

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 coversation 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.

