

Birds Fly

by Darryl Price

Birds fly and people focus on finding their still point. Birds fly and people wait for love, but I couldn't. Birds fly and people think about beauty. Birds fly and people become frustrated. Birds fly and people drown in little rooms. Birds fly and people like strange words cast huge shadows. Birds fly and people make mocking landscapes filled with balloons. Birds fly and

people frighten themselves in the mirror. Birds fly and people fold like origami horses. Birds fly and people ask for blessings under their breath. Birds fly and people die of old age on fire escapes. Birds fly and people will take horrible vacations in their mind's lonesome valleys. Birds fly and people are programmed to be the problem. Birds fly and

people don't remember soon enough. Birds fly and people pour a glass of water. Birds fly and people hurry in the wind and rain like it's a matter of pity. Birds fly and people run on the grass until nothing is left but bones. Birds fly and people go down the stairs. Birds fly and people say little to each other. Birds fly and people wave.

Bonus poem:

In the Presence

Thought I might still have a little time
to save the world, but it doesn't look
like it. The time to maybe represent
nature with bright musics, but I

thought something wronged and your lyrics suffered
for it. A time to go too far
like Groucho Marx, but said something serious
and the lonely folks all scattered

like alternative comics. Time
to search for a secret stairway, but
some had made fun of God, sour angels scooped
our ambition, beat us to death

with golden wings. Time to live out time
quietly, but discover something
wonderful has happened, but we ran
into the same problems as before.

poetry (fragment)

a little
person
under
a big hat
floats through

all her
windows
has a mouth
like a
cut in
a bruised apple

