

The Sky Bent Over

by Darryl Price

and coughed its grey net over the candle
lit world outside. Birds of an arrow sprang
into thin air and disappeared over
the hills in a quick shortness of zoom-breath--
like a stiffened branch snapping . It's cold. There're
many things in this world colder. Living

arrows that do hit their mark more often
than not. You're not supposed to notice. The
buried fields will slowly eat the snow away.
Be patient. The moon will return with
her shovel of stars. And no one will be
the wiser. It all aches too much right now--

for me to be able to see straight inside
your hearts. You want snowmen to live? So
do I. Well I think your hands are meant to
capture other hands and warm them. That's the
true meaning of every season's cusp of
steaming liquids if you ask me. This year's

spiky sidewalks aren't even displaying in
spite of the brutal possibility
of something large and untamed in the wind's
swirling undercurrents. Our tests are different
now. We stand at the shore, together
and alone. There will be pretty rains

that'll surely break your heart with their simple
songs of missing. There will be clear blue

days to come too perfect to remember
for long. You'll be there. I don't know where I'll
be. It doesn't matter. These things will not
pass away nor run out on you. You'll see.

Bonus poems:

Don't Know Yet

by Darryl Price

Some time ago you and I were
yelling but it was a joyful noise.
Then the shadows fell out of the
shadows and drove us mad. Well, drove
a wedge between our heads and hearts,
which is no real surprise, but it
did make me question the poet
in my being. After all if
we could be pulled apart by some
silly-assed notions of all our
time belonging to someone else,
then I guess maybe they were right

to hold their hands over their ears
while we sang all the angels are
coming. I don't believe that. I know
there is good in you, as Luke said,

I can feel it. Just because the
fighting is hard doesn't mean it's not
the truth. Yeah I know how often
that perspective can change channels,
but we find it again because
we know it when we see it, hear
it. Is it any wonder the
children feel lost from our last embrace?

Just because the love is squeezed in
between the pages of a sad
writer doesn't mean it's not there
waiting for you to open it.
So once again life's push and pull
throws us together in the fog
from a new moon moment. Don't mind.
It's a wave. I've seen so many.
O Please. Did you really think I
wouldn't remember your name? We
danced slowly and I don't mean all
because the headlights were on us.

I was glad to be foolish. It
was an honor to walk in your
personal beauty and sing a
happy song. This one's just as you
wished. I haven't forgotten. But
my head's turning into seedlings.
It's as it should be. My heart is
colliding with everything. If
you saw it coming, it doesn't
change a thing. Hold on. Love won't die
today. Not today. The story
keeps turning around so we'll sing it.

The Soft Wild Places (revised)

by Darryl Price

where we once stood and parted the raging waters
of whatever it was we had and received each
other's lovely landscapes are not forgotten. That's why in

spite of the so many dark outlaw brambles now
on fire with strange lost hours stretching across our
divers paths I have brought back this piece of

broke poem for you. I know you are no
longer standing there in the rain. It still belongs
with you more than me. What we found out

is what we created. You're always welcome. You are
not alone. That was the meaning then and now.
Somehow you think this means I'll never put my

hand on your waist again. That's not the plan. I
have tried, but there's nothing I can do. I
too have those crisscross memories, but great writing is

calling. Now there is that something saying my true
name like a deliberately chosen surprise. It was always
the knock at the door game. Wake up. Hold

to your heart for everything you want to see happen.

That's my message for you. Here. You and I
both know a simple secret. I got this thing for you.

