Awaken Sleepy Star

by Darryl Price

Don't sleep. Tiny orange
Balloons like seahorses are bobbing
This way and that trying
To get your hair to lift
Off its marvelously mud-
Swamped and pillowy support beams, blue sea strand by green.
Don't you want to see that happening? Don't sleep. I want to hold

You and look into your fabulous swirling
Eyeballs. Curtains are busy
Blowing musical notes
Right through the walls like shadows of rain.
That chair you mistrusted and
Its sinister lamp are mashing all

Your stuff together in
To one big dumpling on the snoring floor. Don't sleep!I want to show you how

Two little sparrows are
Struggling to braid your fingers
Into a nest. Don't
Sleep. I want to kiss you so badly right now I'm willing to let go of all these precious little words of mine for the beastly and hard kind.

Many sprung green things are
Flirting with the bedposts.
Don't. It's snowing. The house,our house, did you know that it
Is already covered up everywhere up to its locked windows in a fluffy white and flying fur of some alien kind?
And gone? Completely? Help! We've disappeared from all known regions of time and space! I want you to

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Say my name. I'm confused. Here.
Move over. Let's make us again.

Bonus poems:

Talking to a Locked Gate by Darryl Price

"Fun is the one thing that money can't buy."--The Beatles

Poetry is an act
of love. Who do you think
you are? I'm not on your
wave, you riders of young
dreaming lovers, their hands
tied together in brave
hope for the future. An
act of love. Who are you?

I am not on your side,
you armies of trial and
error, you proud puppets,
stompers of desire and
exploration, mistakes
and spontaneity.
Poetry is my love
for you. I am not on

your path, you critics of
the imperfect fumble,

artists trying to score
lightning into magic.
I resist. You gender
deniers of the great
mysterious spirit
in nature. Poetry

is an act of my love.
I return your beauty,
manipulators of
precise political
correctness, the strict lanes
of bricked-up feeling, spit
while proclaiming freedom
for only your own pain.

Poetry is at the
heart of all life, a wild
sensuality I
celebrate like a priest,
diverse and giving. Who
do you think you are? I'm
on the side of dancers,
starry-eyed rain makers.

Poetry is an act
of fun. Silly has no
religion. It has no
government. It is not
precious. It is our friend.
Do you think you are sane?
I'm on the side of shells
on the beach, light that shines.

Death is Always Pretty
Busy. But then so is life when you get right down to it.
That's all (there is to say).
So far YOU don't want to
Be the next one bitten by
The nasty shark because
YOU happen to be the
One swimming within its
Plenty toothy reach . Some
Surf right over top that
Monster's fat head without
One drop of blood being
Spilled between them. Most will
Never know just how close
On a daily basis
The countdown spoon comes to
Lifting them towards the
Greedy gums that will seal
Their final approach. Point
Is what goes on must go
On unless we change what
Goes on. You start. Them's the cosmic
Rules. Nothing survives still
Waters. But just you start to dance.
And signals from as far

Away as the one and only forgotten moon begin
To rattle back and
Forth. Words are finally formed. Hairs vibrate beautifully swaying sensuously to the savage beat.
Heads are lifted from their slumbers in dark herds. Smiles
Break the surface of the
Faces like air porpoises

Intent on sensing what
Everything feels like when
You believe anything
Is possible. And it is, it
Really is. That's your choice to make, while
Mine's always been to be with you.

The Young Lovers

have to slug it out
with the whole world. Everyone says
they are for that love but they lie. No one wants
to believe anyone else could find it, what they could not.
Just not possible. No one could try harder than me?Yeah well
you'll see when love finds you home alone. You won't see it
coming. It's
not something you can just plant
and grow just because you have

the land. Strangely enough it
can sprout up just about anywhere and
from anything. It can come out of a look given on
a passing piece of sunglass. You never know. In the meantime
we pretend to have it in our pockets like a good
old sturdy assed plastic comb. All you have to do is simply
reach for it. The lie
perpetuates itself .Everyone agrees it works out fine so it does.

But young lovers are shunned, disbelieved,
and finally dismissed. They are
treated as children in danger of becoming swallowed by waves
too
huge to imagine. How could these kind eyed strangers have found

the beautiful fountains and not shared its location with all of us? It's selfish. Self serving at best. So unfair. Lucky bums need their priorities set straight. Oh

we'll see to it for them.