

# 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.

Darryl Price 032910

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.

Darryl Price 033110

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.

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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.)

