

Ah, the Trouble (Has Finally Arrived)

by Darryl Price

with all these little battle worn pieces of history surrounding us all
the time

is that they don't really make up for the terrible news
of just now. Those people showed us what they showed us.
Good for them. We're the direct explosion of their
emotions. They're more like

tiny stained glass flags found lost among your pant's contents.
What's that sharp edged thing doing in there anyway? I
remember the white cotton kite string, the 100 year old
Indian head penny, the barely still painted blue metal jack I used
to spin around on the floor when I was bored of being nine or ten,

the red plastic Tiki bead I found in the grass blades one day, the
fossilized squished shell from
the sea of the dinosaurs, but where did this crazy little
light catcher and all its other little friends come from into my
secret life

possession? I haven't a clue. It's a cute cardboard puzzle piece to
be sure, but that's just

a friendly reminder from the wizards of the universe to have some
fun every once in

a while. Not everything is meant to be warrior medicine. It's a
flattened

out prism for letting loose some flaring rainbows in your
presence. I guess it could be a trick after all.

Nothing ever stays the same so you're only privy once

to those particular dragon faces on your wall. It's no
coin of any kingdom I can ever remember signing up
for or belonging to. It's an age old mystery like one of
those Hardy Boy's books. Don't we have enough of those
darned things lying around the house of leaves

already? Or do we even need one more? Every time you unravel
one of these silly things

it's just some gravity and some common sense all balled up
together to

look like a crumpled short story someone threw out with
the rest of life's late night failures. I say you might as well laugh
along with the singer on the trudging, smudging

trail laid out before you. The sun's going to shine bright. Will you
be

there to notice? I'll always notice the spaces you tore up going
through me.

One of these days I'll have another cigarette I think and try
to remember

how you always liked to read on top of the quilt.

Bonus poem:

Stones vs. The Beatles by Darryl Price

Right, on the garden, I don't
Exactly throw stones at God's
Windows, but when I get going
I ask a lot of annoying human
Questions. Right, on the

Garden, I'm watching, sad time
To heal something that feels totally lost

In me. On the garden, the
Old wound is the thing that shines
Through the softness of leaves and petals as always. On
The garden steps, sometimes I
Cringe at all the senseless betrayals, but
Stay ready to know love is real. Right, thoughts today
On the garden, I dig the

Boulder out of my own eye, keeping
One eye open in case
Some angel gets its wing stuck passing
Through the grate. Right, on the garden, hold my hand,
You'll find me fanning these
Poems to keep us warm. Right, on
The garden, like a plaster

Lawn buddha or a gnome in
Full cartoon regalia.
It really doesn't matter
Which ideal represents the
Bookshelf better. You can't take
It with you. Right, on the garden
I promise to stop making

Promises I can't be
A part of without selling
My soul. Right, on the garden
Wall, they're showing an old Beatles
Movie, but it projects
Now like long-forgotten war
Footage; I suppose it is.

Right to be on the garden, the sun
Seems to do a better job being itself
Once it reaches inside those
Hallowed grounds. Flowers can't help
Themselves from blooming with all
Their charming might. Right, on the
Garden, I sit as part of

A daily routine and crank
Out another line or two
About the lonely rain falling in
My feelings for you. Garden,
Digging for inspiration,
Just couldn't put shears to the
Quiet; you get bluebells instead. dp

