

# 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

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

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## 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.

