

# A Journey (on Foot) Through Hostile Lands

*by* Darryl Price

Love comes and goes as it pleases. Plant  
lives matter you know. Isn't it so  
obvious? I'm sure you've noticed or  
felt like you've been here before. Maybe  
forever. Just ask any hand-held  
camera or open book. Well. How

many times can we identify  
with our betrayers before we are  
the real brave ones? Everything that's true  
is on its way to the other end  
of another miracle of faith.  
Like the sound of laughter. Life keeps on

like that. Like sweet tangerines. Sometimes  
poets notice the color, the smell,  
the rot. Like crystal stars when all the  
underwater sheets are finally  
thrown off. Sometimes lovers can attest.  
It can be just about that simple

for some I'm told. That cruel. That lonely.  
That true for the moment. Maybe if  
you're Paul McCartney you can go stand  
inside the wildflowers longer than  
any other man alive. But in  
the end even he must move or be

cast out. Into the fires. Love comes but

it leaves like a light in the pouring  
rain. Everything is crying to be  
reborn even before the last song  
is halfway over. Love goes through you  
eventually without goodbye

because it cannot stand being still.  
As long as you dance it will dance with  
you and not kill you. Its an art and  
just like anything else worth doing,  
it passes through all of us looking  
for its one true way home, which happens

to be everywhere and nowhere at  
all. We're all the static now and then.  
The moment you are less than present  
in its presence you will be left with  
nothing more than the glowing spark you  
came into this world with. But that is

sadly not enough. I'm told. Covered  
in our own blinking signals at the  
smallest of baby blue skies, we want  
to receive what we already know  
from someone we like well enough to  
slow all the way down for. We want to

be let in the forest with the rest  
of the thieves. Love wakes and goes where it  
pleases. Will you still take my hand? Will  
you join us? The words I should have said  
are always still waiting there. That's what  
I know as I leave it far behind.

Bonus Poems:

You Might Be One of Us  
by Darryl Price

When we are done fighting  
this war our global hearts  
will likely be broken  
because so many of  
our friends will have died. Who's  
to say vanity had  
anything to do with  
our careless doom or not?  
They'll only keep building  
awful weapons against

us again and again.  
And we will be pushed to  
the last heartbreaking brink  
before we've had enough  
again. But new children  
will be the next soldiers.  
New children will be the  
worst villains of all time.  
New children could become  
sacred healers. Children

who come to the rescue  
of millions. The ones who'll  
imagine peace as more  
than an afterthought. Or  
harbor old grudges and  
misunderstandings and

turn them into hatreds.  
We poets only sing  
our complaints because we'd  
like to hear you come up

with a different kind  
of hopeful depression.  
We still love to look at  
the stars and feel very  
small and think that it is  
all a very fine wine  
after all. Everything  
doesn't always have to  
be explained. And then there's  
you. I wouldn't want this

world to explode with you  
in it. That's a bitter  
bite of the same old slice,  
but I just couldn't live  
without saying it. That's  
all this poem is for,  
to hold you close to me,  
it's for you. It always has  
been and always will be.  
Oh close your eyes and try.

I'm Bored With Your Tomorrow Discounts  
by Darryl Price

Thank you for your support. I  
just want to walk in the park.

Your failing infrastructures,  
your college savings plan. As  
I look around all I see

are your marmalade cowboy  
politics. I just want to  
walk in the park. Your online  
contests, your easy chicken  
dinners, vehicle safety  
features. I'm sick to death of

your limited time offer.  
Just let me walk in the park.  
Your expert advice. Shadow  
always looming over me.  
Give me breathing. Give me bees.

I just want to walk in the  
park. Genuflection to the  
dark angel of our nature.  
It's gross. I just want to walk  
the park. Give me the shoulders  
of Venus. Try coming down.

