

As Many Will Fall

by Darryl Price

tumbling for you from afar as close-up.
They will rewrite your dancing form like a
proper magical spell on all their maddest days,
using the branches of cherished trees dipped
into the trapped wells of certain hosts of
perfectly punctured stars, and those pin-strokes

shall forevermore become the colors
of their anointed dreams. They won't notice
you getting taller or older or wise
or less present in the wind like the rest
of us because you'll be as surely memorized
as any prickled over poem

ever might be. That is their own sorry
scrapbook to have to deal with. Sometimes these
little things get mass produced and start a
lot of silly arguments among the
men and a few women about the artistic
nature of beauty—what it does

to the intellect over time and how
it so neatly trains the emotions to
swell and blubber about like stranded fish.
We all want to return to the sea, but
without fear, but I'm afraid that only
happens when you truly forget your heart's true desire.

Bonus:

The Wind Wasn't So Much

spinning on our faces
as calling from inside
our cutting, twisting hearts.
We could see the heavy
newly formed sailing ships

were inevitable
to bump into all our
best laid plans to fall in
love. No matter how long
it took them to discover
us all through the night

they would eventually
bring a sickness to
our sky-filled souls. Someone
would not be leaving us
behind, but one would, in
their gathering, breaking

walks forever, the us
that we had made like a
beautiful wheel out of nothing but
raw sweet air and nothing
else. I'm way too tired now
to try and make this sing

any louder for you
than this one foolish bird
already in my hand,
but it's a true song, I
swear, even if the words
mess up the meaning. I

never wanted to see
you swim away like that, so completely
given over to waves,
but I understood how
those hills and crests visioned
you in themselves, because I wanted

your splashing sounds more than my own
sprouting life wanted my
own running away dreams and sorrows
to take me fast to tomorrow's
sleepy shore of
hurried memory too .

The wider world I guess needed
you like some kind of miracle
rain. The only
trouble with that story
is how it left me without
any water for

the rest of my wide open
days, but there are tears
still to be had. That's what
I hear anyway late
in this moon's fog, the patter
on your silenced seat.

