

Barking at the Moon's Silhouette

by Darryl Price

We took our turn at the younger stage. One good turn deserves another and all that crap. But does it always have to strong-arm the world's latest lovers apart with so much pushed and shoved ultra violence? So far away and so completely reversed from each other's misery loves company company? Nobody else could hold onto all that kind of sadly spun about momentum and live to tell about it in their right ended

mind afterwards. That's why so many grim young people tend to mumble broken sentences unto themselves. It's like telling a secret to no one who's listening but expecting them to bear it silently away anyway. Mmm and mmm and mmm-- and mmm to you too, brother. Trouble is no one believes in its blessing and its curse until the train is finally touching their own shoestrings. Perhaps that's where

the language of vivid dreams comes quietly soaking in. But that seems to be mostly spoken in angelic animal deities' chatter and with certain gathering lights splayed out on the different surfaces more than any alphabet not nailed down deep into the daily dirtiest dirt. And still we

understand it like we understand anything about the air, that we are inextricably linked to the purest spots

of its occupancy, molecule upon molecule, until all the stars
will wink out on us
permanently. After that it doesn't matter I guess

but until then it's
the only thing that makes any real kind of thankful sense to us true
non believers. So
go on and gas us away like you always seem to want to with your
rising luminous sadistic
parting snarling lips of filth and defiance. Maybe it's finally time
once again to sing that silly car song to you, the one you so
brilliantly taught us to memorize way back when you were caring
and alive and driving around in the love places like a stoned out teen
aged messenger from the other side of the garden wall, eh? Okay
then. Listen if you will.

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My Giantess

likes to shake

her fluffy hair
down into

the space
in front of

her face like
a thickly stranded mop

being strangled
by unseen hands.

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Beauty, On My Birthday
by Darryl Price

I wouldn't want to let
You down, but asking no
Questions, forgiving the
Times, I've seen the paintings,
All yourself. I wouldn't
Want to let you down, but

Am undone, broken, and
Without a fire extinguisher
On my person.
I wouldn't want to let
You down, God knows, but aren't
You tired of leaving?

I wouldn't want to let
You down, I sing over
My shoulder, but days get
Quite lost and lonely here
Without you. Wouldn't want
To let you down, but I'm

Not to be released from
Your company so easily
As that. Wouldn't
Want to let you down, oh

But I adore your face!
I wanted things tender

Before delicate—dreamed,
Not yet doomed. I wouldn't
Ever want to let you
Down, but if you like, I'll
Write and say it. Wouldn't
Want to let you down, please

Show true meaning, Oh weeping
Woman. Wouldn't want
To let you down, but like
Others, I'm thunderstruck
Through and through, feeling a
Wrist for pulse, blessed below.

07/10/2017

Bonus poem:

The Yellow Mustard by Darryl Price

“Life is not solved.”—Hugh Prather

“I think I'm gonna be sad.”—John Lennon

(I love it when he does that.
I hate it. Who does he think
He is?) I only want to
See you in sun dresses, you

With your hair mussed. I want to
Watch you eat a hot pretzel
Dipped in yellow mustard. Look

Into your mouth as you smile
For the picture. Oh no, I
Haven't forgotten that you
Also exist in this funny
World. I don't know why I
Was given a glimpse of your
Amazing presence. (When he

Does that all his sentences
Run backwards. I can't decide
If it's demotic or glad
And innocent.) A warbler,
You are anything but a
Dry meadow. When you stand and
Dorsal me I want to start

Immediately to save
All butterflies, but now it's
That time to say goodbye. I
Knew in the moment you stretched
Yourself in front of me like
A hand-painted dragon shade,
But the dart was already

Delivering the poison
With an almost not-there kiss.
I don't want to stop looking
For you, but I'm afraid if
I found you I might not find
You. (When he does that I want
To snatch the poem out of

His head and bury it in
The backyard. I can't decide
If he's real or a disguised
Minefield.) You can't possibly
Know the cut you've made across
My chest the moment you left
The spot of our togetherness

Without a word. But I
Felt the look back, it hit me
Like a magnet, slapping all
My senses—as if someone
Cleared their throat like there would be
Nothing left in the morning.
(He ought to go back to bed.)

