

Another Vase

by Darryl Price

I feel you in the shape
of certain keywords or
something else building up
inside me. Those are the
ones without needing words.
I didn't choose what you

do to me to happen.
In this world there's more tears
than I remember you
saying we deserve. Why
do all my sad songs find
your shape still appealing?

I've got nothing against
the sunshine, but I wish
you weren't so hellbent on
living like nothing else
matters. I'm embarrassed.
I've made another wobbly

vase. Without saying.
Where is my Walt Whitman
voice when I need him most?
I feel you are the shape
of some truth I'm hoping
to find today on the

way home. You've got tender
eyes. That's what you said and
what made you laugh. I feel
you're, in part, mystery.

How can I not follow
that clue? I've always felt

your echo inside the
shape of my poem. Beyond
belief. You'll find me,
thinking of a good friend
I never got to see
alone because she's gone.

