

# A Leaf For Instance is Only a Green Enough Calling Card(A Valentine)for Someone if You Care to Mail It

*by* Darryl Price

Because you alone must know  
how to make a smile shine at me  
and be like the sun, I can only  
feel its warm and coolish colors becoming  
that perfectly deepened yellow then on to the red if you please that  
makes a shy kind of blue out of day. That

cloud is floating like  
an opening flower  
gently laid on top  
of all perfectly  
alive possibilities, call it

"summer  
pond" only because  
your hair is filled to the brimming tips of its beautiful self with  
floating seeds  
by these fingering to each braided half of your head where small  
winds filled with waiting water the maidens. These two

things work in perfect circling concentrated

harmony like scrutinizing hawks. Eyeing one another. Oh shit. All  
these words are just like  
so many wiry ants.  
One moment they make  
a kind of nebulous

sense and then they  
fall away and disperse  
and are like a  
foreign tongue shouting  
around my head in so many

different directions  
at once that  
all you can do is  
listen for one fully realized  
soundbite and hope for the

best interpretation to follow.  
I mean words aren't quite  
the words I was looking  
for here. It's more like  
I want to thank you now and then

for the fact that you  
have been chosen to be the  
you as you are being right here and right  
now for everyone else, including and benefitting me. Even the  
always working for the man bees  
laugh at this ridiculous pouncing

from petal to petal dance that  
I'm doing. But

look here the bright pattern  
of your slightly  
droopy shoulders makes

me want to invest in  
something impossible all over  
again, to be the  
first one ever to  
express this particular feeling to the ear-cocked stars and back, the  
one

I get from such proximity  
to you  
in the light from there to here is my soul of souls inner sanctum's  
soft center.  
Is that too much to  
ask? Because I do ask it.

D.P. 021010

a flip of the coin, or there are no items in this view, but here's  
one more for the road anyway;

Here's to the Bullet

you used to kill  
me with. It had to  
come back to you  
somehow, that's the  
trajectory  
given all things by  
the makers of the universe;

see I figure  
I can extract  
it all by myself  
and hand it over to you  
of my own  
free will and you'll  
be somehow forgiven--just like that--

at least by me.  
I'm afraid it's still  
in poetic  
form but how you  
receive it is  
all up to you  
and your own heartbreak now.

DP 021110

Florence Foster Jenkins  
by Darryl Price

They only hear what they want to hear  
I suppose, but I hear you. I don't  
compare your presence to any other kind of  
bird or beast. I compare it back to  
  
you. Your generous smile. Your childish delight in  
wearing anything sparkling on your head as if  
it was only natural. Your swish and swing  
standing by and disappearing into each entrance and  
  
exit like a bee into a flower. The

standard is a harsh mistress. Yours is soft  
and funny, determined and sympathetic, simple and full  
of imagination. The kind of grace that only

comes from standing proudly in the shoes you  
alone chose for the occasion because they suited  
the person inside who can't wait for the momentary  
thrill of discovery. I love you for this.

Bonus poems:

#### The Damned Scientists

You think there's time to find the right words, to hand over  
The right stories, to install the right emotions, but I'm here to  
Tell you we're all out of that brand. Have you seen yourself  
Lately? There is no going back to what we were before the

War of hearts turned us into these cave wall carvings of jellyfish.  
The mammoths of our dreams are all dead or frozen within the  
Act of eating flowers so long ago now that they look like  
Starlets caught by the paparazzi in mid-sentence while gorging  
themselves on expensive

Spaghetti. No time to turn on the charm. The light has taken  
Its precious cut. That's the thing they don't want you to know,  
To ever find out, that it was friends and family as much  
As enemies who sold you out to the damned scientists of romance

And fear. But, hey, you have me typing away at you from  
My own little planet still. You know you can eat the poetry,

Right? It's a little trick I learned from Ginsberg or Groucho  
Lennon,  
Dylan or Bugs Bunny. Name your own point of reference. That  
place

Where you exist without the bullshit, that's all. And it's free, even  
The nothingness of it, for you amateur philosophers out there. You  
get  
There on your own because heavy or light it's all in your  
Head. I like to make mine like this because I like to

Share. It's one of my many flaws. Oh well back to the  
Drawing board. You think there's a plan that will include your pet  
Peeves on a leash, but really haven't you learned anything from  
looking  
Up all those timeless stars in the mirrors of your eyes? I

Want you to answer me with your own definitions, not theirs, not  
My poetry, but yours, the poems you make every time you breathe  
Or dance or do anything that is who you are. I could  
Have extended that sentence to include a lot more meaning, but  
that

Wouldn't be me being who I am. We are here together in  
These words for the moment. Does it matter, if it's a forever  
Moment? It's our moment. For me, that's enough. I enjoyed  
making this  
With you. That's the difference. And now you know. It's always  
there.

Cartoon Campfire (Revised) by Darryl Price

This is the parallel room I hide my  
last heart in. Got a solo fireplace. I  
don't want to invite anyone else in  
for warmth or conversation just now. It  
doesn't matter if no one knocks on the  
shut door ever again. I'm too shy to  
really hope for much more than a couple  
of interesting shadows between the  
now familiar teardrops. I don't mind.  
It's not too bad. I did the best I could

to make a work of art out of the birds  
pecking on my window for you. I must  
admit when you tore down the curtains and  
wrapped them around yourself like a cocoon  
I thought you were making a big fashion  
statement not creating a diversion.  
I didn't get the allusion for the  
longest time. Now I feel something stranded  
straightened out at last has happened in here,  
but it could be just a crack that the light

has unceremoniously let in. It  
could also be the crack is in my head.  
I swear that I HEAR BAGPIPES. They're not a  
joyful sound to me, but a lament and  
a plea for some return to sanity  
and possibly ENDLESS sea. The ocean  
has a mighty pull even this far from  
heaven's gate. Oh I'm pretty sure they don't  
want the likes of me in there, I've got far  
too many questions. I'd be the first one

to ask why all the sorrow, when such a  
little bit goes a long way? I'd be thrown

out with all of my fine poems fluttering  
off behind me like artificial tears,  
artificial petals, artificial  
butterfly wings. Yes, it's going to be  
a very long fall back down to the ruined  
grounds for me. Like heavy blankets crumpled  
into one corner, no one is going  
to want to have to sift them up to shape

all by themselves. That's so lonely. I can't  
blame them. I made my escape once when I  
was too young to know the difference. I  
won't give up now. I could always feel it  
in my throat you know, the path was on a  
forever trajectory and I was  
sturdily stapled there by a million  
planted deeply stars. I'd like to share a  
cigarette with a comedian. I  
can't give it up. That's all I know for sure.

The rest is like pulling yourself through a  
small cluster of bushes, you don't have a  
better choice if you want to sing from an  
authentic existence. Don't worry, I  
can see the irony there. You're damned if  
you do and lonely if you don't. Season's  
skeletons dance on wire regardless of  
mad faces you make to clear yourself. But  
what they say on eye see you radio  
is not what we say to ourselves. You just

mustn't be quiet. Whatever it is  
it doesn't matter, but to me, and for  
me, I've always treasured what no one else  
could seem to hear happening. And inside



that wonderful impertinent landscape  
of human noises I found you dancing  
like a mythical faun around a rare  
splashing fountain of youth. I could no more  
give up that dream to the past than give up  
breathing for a living. So here you go,

more poems than you'll ever know what to  
do with. And one last thing: I've never felt  
so glad in my entire life to let go  
of my words and believe with all my heart  
that they'll make their own way home. So Goodnight,  
Irene or whoever in the hell you  
are. I wish you well. We had a pretty  
nice time, the two of us. It felt pure and  
that's what I'll remember. Time to blow out  
the candles and let the wishes float free.

