

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.

