

# All the Places

*by* Darryl Price

we went to together are now, according to  
you, not to be believed. A memory of a  
thought of a memory, of an arrow. There is

no earth. There is no sun. There are no stars. All the  
places we went to together are to be paused,  
allowed to fade into never. The river is

to be hidden from view. Overgrown by an unfriendly  
wild ride of leaves and spiders. All the places  
we went to together are to be drained of

their magic and filled in with choking dirt, cobbled  
over with rough stone and sticks. But, you see, as John  
once put it: I think I disagree. I think I

will always disagree. Because, your own beauty,  
rounded by profundity and shaped by all winds,  
mighty and tender, does not neatly compare the

locked cage to a free sense of being. I believe  
all the places we went to together are still  
always willing to be found again; though they may

appear in different guises, they will be recognized  
by the heart, accepted by the mind, welcomed by  
the body. As in any good dream, love 'wakens.

Bonus poems:

Cherry Life Saver  
by Darryl Price

The sleepy head tells the bitter truth. It doesn't hide its wonders to behold because it doesn't have to do anything but love things as they are. The sleepy head hasn't lied to anyone yet. The sleepy head still smells of a cherry life saver.

For some unknown reason. I don't need to question why there's no anger left on my side. The sleepy head would be a nice final word for somebody. But poets

are just no good at letting things go by unnoticed. The sleepy head gives the sun its rare chance to curl up and snooze. And it looks so content doing so, doesn't it? Almost real. The sleepy head is sweeter than honey. Its curls are slowly unfurling like leaves, dragging out the dream light. Leaving sparks. The sleepy head will rise, and when it does, the sky will fall on me.

The sleepy head doesn't see me cover up that pain. The sleepy head may never let me shut the door, to tears, fade away, only wanting to hold on. The sleepy head like a rose. The sleepy head drenched in dew. The sleepy head takes everything from me, now and forever. The sleepy head silently waves, goodbye. Goodbye, goodbye. The sleepy head ignoring my plea. My hurt. Here's your ticket. Sir. Take it and get found by somebody who loves you.

You Know What Will Happen  
by Darryl Price

Here there is rain. You know  
how people are. They drive  
around like maniacs.  
Everyone's on a phone  
now, walking, eyes down, slow,  
along the side of the

road or eating in a  
restaurant window, doesn't  
matter. Like I said,  
rain. Two red birds on a  
wet porch. I only mention  
this because it has

become somewhat unusual.  
At least in my  
neighborhood. You know what  
will happen if just one  
madman decides to drop  
his biggest bomb in the

middle of the silent  
night. More rain, this rain, is  
kind of friendly. It has  
a heartbeat. I suppose  
that's unusual too.  
I think I've got the blues.

I'm pretty sure it's why  
I feel so lonesome. The

rain has not let up. It's  
been pretty steady, like  
the fan at the end of  
an engine. And yet, you

could say, something's burning,  
doubting everything. You  
can smell it in the air.  
Why do we choose to say  
air instead of wind? Are  
we trying to pretend

something? I think this rain  
is telling me to stop  
pretending. You know what  
will happen if you read  
this with forgiveness  
as light; we'll be alright.

Goofy-Looking People With Normal-Looking Dogs  
by Darryl Price

You need to make a noise to have anyone hear  
anything you have to say. It's all there, in the  
one size fits all wind. Like fire. In the mind. Like ice. In the  
eye. Like sun. In the stardust vibrations. Around

us. In the cloak and dagger silence. Choose your own  
level and go meet it with the appropriate  
gifts in hand. Make a noise by yourself, for someone  
to love; they will understand. You need to make a

noise to let everyone know what it is you are

offering. It's there. In the broken heart shaped rain. In the spirit sparkle of soft tall grasses. In the new circumstance found at the tops of trees. Then maybe

moonlight. You need to make a noise. Nothing is that simple. Like a circle then. Forget fences. With whatever's available. And true. You need to make a noise that says, I carry on, I'll carry

on with you, I carry on. With or without resistance. You make a lovely, warm noise next to me, even if you're sleeping with him a million physical miles away, I will always wave to you. That's what this

is, what it's always been. Celebration. I'm here, enjoying your generous, natural presence in the disconnected present mindset of my little room with yet another poem. Without cure.

No Shit Sherlock  
by Darryl Price

If you're out there, I hope  
you're okay. Love was slain. If  
you're out there, I hope you're  
happy now. Love was slain and  
many good men were killed. If  
you're out there, I need your

help. Love was driven into the  
hallowed ground and vanished in the  
smoking soil like trickling rain. The  
whole picture keeps trying to come

back to me in a dream,  
in dream pieces, like with a

damnable cardboard puzzle in a box. If you're out  
there, make no mistake, I survived,  
but barely escaped with my life.  
Merlin was killed, too, without mercy,  
by a gang of wicked, laughing  
monks, hell-bent on keeping the lie

buried in a vault of sins.  
They would rather torch the sleeping  
town down than admit to being  
wrong, or worse, that they committed  
the rusty nails themselves to the  
innocent flesh. If you're out there,

please hear my voice. It's all  
I have left to reach you  
with. To tell you you're love  
is still real to me. Love  
was slain, but still it stirs  
within every strewn rock and broken tree.

