

# A World of Possible Flowers

*by* Darryl Price

"There are many dark places;but still there is much that is fair, and though in all lands love is now mingled with grief, it grows perhaps the greater."--J.R.R. Tolkien

If the love never came you must have been  
Dragging your feet. If the hatred carved your dreams  
Into warning signs, you must have been looking in  
The wrong direction for that ever-glorious ghost army.

If the love never stayed lit in the hills  
You must have been asleep in the hay. If  
The eyes of the angels turned to stone you  
Must have been dipping your hands into the wrong

Fountain. If the love dissolved into the rug like  
An imaginary spill you must have been lost in  
The crumpled lane of clothes on your floor. If  
The game was thrown into the garbage by mistake

You must have forgotten your own name when you  
Were asked to sign for your soul. If love  
Is too tired to continue you must be feeling  
Pretty much alone by now. There is a sea

Of nothing but broken stones, but if love were  
To sail there, each one would sprout, and where  
The hint of a green continuation begins so begins  
The trickle of a world of possible flowers. If

Love never came down the road there would be  
No need to go anywhere ever again. If the  
Hate can make you wonder what is the point  
Of an organic truth, you must give up your

Dancing shoes forever. If the love never came we  
Never existed anyway. If the love never came we  
Never got the chance to say out loud the  
Whispered promises of the graceful winds at our bursting

backs. Nothing is over just because everything is changed  
or changing. The love comes from you or it  
comes from nowhere. If the love never came you  
must have been spending your money at the race

track of the current lies. If the love never  
came you must have given them the wrong street  
For delivery. If hate can make you nail your  
Windows shut the sun might as well go home. dp

Bonus poem:

Heads Cracked Open/ A History Lesson by Darryl Price

We did what we thought was right, they  
did what they knew was wrong. We did  
the thing that seemed to bring the most  
joy to the most people, they did what  
brought in the most stolen cash. We did  
a ghost dance to establish a new pattern

of courage in the wind, they did the  
same old slump down and fired the first

killing shot. We stitched a piece of homemade  
art out of a piece of wretchedly long  
pain and turned it into something that could  
fly and make people smile and laugh, they  
did a complete turn-around; they sank their long,  
hollow drilling teeth into every exposed neck of  
suffering land left, sucking everything into manufactured  
magnetized  
barrels to be packed underground in hidden military

compounds, next to the tons of blinking robot  
brains. We did bring our beat-up instruments to  
the block party, ready to make a kind  
of noisy prayer, together out of the whole  
amazing experience, they brought weather balloons full of  
spy cameras. We did get our flower heads  
cracked open by brainwashed walls of bloody clubbing  
men, they did rejoice later in the newspaper

aftermath with sealskin umbrellas and tiger paw loafers.  
We did continue to make a faint celebratory  
noise, coming from the forest floor like a  
sudden spray of little white blossoms peeking over  
a gently rotting log, they continued to bulldoze  
every other species into extinction. We did want  
you to be safe and happy, unafraid to  
dream, to think for yourself, to choose something

weirdly independent, to learn the beauty to forgive,  
to make many growing mistakes, to continue to  
grow, they did only what was best for  
them and no others were ever given the

slightest concern. We did love the wild things,  
even the dangerous ones, they dug up the  
oceans, held them hostage, and charged people all  
their life savings just to see them again.

