

# 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

