

# 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.

