harvested moons. It must
all be eaten up immediately.
Here is a wild wind containing
your hands holding mine and
in its same breath. It will always

carry our flag down the
stairs with absolute love. Here's a sound that
no one else is capable of making.
It's spinning out of control
just for you. I can't help it
if it only wants to see
you shout at something. I've said it should belong

to everyone in order
to truly be set free, but

it will not vibrate between
any mountains of cloud without
your pretty shimmering
presence currently on board. That's the way these things
work. Here is a whole minute's

worth of silver bells ringing just because
you slipped on a certain
pair of old shoes this very fine Tuesday
morning. Type that out. They'll get it
if they want to. You can't make
art for anyone but the
ones who'll never truly know why.

