

# This Thing

*by* Darryl Price

I'm sure someone somewhere must have  
felt something like it before. I  
mean I've never been able to  
have this kind of deep longing as

if you might want to forget everything  
you know. I always  
figured that funny stuff only  
happened to folks in a foreign

film. Not to some guy walking down  
the road looking for nothing and  
no one. What's the point? But to feel  
like you are unable to breathe

without sputtering a bunch of  
squeaky bouquets of utter contemptible  
nonsense! I want no  
part of it. Can't you possibly

read someone else's letters and  
toss mine kindly back in the sun?  
Someone I'm sure out there would be  
more than glad to have that picture

in his head of you sitting on  
a porch swing cooling your feet in  
the pool of the summer winds like  
a full sailed boat on its magic

way to a perfect dusk. Not me.  
I want to continue getting

as far away from you as humanly  
possible. But here we

are stuck in the brambles on all  
sides. Me with my pockets full of  
words like seashells. You with your mouth  
full of irregular purpose.

Bonus poem:

Pleasures

The sun, or whatever it is,  
is falling closer. I don't think  
that it's going away any  
time soon. But here I am a man

still seeking your face on every  
leaf. Like a forest of elegant  
bulbs that makes its way better;  
doesn't make it blow away. I

don't believe in being forbidden  
to laugh or to cry. That's my  
problem. There's plenty I don't understand,  
but it doesn't stop me

from feeling everything on and  
on until the end. The sun, or  
whatever is shining, seems to  
be debating what makes a dream

and what is awakening, but  
my question is for you--will you  
still be love's message to us when  
tomorrow is the only day

left on earth? The sunshine, or the  
inevitable squinting sky,  
shifts its own pleasures like a  
sleeping lion sometimes, but I

and I must allow for the shadows  
of our workhorse atoms to  
move mountains and swing the maid back  
onto her silver saddle before

listing over into another  
starry despair. We've a  
purpose after all in the grand  
clash of the majestic kitchens.

