

Boats for Rent (Thinking About You)

by Darryl Price

We're killing off the elephants.
We're killing off the tigers. We're
killing off monarch butterflies.
We're wrecking the coral reefs. Big
sad gorillas don't feel at home
in their own homes. And all instead
of learning to live in some kind
of simple harmony with them.

Good thing those stars are beyond our
greedy grasp. The boats can't help us
now. They can't take us far enough
away. Passengers are always
us. But I can't help still wanting
to lean in for one more kiss. That's
my ultimate destination.
The boat is only an ink trail

on a crumpled piece of paper.
I've always sought a rare moment
alone with you. The boat becomes
a cave entrance. The cave becomes
a garden path. The path becomes
a long goodbye. Even if you
could get back everything has changed
into something else. That's if you

can survive all the changes that
willfully bloom within yourself.

So why do I feel it's maybe
worth it? We're killing off all the
brain cells. But still the damned numbness
only lasts for so long. Then the
poem comes back into focus
and the words demand you make some

kind of miraculous sense of
all the senseless choices you've made.
I've tried to tell you so many
ways, as many as there are waves
clasping something nebulous and
yet tender between the grains of
sand. None of it matters. So why
do I feel there's still a chance you

will decipher it's true meaning
and discover a smile meant for
only me beneath its cover?
I can't say. I'm rowing that boat.
I keep rowing that boat. It's what
I do to reach you. As long as
we're still alive they haven't killed
off our one true thing in common.

Bonus poems:

Old Story, New Manager
by Darryl Price

Blood pushes the glittering

stardust through your veins, but that's
not the only sound it sings.
It comes alive in moonlight
and becomes a myriad mist
of elementals doing
the ancient dance of timeless

astrology. Blood carries
us to the end of the world.
It causes trees on the back
of Earth to get up and sway
in their slow-motion dreaming
in the arms of wild, wild winds
like the living coral that

they are. Blood gushes past all
the petty wars. It soaks in
to the clouds like air filling
every possible corner
with its color. Its brutal
awakening. Its crushing
silent season. Blood washes

nothing clean. Instead it is
not concerned with your need for
privacy. It signs its name
on top of yours. And still it
carries its reassurance
into your ears like gentle
bongoes echoing the heart.

Naked People Dancing with Naked People
by Darryl Price

There's nothing barbaric about it. It swings. But it won't last. Nothing does. It's only a statement about who we are in a moment.

Like the slow waltz around the beer soaked bar or outside slipping like dimes between the thin sheets of stars. Only for a moment.

Then it's back to the big fist contest to see who is going to last and who is going to stop right there in

their sleepy tracks. I never thought it was anything but beautiful. It fit the moment. It doesn't fit this one. We barbarians have to

get up and go to work. There are children to feed all over the world. It would be nice to take the time to

watch them grow, but you can't slow down now. Too much depends on the things you find resonance with in your entering a room

and your exit out that door. The story ends for them. Not for you. Never for you. Not yet. You'll know when it's time.

Blasted Landscapes

by Darryl Price

Romans 13, "The night is far gone; the day is at hand. So then let us cast off the works of darkness and put on the armor of light."

"Beware, O wanderer, the road is walking, too."--Rilke

Freedomfighters choose love over hate. Matsutake
sunsets tell us so. An
awful experience and a grand disappointment
can't stop the truth from
rearing its ugly head and making
a beautiful noise unto the
Lord. There's no catch. Call it
what you will. I like Great

Spirit. But I also like the
Great Big Goodness. People get
afraid of things that sound right.
Freedomfighters choose love. That's all
I can tell you. Choose love.
There comes a time to
say to the liars that you
are not going to defend

them. That you reject the gasoline
they've been pouring into your
groggy head nonstop while trying to
sell you a box of
matches. They prefer the biggest fireworks.

Freedomfighters don't have a gender
or a skin color or a pedigree
of any kind. They are

not knights or Kings or countries.
They are just people, after
all. Any kind of people. Every
kind of people. They choose
for themselves. It's perfectly clear. So
don't do wrong on purpose.
Freedomfighters, you and I, go ever
on. Everyone deserves to know.

