

A Clue Found Aboard a Zen Mind's Floating Iceberg

by Darryl Price

I do so want to bring you into the
sacred linguistically eternal
loop of all ordinary things on earth,
but it can so easily turn into
a very sudden unsparing trapdoor,
or a hissing angry knot tying up
itself into even more tricky sorts
of little knots on strings, a sticky and
coiling noose stubbornly holding onto
your loose thoughts with every spare tooth in its

gummy arsenal. Better to ensnare
myself than cause someone else any harm.
That's the law, but it's a hard one to quick
memorize with all your body parts still
attached. That's the lonely gist, if you can
only stand it. And mostly people just
stand around any way licking their fast
melting ice creams with absolutely no
love on their faces. That's the sad part. You
know there's more. There has to be. You can feel

it. And if you are any kind of real
poet you can still feel it in there, too.
It may be locked up, it may be shut down,

it may be prettily folded and tucked
neatly away like a soon forgotten
wedding dress, it may be buried and slow
rotting for all you know in some dank, dark
basement of the cooled off mindset, but the smell
is undeniable and somehow just
as sweet. I was going to say human,

but there are some mysteries that may, well,
question that pale enough definition.
So I'll leave it at still alive with the
possibilities of a sunny soul
picnic to come. Once you get over this
rough part you can pretty much manage to
make it the rest of the way up the hill.
But, hey, it's exactly the way you once
imagined it. What did you expect, oh
really? You signed up for Architecture

and now here you are. Your building's ready
when you are. Frank Lloyd tried to at least leave
you an artistic clue, but all you want
to do is copy down all his answers.
Man, you have just got to get over this
forever cheating thing. It doesn't work.
An illusion is still an illusion.
We all ought to know. Now here is where we
part. Don't forget to ring the doorbell first.
Nice going. See you on the other side.

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 this makes it 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.

