

Beer and Wine, Paint and draw, No Blue Sky

by Darryl Price

My friends stopped listening to music
as their skin changed into nano speakers,
printed like spores on their phone's features.
I told them, you know they only
want to sell you something more. What, they
said, we're not idiots. I still believe

in love, I said. You did, too, once.
So what, they said, look at what we've got.
It doesn't look like love, I said. It
looks more like junk than fun. It's lovely
new stuff, they said. We're winners of the
All American circumstance, they

shouted, dancing around. You do look
rather haunted, I said, but where is
that joy they promised you? The gags? In
the beer and wine, of course, they laughed, are
you stupid? I guess so, I said to
no one listening. Write your poems

and shut the fuck up. No need to worry
about anything but the next
metaphor, okay? We're fine. My friends
used to care about little things, now
it's the big picture that really counts
the most. I get the feeling I'm one

of those little things that don't merit.

My friends used to hate any kind of
hate that hurt any other living
thing. Time to grow up, they said, their eyes
full of concern and worry. The world
is a very heavy wheel, they told

me. You need to get a clue. Wake up.
My friends used to drive in snow storms to
get someone home safely. That's what I
remember. I kind of feel old now.
Friends would go to the park on a whim.
Here, they said, sing us a song. What's that

one about waking up early to
watch it all begin to look pretty
again? You know the one. I forgot
I wrote anything with so much hope
in it. Doesn't matter. It's long ago.
Lost in fog. I don't know why that

makes me smile, I feel sick. My friends are
busy with their lives. They are connecting
the dots. My friends are bingeing shows. I'm
listing in the deep and writing
scribbled letters to long ago ghosts.
I'm still in some kind of pain. My friends

are checking off items on a bucket
list. They've all scratched off, save the world.
I don't want God to damn anyone.
I'm ready, so let's go. Goodbye is
too bitter of a word for this love.
All goes away, thinking, me and you.

