

Three New Poems

by Darryl Price

"A man's soul or lack of it will be evident with what he can carve upon a white sheet of paper."--Charles Bukowski

Bone

We built a secret road and rolled it into a crumpled ball and pushed it deep into an empty wine bottle

And dropped it into the laughing ocean for much, much later, but like all young dreams it was

Found out by busy strangers and turned into mounds of vanishing cash. We still had ourselves a perfect

Picture of what the innocent sun looked like through red broken glasses. There's

Always something you can do with the sea and a little leftover sunlight if you're willing.

Maybe those few drops of pure dream were only alive for those people we were. I

Honestly thought we would help to remember who we were before the

World came knocking on the door and took us away in separate cars. If

You cared as much you would have shouted something amazing and sweet from your prison window.

If you cared you would have thrown something meaningful at me that only I

Would ever know how to catch. I don't blame them. They are

Nothing more than partly animals, nothing more than hungry, hungry mouths,

Nothing more than nibbling plants with perfumed hidden agendas, but you, you were

A close friend and that makes things infinitely worse. The stars grinned all of a sudden

Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/darryl-price/three-new-poems-5>»*

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And their rotten teeth were terrible to behold and smell. All
because you thought it
Was all a sleepy little game to be dressed up for and later
abandoned to some gruesome
Sort of creepy scrapbook for adults only. I never thought we'd
sink so low so suddenly into
The solid ground like that. It didn't make any great sense to me.
Until I saw your reflection
In the reflection. Then I knew. And my heart snapped in two like a
broken summer fish.

For Birds

The tree outside my window
Suddenly lit up like a tortured
Lamp and then it was simply
Gone and the room felt
Like an abandoned monastery. That's

Just one explanation for your
Departure that doesn't involve dumb mutiny
Or sad motive. I haven't got
The time to solve the
Mystery to everyone's literary satisfaction.

One-way trip was started and
A slipped-away trip was taken. It's
The same for all the contestants,
Probably even those who choose
To stay in the darkened

Room and wait for the
Lights to turn back on. A

True love is always left behind
When there's free fun to
To be had. Do you

Really need a metaphor to
Read between the betrayed lines? People
Are left frozen on the grass,
For no more than a
Shared cigarette and an illegal

Gun in the mouth. After
All these years, has it been
Worth it? I'm a poet, you're
Whatever you are. It doesn't
Matter anymore. Other stories have

Covered ours up like something
Forgotten underneath snow. The thaw is
All mine. It's just another piece
Of art. It's not even
For you. It's for birds.

That Rare Moment

Words are only the windows I want you to look through
For now. Mostly because they can give you a seeing key
To unlock the many rooms of my feelings. Don't worry. It's
Nothing more than a vase for some flowers, a glass for
Some spilled sunlight. I know it's momentary for you. But you
Can't pretend in the face of the big reveal, or else
Everything falls apart, and that would make a disastrous picture
of

A singular spectacular sky. I don't know where the brightness
comes

From that illuminates you to me. I mean I know it
Is you, but it is also me, some part of me
That recognizes in your voice, in your face, in your hair

A movement that gives me a raw courage I never knew.
So the words become like curtains, they are meaningless in
themselves.

They need these alphabetical walls, the whole spinning language
outside streaming

Through the Inner airways to make their introductions, to ask you
To dance. That's its whole, strange phenomenon, like a favorite
song,

You can't help but feel fantastic in its presence if only
For that rare moment it plays around in your head. The
Silly artistic purpose here is only to not be a liar.
The real purpose here is to be authentic as we live
And breathe. The personal purpose is to be honest without faking
A special boredom with you. I didn't make this up. The

World existed well before the spark created by our crossing paths.
I felt it enough to bleed forth this poem. You may
Not have noticed it happening at all. That's not my problem,
But it is my mortal awareness, owned or disowned, soul-wise
Speaking for the taking. It shouldn't matter to you. I'm only
Saying you made a big difference in my heart that deserves
A little notice of thanks on my part. You probably receive
These kinds of awards daily. I'm more than happy to add
Mine to the shelf because it certainly belongs there among all
The others, but I will not be lumped in with the
Strangled stars when I am the one bringing you the moon.

Bonus poems:

Matters

I would want you to be as happy at the
End as at the beginning. I would want the courage
That you found to be as natural as your high
When you can't help yourself. I would want the thrills
To be all your moment like a panoramic view from
The lighthouse of the heart. I would want to feel
The happiness in your fingertips as we walked along the
Edges of your own shoreline. I would want you to
Feel at home in your own gait, your own laughter,
Your own stance. The poem wouldn't adorn you as much

As fly by you and give you its wind, wave
You its wing on a nodding shaft of sunlight. I
Wouldn't want you to be named after any star because
That field could not begin to account for the amazing
Blue depth in your eyes to me. I would want
You to be able to dance with every adventurous drop
Of rain. I would want you to be free to
Explore your own strength for beauty. I would want you
To climb into my arms for naked peace, with fun
Goodwill, but not without a healthy curiosity. I would want

You to always be the person inhabiting your soul. I
Would want you to be still growing into yourself even
At your age. I would want you to disregard these
Crazy ramblings and kiss me over and over again. I
Would want you to be anything you want to be
And not what any poet wants you to be. I
Would want you to be surrounded by caring friends who
Could never harm you. I would want you to be

Your own poet, although I'm more than happy to step
Into the role when you need me, but you don't.

Consider this a letter of resignation. I'm honored by your
Presence. It's the purest proof that love is worth every
Humiliation, every trip and fall, every injury and setback. I
Would only want you to be careless as well as
Careful when it comes to matters of the heart. You
Will know what I mean when you are standing at
The crossroads. Trust in yourself first. Safety is as much
An illusion as anything else with bars on the door.
I would want you to be the one who gets
The job of living well done with kindness and mercy.

I would want you to be engaged with the energy
That heals the world. I would want you to be
The last human being standing. I've said about all there
Is to say. I just wanted you to know. These
Words are all I have to hold you with now.
I want you to be blessed one more time. It's
Important to me. Otherwise I wouldn't say it. I would
Want you to be smiling as you read this. It
Is real if we make it an action toward being
So. I would want you to be sure and ready.

Hello

Hello is the one thing that isn't loaded with stuck-up
false notions. Hello isn't yet
capable of sweetly lying to your
eyes. It hasn't the nerve.

Hello lets open the possibility that some things are worth

believing without a shred of
asking for the inevitable ruined return
to spoil the moment. Hello

acknowledges the physics of immediate joy. It accepts the
understanding. Like a deep breath
hello breaks into the room by
walking through its walls. Hello

doesn't hate goodbye. It carries the will to connect all
sinews by the cord of
years found inside every shared movement.
Hello pulsates. Hello's magic lives

to perform, but it's not
a trick, it's a natural
progression yowards painting the picture. Hello's all I've got.
You're the
one with more to offer.

