A Dream History of Outer Space

by Darryl Price

Look. There's just you and me, that's all that's left. All the rest of them had already given up a long, long time ago. They dropped their precious, colorful dreams like rusted railroad lanterns, like abandoned pumpkins, and littered the

Twitching fields with their tired laughing, leaving footprints like broken egg fragments. The once floating music was now forsaken and still bleeding, jagged as an outgrown eggshell, but the two of us carried that faithful tune forward with us in case there were any more

Kids like us who still had a beautiful blue spark between their thumb and forefinger for the earth's Future generations. All the empty seats began to blow away like paper bags, but the two of us were still holding

Hands and fingers, fingers with their happy glowing fading ghosts in place just in case. The price was a case of broken hearts. Here's one for you. One for me. That was just the saddest beginning of another inevitable change. The awful hairy monsters wrecking

Everything outside the garden gate had heard the hopeful noises, too, and were hungry for any stolen love. They followed all the familiar footprints back into their sleepy little homes, into the lost bedrooms, and

Became dark fixtures there in the deep receding shadows. The only thing that would save anyone now was a song of their own. You

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and I would sit bravely outside their fragile windows at night and bounce new ideas like moonbeams

Between the ringing stars, hoping to create at least a quick true moment of wonder there that would wake up any dreamer into the nearest dream. It's what we do. We were never interested in capturing any of you stupid moths for the light. The

Shadows are the ones whose hearts are full of nets. We have no weapons. We have only ourselves. We say hello, again and again. We say wake up, even inside a boring old feeling. We say, write a new poem about nothing. We say, take a

Long slow walk with a bunch of elephant trees and see where all the rainbow flowers are going to when they follow the setting sun home. See, you thought this was going to end in a bucket full of newfound tears, but it's so much more than

That to me, to us, it's always been for you and for me. Because I'm here and still in love with someone. Besides it's my own fingers typing out your name in front of the whole wide universe in the pouring morning light just like in the movies.

Bonus poem:

Your Sleepy Ear

by Darryl Price

I wanted to put the blue sky
in your sleepy ear for old time's
sake, but I don't ever want to

hear you complain about the same
indifferent rain again. I've
heard that particular lament

and I still disagree each and
every time especially with
its sickeningly sweet come on
come on. Look you went looking for
someone to always agree with
your raw food choices. I too went

looking for nothing but some joy.
Sometimes two people can put their
dumb heads together and make a
new sprouting creature capable
of many shining shooting tricks,
I just don't enjoy being a

different animal than I
truly am. You don't believe it's
not for everybody. I don't
believe we need to consume each
other in order to be free.
You've your book, I'm still writing mine.