

A Fine Life

by Darryl Price

It's really not too bad. The person
I am was me. We laughed inside
those sacred places at all the monies
well spent. We walked in the gardens
without any shoes on. Not one single
flower seemed to mind. And now it's

a forgotten mess or so I've imagined.
I'd rather you think about me
holding hands with you as we pass
through a blue sky next to some
golden trees. We stood among sunbeams and
closed our eyes and dared to dream.

That's enough to always remember. We sang
music out of our haunted hearts. We
dressed like we were celebrating all beings
in heaven and earth. It took a
little while, that's all, to make it
to the light. It's a fine life.

You're never a regret. If anything
you're the lucky answer to the prayers
I found myself mouthing through my paper
bag. I wasn't always thinking, but looking
for the starlight in your eyes. I
don't want you to worry. I took

as many steps as I could toward
my own happiness with you. This is
just my stop. I'll never forget this

life of a poet, the words will
see to that. That's the point. I
wasn't joking. The sun also rises. I

get it. But it was our time.
We took it and it took us
away. We wanted it to. That's what
we came for. I can't pretend. We
followed a path we had taken to
its end. How many can say that?

My heart is free. Don't let yours
come undone. You'll be all right; I'll
bet there's always a star to guide
you. I'm glad because you were always
so bright nearby for me. I don't know what
any of this means besides good, good love.

Bonus poem:

An Understanding of Bees(first draft)

by Darryl Price

All my words are lonely, are nearly departed,
Visible only from the ankles down, nonchalant. I

Get bored. All my words are not paying that
Much attention to television. I get distracted. All

My words, coincidental though they may seem, are
Like any ordinary, nasty scar—sad-looking, sensitive, and
Deep, but who cares, right? It's all blah,
Blah, blah. Useless information. All my words are
Perfect examples of thinking of you and not
Complying with the rules of engagement at all.
Bad, bad, bad poet. All my words are
Being completely torn off from the cuff, broken into,
Ringing, hungry parts, and strewn out across a
Heart-shaped field like the stars that silently surround
Us. All my words are another living creature
Altogether. And, yes, all my words disappear under
The water that is your person like so
Many bonny swans looking for some tasty treats in
The swirling expressions of your dancing falls. Insert
Any word you'd like. It all applies. All
My words are like a small cake. I'm
Not like everybody else-- in this regard-- but
I'm not sure any of it matters. All
My words repeat the same question. Wouldn't mind
Helping me out here a little, would you? All my

Words have run off into the sunset. All

My words cough politely. All my words create
A vacuum. All my words, in between small breaths,

Are too complicated to explain themselves to the impatient

Jury. All my words spin around like out of orbit satellites.
All my words are mortal people. All my words

Are crammed onto these few pages like ants.

