

Bag of Seeds

by Darryl Price

Fallen Angels or falling rain,
what is the difference? Feel the
warm sun on your face. You want to
believe you're in on the joke. If

I could say it right, would then your
lonely heart not have broken? Seize

all the lemons! Snow leopards driving
like maniacs around our
town in little red cars. I'm pretty
sure you've seen them. Going out

and about again and again.
More fallen angels than you can

count in a lifetime. But the rain
remains a mystery. A sad
memory. Another chance. More
or less. One. Two. Three. Four. Fallen

angels getting bitter not better.
They don't miss heaven, they miss

Van Gogh's lust for life. Falling rain
or double sided tape. What are
you seeing the world through? Crooked
fallen angels entwined. Only

good men cry. Fallen Angels or
falling rain, in your stoney dreams.

