

All You Wanna do is to Sink (but you stink)

by Darryl Price

into another bright vat of boiling over hot lies. It's sick, man, the way you'd rather dig for a supposed (royal) buried treasure than make a new beautiful thing start to happen, break your back, break your spirit, over and over, until there's nothing left to begin the story with again. All that gets you is a grinning skeleton for a sock puppet pal, an unidentifiable worn stone singing like a ditch in the pouring rain at the bottom of your favorite drinking glass. Anyway you'll never return that posted favor. It's too late for all that pretty useless nonsense now, isn't it? The best you can offer us is a daily huff and a shadowy puff on another broken cigarette trail. Could you still walk upright? I don't know. Not with that stupid holy mirror smashed over your head like an oxen yoke. Shake off your sick need for faster strokes, people. You're getting old when you should be getting younger. The magic has all been pissed away like race horses on steroids. Like the cool old days of bookstores and basements, cigarettes and the 4am sunlight lifting its sleepy starting to glow fingers off the dirty trash caught up in the shaggy sheets like mashed-up paper love birds. All we needed was a bit of the colorful, Beatle-type luck of old. But that

once fun movie seems like another worn-bald bear left broken-eyed on the forgotten sidewalk.

We had it all together then, friend to friend, but their corporate imaginations

were nastier than ours. The newly minted politicians used those crazy stupid

word bombs on themselves in order to get to us. How crazy

is that shit? The only true country is the country of love,

but you'll never get there the same way twice. And nobody ever

believes your passport photo is you. And you can have all the secret handshakes in the world and still get met with only false modesty and frothy

mistrust. And you can declare yourself to be nothing more than free, but

the hands that surround you will eventually reach to your throat and

squeeze. Remember, oh please, that favorite cool tender line from Joni, didn't

it feel good? I'm sure as hell it did. I know it

did for me. And, all things went over the bird painted cliffs after that.

Even now I hear the threatening sirens, I hear the bawling trains

and the gassed up falling apart cars, I hear the come-ons and the music cranked up beyond belief like drinking Jack Daniels through a

very tiny thin straw. I don't want you to blow away from

me. How much more plain can I make this? It's not all

bad news out there as long as we can feel each other

in here. I don't care if they think that is crap on

a carnival stick or not. They never cared for poetry anyway. Some of them made the sad scared choice to live among the boxed

and buried blades of grass like identical moths. That's okay with me.

This poem says we're still alive in there. It's no religion. Don't let this song go to your head. Stay with you. Point to you. If I could I'd press my fingertips up against yours. What else? Maybe softly, maybe not. Things will always get back around to you

leaving us somehow. Not my lot in life. Now if you will forgive me I must be dancing to meet the one who'll gladly pronounce me back my real proper name before it gets to be too late for us.

Bonus Poems:

Possibilities

by Darryl Price

Tuesday was weird. I used to be a poet. I wasn't here on Tuesday. I was at my job at the art museum. We'd just put the Edward Hopper back up because people were asking for it. I used to be a poet. So much in life depends on the girl. I don't want to get lost but I'm afraid

I already have. Right now I am walking on a rainbow on the floor. Now it's gone. I used to be a poet. I believed in things. But it's pretty obvious to me now that you are never going to need me like that again. Okay, so I used to be a poet and you used to like that about

me. For me it was pure. I don't know what
it was for you. I used to be a poet.
Now I am your friend. I used to see words
as being alive. Possibilities were endless. You were more than
a friend. You were someone I liked to know. That
knowledge made me think poetically about living an authentic life.

That was when I used to be a poet. Now
I'm just Darryl. I stand on rainbows and type out
the colors I can remember for no one. Tuesday was
weird and today is no different. It's just the same
in a way I'm sure you'd rather not hear about.
I used to be a poet. That's what they say.

Building This Thing and That Wall

by Darryl Price

The world has long since been bootlegged by madmen. The new
invisible con men are the same as the old
visible con men, hiding and lying
behind their walls of lingering death. There's a weapon
wielding demon hell bent on an insane
vengeance crawling around inside this tough guy's
moneyed flesh suit who would be your willing
angry champion if you so choose it. He
thinks his pale thoughts are his own fleshy dreams. But they
belong to the old self-righteous gangsters

of a sick empire still trying to own
everything and everyone for naught else
but the genocidal trying for ultimate bragging rights. They are

smoke-ringed bored angels, wasting all time, the most
prejudiced dangerous kind. No longer
so interested in doing good works, but in
bigger threats and damaging nightingale
explosions amongst all the innocent
stars of the jungle night sky, blaming every
lending hand in time but themselves for the

smoldering destruction of the all life-
giving forests. It's sad, to be sure, but
it should come as no surprise. The war is
never quite finished with heartbreak. It just
gets handed down. Babies are born melting
into the inequality fight like
so many pelting raindrops. Young men are used like
flat nails to crack down doors with their foolish hard
heads, when all they want is to find someone to
open their saturated hearts to peace.

Girlfriends weep from every wounded corner,
in every dusty crack of dawn, from every stoned and
broken window, in every stinking smoke
stack town and try to shield the love in their care
from the lust of suffocating hate. And still that's just one
finger smudged revolving picture of life
happening behind the moving cut glass
frontier of our modern times. Listen. There
are others. You make one. You find one. Share it with us. Be the
one. Build not to destroy, but to welcome.

I Want to Sing To You

by Darryl Price

without looking at the words. I want to draw a picture of you
without setting my hat on fire. I want to swing you around in an
open field
without thinking something's bound to go wrong. I want to touch
your hands
without resorting to an old map found buried in a book on fairies.

To run with you in the downpour without looking for a quick
squeezed
way in. Want to remember your face because it's resting in my
fingers like a cherry
pit. I want to sit with you in front of the ocean without
planning to take one shell. I want to find you in a garden

without thinking I should remove my shoes first and put them
under a
rose bush for safe keeping. I want to give you that dance without
dropping all blanks
in the chamber for good luck. I want to embrace your name
without
falling into an unmade ditch of spears head first. Want to drink
your

trance without going home and putting myself to bed afterwards.
I want to
play my guitar like a wounded warrior without having to explain
the nature of all scars.
I want to leave my most careless poems on your doorstep without
having
to fold up all the moonbeams into neat little rows before I go.

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You Can Push Things(a daft first draft)

to the back of your mind like a box of unpacked beloved books if you want, but that's no life I want to explore any further with you. We don't have as much time as we once did to believe in something other than an empty bottle of dreams. Love is still real even when the mud begins to fizzle and leap out of its own way. That's all I wanted to

say. I don't believe their lies any more now than I did before I went missing. They want you to spit your love on the ground like bitter drugs. To tear the bells out of the golden dragon infested clouds like a fistful of wires. To sink the last of the flower petal boats with heavy rocks. To smash all singing birds to death against the brick walls. But I don't buy

their latest diet wars. Their brand name barrels of bargain smoking guns.

Their greasy gravy jars full of deliciously simmering coiled bombs. Their sick

little insurance run churches of the barbecued nightmares of innocent children. Listen.

Love is always going to be all even when all else is floating to the burning ground. That's what I want you to remember

you already know. I'm not trying to get you to do anything

you don't want to do deep down inside. Don't join anything on my behalf. I don't care. Just don't be boring. This poem is where I stand. It's not some silly broken mystery rotting in a cave. I live in the same awful world as you. And again.

Love is all you need. They want you to turn in your hopes, but you know better. Love is like the sky all around. See it.

Darryl Price Wednesday, July 02, 2014

