

# Apples and Oranges and Apples

*by* Darryl Price

No one is going to find us. And even if they did it's just a play someone wrote with you in mind as the lead. No one is going to find us. I could have told you this but I didn't want to spoil your newfound fun. No one is going to find us. The funny part is, I found you, but you didn't

find me. You saw me, you just didn't see me. No one is going to find us. I know there are much prettier lies out there than the ones we are now lifting. No one is going to find us. They aren't going to save us. We are going in the cold water, one way or another. Look. No one is

going to find us. You made that perfectly clear. No one is going to find us. Because there is no escape. No one is going to find us. But I still meant every single word. It doesn't make it any less true. No one is going to find us. Okay, you've made your point. You can simply put

together another whole life out of the torn pieces of this one anytime you want just by looking in another direction, following a hunch. Or by letting someone quietly speak to you over your lunchtime book. But it's no joke. No one is going to find us. I know that now.

No one is going to find us. And the pages

of joy and sorrow will continue to turn in  
on themselves, until we blow away. No one is  
coming. No one is going to find us. But I  
can't help myself. I still want to know the fire will  
burn me. It's not enough for me to be told. No

one is going to find us. And it comes as no  
surprise. But mountains and seashells still make me smile.  
No one is going to find us. But kites and big  
bright fireworks still make me breathe  
deeply on purpose. Trees make  
me feel at home wherever I am (being) myself.

Bonus poems, for those who asked:

A Bunch of Flowers  
by Darryl Price

What did we do that you have silenced your love?  
Isn't that the opposite? What did we do that you  
have walked so far away now that even if you  
wanted to turn around it would take months and years  
to even begin to pick up the trail again? What

did we do that you have erased the pronouncement of  
our names from your lonely thoughts? Is that fair? How  
will the light get in? What did we do that  
makes us, alone in the universe, unworthy of your own  
share of angel's mercy? Are you a good witch or

a bad witch? What did we do that gave you

the right to dismiss us from your heart's favors? Are we not ordinary? What did we do that the only thing you have for us this night is night's shadowy cape thrown over our wide open tears? What have you

done to your head? Life's too cruel for such lies. What did we do that you'd rather grow older than younger with us as your mates? What did we do that demanded a pirate's flag be flown over the hour every time we meet? What did we do that spilled

the last bottle of help down the drain? You're not the only one. What did we do that let the fake ashes bloat that silence into childish fury? You'll be next. Isn't that the way it always works? When did you get to play so dirty? What did we do

that turned your inner gardens into a sad gangster cemetery? Come on. Come on. Come back. We need you. I need you. We want you. What did we do that you can never allow yourself to understand? What did we do that turned your smile into chaos and confusion? What

did we do that your hollowness can never be filled again with love? You're not out of love. And neither are we. We welcome broken you into our arms. As you push and shove, we welcome broken you home again. I thought you knew. You are not lost. We're here.

The Sound  
by Darryl Price

of crying. The sound of a ghost  
wishing. Of haunted dreaming. The  
sound of the plane of laughing. All  
I know is I'm sitting here now.  
alone at the kitchen table.  
Not hungry, but appetite. The  
glass of water in the Mason  
jar is already two thirds gone.

The shedding trees outside are cold,  
shivering in the cool winds. These  
are just street things. They probably  
don't have anything in common.  
But my day. The lazy sound of  
so much wasted rain. The sound of  
a dirty motor starting. The  
pretending rain and the glass of

water might have something else in  
common. I'm not doing my best.  
Are the poor trees in a glass cage  
or is it me? I don't know why  
you should care. Did you know Flipper  
the sweet star dolphin committed  
suicide by holding her breath  
until it was all over? Love

wasn't enough when we were young.  
It never is when you are that  
lonely for wild company. The  
sound of one leaf hitting the ground  
or just the world in general.  
The sound of the thick wet grasses,  
wondering where the sun went. Will  
he ever come back? We can't live

like this. The sound of a train.  
It's only passing through us. The  
sound of the story telling us  
itself. The sound of long ago  
feet. The sound of the chair as I  
adjust my skeleton. Someone  
whistling, a sad melody  
underneath. The onset of Fall.

You and I back where we started.  
The poem isn't over. It's  
sleeping. Waiting to awaken.  
The sound of the heart's wheel turning  
out another night's journey. The  
sound of stars. The sound of weeping.  
But the sound of discovery.  
The sound of everything at once.

Oh, For Fuck's Sake  
by Darryl Price

Has the thrill of being human  
worn off yet? I hope not. I'd like  
to fly, but where would I go? Could  
I spot your house from the clouds? Through  
the rain? I don't know. Dave Chappelle  
makes me laugh in a good way. I  
mean it's a really good feeling.  
That's something, isn't it? Why must

we always concentrate on pain  
as the end of all happiness?  
The pain we all feel. Even when  
we are feeling everything is

pretty wonderful. I think it  
was the Smiths who put it this way:  
there is a light that never goes  
out. Never. I believe that and

I'm not sure I know what it means,  
other than asking you to leave  
a light on. These are just words, but  
look at how deep they can go in all  
directions. Like rays. Like ripples.  
Being human. That's about all  
that we've got left to believe in.  
Life is a dance floor. I had a

strange dream once where I was flying  
upright like a vacuum cleaner.  
I thought it was funny. I was  
terrified, didn't see the top  
of your sweet head anywhere that  
I can remember. I have a  
foolish heart. That is very well  
known. Am I just a sad mirror?

Sometimes all I can do is speak  
in a low growl or groan, spitting  
out a string of unrelated  
sentences to the couch cushions.  
Maybe that's my poem's process.  
Who knows? But we're not done here yet.  
Vanity. A few seconds. Leaves  
appear. Leaves disappear. Appear.

Disappointment comes. And goes. Has  
the regret of being human  
worn off ? I'd like to remember

you, but how could I not? I was  
a fool for your love. I built a  
boat. It's still there. Waiting. If you  
don't care, I can't change that into  
a longer poem. I should go.

