

Believing Everything I Read In Your Upturned Eyes

by Darryl Price

It doesn't have to be force grown between
us. We entwine naturally. It's a
good feeling to have a friend who at once
doesn't require a hothouse ceiling laid
between each invisible touch. There's just
wind. There's just rain. There's just sun. There's just you.
There's just me. They may want more. More sailboats.
More soaked to the bone clothing. More incidental sad

music coming from strange pungent doorways,
but I like the music of your own quiet self,
so sweet. We entwine naturally. In
shade. In clouds. In swirling blues. I don't care.
They hate anything happy. It's always
been the same. Don't want to make poetry
out of it. I just want to walk down the
same street alive in it. We entwine. Your

candle smile takes me anywhere it wants. I fall. I follow.
This is the meaning of a life of
miraculous grace. Let them laugh. I might
agree a twisted tree can be quite the
cynical sight, even cruel, but only
if met with a cold, cold heart. We entwine

and nothing gets crushed out of this picture because of us.
We entwine naturally. I only want to

freely celebrate the fact because I'm
joining in with the chorus already
in progress in your eyes. Naturally,
we entwine. How could it dare be otherwise?
Let them stare. Let them point. They can't see into
our dream. We entwine and certain stars begin to
motor up behind golden sunsets like blazing
stage lights. I only wanted you to know this. dp

Bonus poems:

The Flaming Stars by Darryl Price

We met, you can't deny that. Out of all
the fool ways the flaming stars could simply
disintegrate and then sprinkle themselves
over the cooling of eternity,
we met somewhere out on the blue planet's

swirling surface anyhow. How many
curious things are in the way of that
ever happening to us? You could name
just about anything, a soft frozen
butterfly, a faraway hypnotic

whispering drum beat, or an echoing
floating sunset, a drunken rooster, and
the thing could either get in the way of
all pure communication or open

like an Elvish door to let you through and

get you one inch closer to the unique
monument of standing there alone and
together. I get it. There are always
going to be fresh forces pulling us
apart again. But for that meeting they

brought us together. From that time on we
still were flowing over into greater
different oceans of our lives. We met,
and that brought me a sort of painful kind
of permanent joy, I guess because I'm

still looking at the disappearing spot
where you left me. No one else seems to mind.
They pretty much are over it. Only
poets seem to remember such things as
songs to commemorate such a friendship. dp

A Message From The Road
by Darryl Price

There is no other message now that means more besides
the love we all can feel. Sometimes it comes to
us and at other times it comes from us, but
only because a heart somewhere is opening. At that point

we have an easy hard choice to make, either to
accept that lucky grace and be thankful for it or
to childishly reject it in the name of pride or
arrogance. Even though that is mostly true, it's also true

that many of our actions have been made sadder by
our own fears. The virus of fear is a mighty
sore symptom of misunderstanding and blocked thought, but it
doesn't

need to overwhelm who you are to yourself-- because the

love remains where you are as a being, too, always.

It simply requires your meaningful participation, your free yes
despite

the pain and suffering you may be experiencing at any
given moment. Give what you can into the spirit of

love wherever you are standing, sitting or lying down today.

There's no amount too small, no amount ever rejected or
sent back for more. You will receive it again somewhere
somehow tenfold because it is generous in its central nature.

It's no trick of the imagination. It is the very
instantly recognizable action of kindness. Any kindness. Any kind
thought.

Any kind word. Any compassion. Any empathy. It moves the
universe in a more beautiful direction, away from pitiful
bitterness

and into a worldwide celebration of inclusion and toleration, not
exclusion and loneliness, nor just simply selfish desire. It always
has, as it always will be the voice of mercy
and goodwill in each circumstance. And it is just as

much you as it is me or anyone else. Please
so won't you show some hope with us in your
own dignified and special way of doing things, a way
that most easily opens your own heart without hesitation?
Thanks.

