Beginning, Another Bright Red Day

by Darryl Price

Pick up any stick or stone and
you'll find the path again. Pick out any
lone star and it will shine just
for you. The rascal wind simply enjoys
messing about with your serious
nature. Listen to its screeching

(on purpose) love moans. It starts
the challenge you could say. Stems are
like short wires that supply enough
juice to the leaves to brighten up even
your darkest days. It's not a modern
miracle, it's a well-known (made-up)

every day factoid. When they're gone and
sunk back into the horizon
again, just get up and look for certain corners
of the sky that glow like skulls
on a bright sunny beach. This still won't take you
home in an instant, like a blast

of cartoon dynamite, but it can
give you a somewhat truer meaning to carry
forward with you on your search. A small torch,
if you only will use it, or
a super sudden, cool looking flashlight

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to help you solve your latest mystery

of being surrounded
by so many footprints, within & without
the ancient stone circle, in a
foam-drenched dream by the sea kind of way. Something smooth
and tangible weighing slightly in your
pockets, besides your own diamonds to

warmly connect you with your own
unfolding sentences and help you
remember what you came here for in the first place...yep, you bet
this is love. This is worth the salty rub, up and down the coasts.
This traveling far and wide with no more
courage than a careful crab blinking

at another bright new day from a
moist bed of stranded seaweed and
gently swaying pebbles, all gleaming
at the lifting sun like bathers
with no more urgent care than finding
the next wave to collide into.

Darryl Price Thursday, January 31, 2013

Adventure Story

by Darryl Price

"No one is your perfect fit/I do not believe in that shit."--Stephen Malkmus

We got lost looking for the way

to be ourselves. You took every
jump into the ocean as a
personal challenge to your new
humanity. You believed in
every dinner to come as plates
full of possibilities and

endless adventures into the
unknown. And maybe they were, but
you were the adventure I was
looking for, while you were using
me as your buddy buoy. Didn't
know the strain that places on the
heart. Wasn't aware that you would

leave me lonely. I was a cup
for your tears. A bed for sorrows.
And now you want me to give you
points for issues. Because the game
was cruel for both of us. But you're
not sorry. I am. We got lost
when we should have been looking out

for each other's sanity. I
suppose it still turned out to be
a kind of love. But that little
bit, by definition, really
threw me down to the ground. We got
lost; you went your way and I went
out of my mind trying to remember

your kisses. We got lost because
you left all your windows open,
even the one that was my face
and your smile. Sooner or later

something's going to get in and
come between us, promises,
mutual understanding

and the meaning of life. We got
lost because we quit believing
in the connection we made that
didn't exist anywhere else
outside of being together.
And now I've got another song,
another poem in your name.

An Old Bonus Poem:

Practicing My Trees

by Darryl Price

I know you don't want to see me bleeding together
these next groups of words like this, not until the
tee-shirt's fully washed, finished up for its fine service to
People-kind and hung out to dry somewhere nice and airy.
Then it has every lucky chance I'm told of flying
away on its own powerful flailing arms and becoming someone
else's lost treasure or trouble. Just not mine and not
yours anymore. That's where the cut's the most awful,the
deepest, I think. These new thoughts keep tumbling out of
my eardrums like spinning jacks and putting on their oh
so long glowing robes and taking their rightful places right

behind me—ready to swing the daylights out

of the
most sadly written chorus you've ever heard (when I give
them the silent cue ball,that is). Well I can't
help it if someone strange thinks I can swing. I've
opened my mouth to speak undiscovered fountains of youth like
winding stairs full of flutes and gotten several alarming angles
of menacing clouds instead, to regurgitate fresh meadows I'd almost
forgotten and gotten blotches of poisoning factories belching their overstuffed
noonday snacks back at the distended sun, to moisten the
heads of dolphins with a perfectly planted and well-meant kiss
or two and gotten sand in a bottle for sale
at an enormous price tag. All these things I hereby
lay aside to push before you at some other crack
in time because they are failed attempts to say something
new without pretense. Why does it have to be explained
any further than that? If I could I'd tie

them
all up in a big blue blanket and fling them
up at the sopping stars hoping to watch them brilliantly
sink back into a black cosmos of their own making
like the little stone sharpened stories that they truly are
underneath their shells. But we all know that's all but
nearly impossible with modern life being as it is. Here's
only two reasons I can't throw off light any farther
than that for now. One. Because you are like a
drifting petal of exquisite hue that just so happened to
fall on my head one day when I wasn't looking
out for it. And Two. Just because I don't believe
you are a lie to be told to anyone I
know--at all. Maybe I don't care enough, period. That

would explain a few things between us right off the
bat. Nevertheless we find ourselves here at a moment of
true beauty—it stays riding fast and furious between us
for as

long as we both shall live and breathe
the dream of our boldest dreams. Of that I am
sure. But no more.Not one word more. Nothing else
makes any real sense to me right now. Nothing that
I would invest with any kind of soul power. This
map then that I place in your hands only works
when you look at it—no one else will be
able to read its stick figure messages as well as
you do. That is its sole purpose on this earth.
To give you alone complete access to its funny looking
mystery boards. And if you have not the wellness of
mind to discover the gooey center then let it go
unexplored by tongue or mystic Eastern thought pattern. It has
been created with you in its engineered seated mind, that's
all. Why do you think only in terms of faraway
people and places anyway? There are so many

more good
things going on within the contortionist surfaces of pages than
pressed together wood fibers and an otherwise inky pulp from
a host of ghostly squid might otherwise indicate. There's the
black pressure of life itself stealing behind the ink to
be sure, but that's not to say there isn't still
a raging fire swimming on beneath the boiling water's craggy
concerns with going somewhere after all. Wherever you are being
you know that life knows its rightful place to go
with it. I don't care if there's proof or pudding,
there's feeling. We can't always listen to their selfish, hateful
nonsense. Sooner or later it's goodbye to the death squads

as we know them. We have to fly. We have
to try. We know we might die at their hands.
 But this old death march they have been putting us
on--on a daily basis-- already has forsaken way too
many of us to a crippling loneliness. We want more
to dream. And we want it to be as us
dancing wonderfully unbound together. All of us. To hurt even
the hurtful is not our way. We are not like
them.

Can you deny us that one feathery pleasure forever? This
is the history of the world you are fooling with.
It happens every single day of the year. It happens
every single minute of every single day. It's happening to
you right now. To your mind. To me. And to
all of us. To the very blades of grass we
walk upon. Will you really shoot the stalks to torn
apart pieces for a mere laughing lark among fellow killers?
More will grow you know. More will come. In one
form or another. They'll raise their sons and daughters to
be loud mouth poets. When the daylight breaks something new
and good and even great is born even when the
weather is at its bleakest slowest hour. Always. Come on
inside the words right now my friend and take a
seat. Take my hand. Just for a brief and a
restful moment to stand alone without fear guiding us, let
us here celebrate something real in this world together. Ah,
I say, a big,fat yes to all that and
much, much more that I see living still in your
deepest set of the all seeing eyes. Do love anyway.