

Acorn Gardening for Everyone

by Darryl Price

I'd like to grow you a new flower. I think
maybe I just will. Right now. Here's as good
a place as any. Well you'll probably
never get to see it, but it will be
there just the same and it will be all yours. Kind
of like these poems that I make if you
think about it. I do not know what will
become of them in the end. But they are
still here. And they are also for all of you. I
suppose I could do more. But it wouldn't

be as real to me as leaving the world
an impression of your essence spelled out
in flower petal fonts. Letters are like
my own brand of petals. They'll all get whipped
away eventually by the winds
of time and will disappear unless you
somehow want to save them. In your heart. In your mind.
In your own words. Your own gardens. I don't
know. I just do the gardening I know
how to do. I love to see things gowing

into their best selves. I find it very
moving. And for some reason you seem to
me to be a person who deserves to
have such a flower planted just for them
and no one else in this particular

poetic case. I'm up for the job, so
I'll do it gladly. I don't question the
deep feeling. It is what it is. I don't
need to label all the parts of a bird
to enjoy its company in song. It's

a good feeling that deserves a flower.
A nice thing that I'd like to celebrate
with a little colorful wave of some
nature made flag. For you. Really, there is
nothing more to it. I hope someday you're
walking along and a wind carries a
certain wonderful fragrance to all your
senses and you stop and smile. That's all
(this is). And if you should remember me
in the process I would be so very glad. dp

Bonus poem:

Rocks(an unedited first draft)
by Darryl Price

Not sure I remember what's important, but I remember you.
That's the whole problem I think. You're a drain where
all my words end up ending up. All of them
get lost inside you. Eventually. And I'm left with nothing
to say. Because all my words are gone like toothpaste.
The few I've got left only seem to repeat themselves
in pathetic smears. But they'll have to do. Not sure
I can remember anything important, but I say your name
in my sleep. It's all become a boring animal ritual.

I can admit to that. I remember you used to

wear this yellow teeshirt all the time like it defined something impossible about you and your motion inside dark jeans. It drove me mad with desire. And that made you laugh. Which drove me over a cliff, into an ocean, and left me clinging to slippery rocks for dear life. So not sure I remember one important thing about anything if you want to know the truth. But I know the song that made you sit still and look at things like they were puzzles you were putting together in your head with a little seductive dance. How else am

I going to describe the sadness back to you now? When you're not even listening. And my readers are expecting me to swing this crazy thing around and show them the secret room inside of themselves. But a broken heart can only make cubist desk paintings out of its overly hoarded toy stuffs and hope for the best. I can't remember what's important to me any more. It was so clear to me just yesterday. Oh. Open my eyes. Let me see a way. Let me swim before I drown. Let me swim before I wash away. I remember you

as important but I can't seem to remember why. The words won't tell me. I'm not sure they think we deserve to know the reason. Or they just might be trying to protect us from the tilting sun. Oh. It's too late for that. Oh, open my head. Let me see before I go completely blind from all the salt in my own eyes. Running down my face. For all of us who are left let my words fight for air. For all of us here let my words continue to look for fair meaning. And kiss you goodbye. For all the

lonely floating pieces let my wrecked words shine through the slumber of time and ruin. Night and day. Open the curtains. I remember you. You were the question I guess I needed to hear from this life. Thank you for asking me. It was a beautiful way to say hello and a hard way to say goodbye as the next question on the horizon became more solitary in its insistence on authenticity. Maybe what was so important doesn't matter. But it remains with me. And I wouldn't want you to think of it in any other way than real love.

