

# 2 Poems featuring A Century of Art

*by* Darryl Price

"MAN S FEET HAVE GROWN/SO BIG THAT HE/FORGETS HIS  
LITTLENESS"--DON MARQUIS

A Century of Art

Everything in this chummy little place talks  
to your face without stopping to look and see who you really are,  
turns into

fruits and grains, finally filling the room  
with its definite fields of prismatic color. Each color can  
have a distance to it that  
folds like a household of individual  
hums among hunched over laughing lunchtime monks. I've lived  
in several of

these exploding frameworks myself because I  
was lifted onto the tip of  
a possessed brush by someone who  
loved me enough to wash me  
down on their own afternoon canvas.  
These lives we lead are so  
much more than just for ourselves

to enjoy, but the pain and  
problems are real. Still when you  
see yourself represented as wheat or  
clouds or even by invisible winds  
blowing at the harbor you can't

help but be amazed at the  
fertile mind of the creative life.

It obviously sits all around us and  
simply waits to be turned on  
by the right fingers at the  
right time like the undulating wharves  
of dawn with its hiccup of  
illuminated, gliding fish just below its fast breaking surface. It's  
enough to  
get you to the next light and beyond even that long road if you  
care to know I swear it's clear and blue and truer than true.

#### Plea for a Different Color Sky

This one is making me feel particularly  
so awfully numb right now. It frightens the someone inside  
me who is already a little scared  
of everything going. I know the obvious  
choice is to wait and quietly return again, eager  
to listen and to always enjoy whatever

is on the present big screen. Sometimes I  
can do this with no more pain  
than a small lump in the throat.  
Other times like right here I wish  
for a warm hand to press mine  
to, with nothing more present than the  
one simple pure act of unselfish human faith.

