

# The Process of Understanding (Strawberry Bees)

*by* Darryl Price

Are all my words lonely, or nearly departed; decapitated;  
Visible only from the ankles down, nonchalant? I

Get bored. All my words are not paying  
Strict attention to the television. I get dysfunctional.

My words, coincidental though they may seem, are

Like any ordinary, nasty scar—sad-looking, sensitive, and  
Deep, but who cares, right? It's all blah,

Blah, blah. Useless information. All my words are

Perfect examples of thinking of you and not  
Complying with the rules of engagement at all.

Bad, bad, bad poet. All my words are  
Being constantly torn from the cuff, broken into,

Rinsing themselves off, full of hungry parts, and strewn out across  
a

Heart-shaped field, like the stars that silently surround  
Us. All my words are another living creature

Altogether. And, yes, all my words disappear under

The water that is your person like so  
Many bonny swans looking for tasty floating treats in

The swirling expressions of your dancing falls. Insert  
Any word you'd like. It all applies. All

My words are like a small cake. I'm

Not like everybody else-- in this regard, but  
I'm not sure any of it matters. All my apples,

My words, repeat the same mistakes. Wouldn't mind

Helping me out here, would you? All my  
Words have run off into the sunset with a strange crowd. All

My words cough impolitely. My words create  
A vacuum. All my words, in between breaths,

Are too complicated to explain themselves to the

Jury at this time. All my words spin around like satellites.  
All my words are mortal. All my words

Are crammed onto these fingertips, swarming like ants.

Bonus poems:

Agent

by Darryl Price

Radio check. 10 minutes has gone by  
and I'm still lost. Don't people always look  
a little bit more completely alive,  
present and accounted for, when they are  
seen smiling? Just an observation. I

sometimes make them when I'm looking for a  
heart somewhere in my own head, like now. And  
here we go again into another  
broken down cemetery town. You can't  
think about the big questions for too long.

You'll go bonkers, like a ghost in the rain.  
You know the one. Flapping about in his  
doghair overcoat, like a rolling bush  
without any leaves or legs to stand on.  
Radio check. Radio check. What the

devil are you people listening to?  
I thought we were supposed to keep in touch.  
Doesn't have to be so much pain in the  
world you know. What's it going to cost you  
anyway, stranger? I don't drink it no

more, if you really must know. Had ourselves  
a pretty good looking book back in those  
windswept anxious days of cigarettes for  
lunch and not just a few chapters of a  
chronic hell or two to go. Hey, stuff just

seems to happen. What was that you said to  
me: I got married, you got married. Man,  
that's a final blow to the burning moon

question of all this useless sorrow that  
leaves me battered and naked, my burglar

alarm blubbering with wires in the wet  
ditch. Maybe I know. Maybe I'm blind to  
your particular kind of cobweb shade.  
I've been to crooked sleep before, but now  
I'm scratching my foot over the dream's edge.

Bonus poem:

Only You Can See Me  
by Darryl Price

Words sent to you are nothing more than sticks  
found on the ground. They don't spell out any  
thing in particular or point in the  
right or wrong direction. I don't know how  
to talk to you. You must think me mad. There's

a wind in my face, licking me like a  
friendly dog, whenever you're around. But  
that's just the half of it. The other half  
is like being bowled over constantly  
by unseen things in the sunlight. It makes

you catch your breath and sigh like a painter  
unaware of anything else but the  
busy wet canvas of all life. How did  
this happen? I have been silent towards you.

I have gathered all my favorite things

around me. They now all have holes in them  
as if they are past proclaiming something  
to be dear and have become lonesome and  
unfamiliar. I am left without  
a home in my heart. I don't know where I

am. Except in the middle of all these  
words trying desperately to get out  
and make a run for it. There is nowhere  
to go except where you are--a place I  
don't belong. That leaves me without a moon

to stand on. The stars hang and ripen but  
they do not invite me to stay the night  
anymore. They know I am ladderless  
without you. Words don't seem to be able  
to reach your ear with a kiss. I'll send them

anyway. Maybe there is a joy in  
just making an authentic noise unto  
the void. I will not tell you a lie. You  
have made me whole again in a way that  
cannot be forsaken or tossed aside.

