

A Little Wine (to put you in the idle reverie)

by Darryl Price

Amused yet? It doesn't matter and that doesn't mean anything. But eternity in hell is just another knife they use to keep you looking in the wrong direction. We can have fun. Please don't let them break your heart like that. They do their jobs because they no longer believe in small butterflies. Please don't wait to show up in your light. The wine tastes just as bitter as you think it must. But that doesn't make you any smarter. Please

don't let them defuse you. Please don't let them make you miss the boat. Please don't let them push you into a lake. Please don't let them make you wait some more to feel everything. Please don't let them determine you. Please don't let them put you in a sentence you don't mean. Please don't let them turn off your good music. Don't let them make you a stranger, a shadow. Please don't let them put you in a wall, a

well. You are not a brick, stone. Not another broken appliance. Wait for me. Don't let them convince you. Don't let them deny you. What are you doing? I saw the smile upon your face. You cannot lie to please me. Don't let them give you away. Please don't let them mistake you. Please don't let them saw off beauty. Please don't let them kill nakedness. Love is worth fighting for. Please don't ignore the moon's message tonight. Please don't let

them prove hope wrong. Please don't let them disappear
dreaming. Who cares? I think you know. Please don't
let them sit with their mind's eyes closing. Please
don't let them shoot wild flowers with an elephant
gun. Please don't let them not even consider your
pain. Don't let them turn the whole world into
their personal departure lounge. It's not worth it. Please
remain strong, don't let them ruin your party dress.
Please don't let them pour you all out. Don't

let them stop you from getting on. Don't let
them drive you away from yourself forever. Please don't
let them speak to you like they are reading
from a book. They don't know you. Please don't
let them give you the wrong punchline just because
your confusion is terribly funny to them. I don't
like them. Never have. Please don't let them own
your laughter or anything else having to do with
your throat. It's your voice. Use it to be

absolutely free. Or as Bob Dylan put it, "Too
many people have died." Please don't let them get
you to think about something else, something that doesn't
matter. Don't let them turn this poem out of
your memory. Please don't let them get your signature
on their petition, to fine the sky for falling
ill. Don't let them misunderstand every kind impulse you
have made and acted upon. They will try. You
must try harder. Please don't help them hide us.

Bonus poems:

This Beautiful Lie
by Darryl Price

In Memory of Julie Straub

tells us everything we need to know
about each other for now. It's a
whole lot of fun. I didn't say I
didn't like it though. I did. Jesus,
my grammar is terrible today.
This beautiful lie is better than
the crowd of thoughts that have lately been
crazily crossing my mind like a
lovely flowing cacophony of
wild animals. Hear them roar. I just
wanted out of this Thanksgiving Day
maze of poor choices by any means

necessary. It was quite nice in
the new beginning because we were
having a so much fun & adventure
together, weren't we? But it's become
more like looking through a window at
everything there constantly changing
to the same thing. There goes another
loose leaf. Chewed up by another wind.
Should we make a documentary?
This rough around the edges pretty
lie is broke on an ordinary
rock and the look of it suits it just

fine. You and I have looked better. There
was a happy you that wouldn't have

stood for such a betrayal of the
glorious heights reached. There was a sad
me that would simply have said no, I
would be doing this alone. Oh this
beautiful lie was hard to resist
at the time and I didn't try. But
this beautiful lie lied to us all.
It made our hearts sink as one. I should
have known better. I should have warned you.
Because you were my beautiful friend

who hugged me without words getting in
the way. This beautiful lie cost us
our cup of beauty, our goodness and
what light we ever possessed. This pale
beautiful lie robbed us blind in broad
daylight. But it made us laugh. I'll say
that much for it. I'd do it again.
It kept us going to an unknown
destination all through the night and
into the next day and the next. The
dozen or so years of each minute
on this earth's quickly revolving door.

Crucial life or death decisions to
be made for the jolly sake of those
unfriendly others involved. Then it
didn't. You were gone. I should have been
holding your hand in mine like we had
promised under the wailing guitars
of the Velvet Underground. Poor Lou.
What about Nico, I can hear you
say. Where are we going? You've seen it.
Tell me. I just don't know. I didn't
want to go without you. And now I

must. Goodbye doesn't even come close.

Am I breaking Down
by Darryl Price

or is it you and your friendly burning log fire
desire? Love is an incidental stranger waiting with a small
brown package in the alleyway just off any main street
in your town. Someone knows what for. Pray it isn't
you. Love is selling its bottled salvation potion like a
phoney baloney shaman in a fabulous whipped turban and new
long harvest wig. Love is making me feel like nothing
explains anything to my satisfaction anymore. I mean what's going

on here? Love loves to bring us together. But then
so many small things happen to tear us apart. There is
just no way for me to remain a sane sad
purveyor of the poetic worlds when all there is misunderstands
everything else that is not. Love sucker punches you in the
philosophical gut like a low flying bird, loves to see
you cry, to hear you scream. It might be me.
I mean I do sort of feel broken, I am

more alone, here at the end, and I do not really
like it, but I can stand it. Love is only
one day to remember. I hate to tell you I
told you so, but even the beautiful things can get
squeezed to a plaster used up towel finish. Too sensitive?
Get down to it then. Love bludgeoned me, ripped me
up, when I wasn't looking past its delightful storytelling. Dear
God, I hope I'm not in love with you. Is

that what this is? An apology? Please forgive me. Misguided?
Let's try not to make amends. Not now, when we're
so close to forgetting the whole damned thing. I'm already
way off course. Me and the leaves will be gone
before you know it. I collect these poems only because
I can see them when no one else seems to
notice they are right there. Sorry about the ranting and raving.
Forget I said anything. I am happy to see myself out.

3 short poems by Darryl Price

I Wasn't Sure

I wasn't sure if I should climb
into the red roses either,
but gingerly we went, and the
tiny yellow butterfly flew
high away just as we got there.

We Decided

We decided to take
the secret passageway,
but then Margaret found
a spider and ran home
and told on all of us.

It Was Winter

It was Winter, and all the new snowflakes
were acting like they didn't care about
anyone or anything, as long as
they could fall endlessly together.

