

Caterpillar on a Chalkboard

by Darryl Price

What do you want me to tell you
about this next full moon cycle that you don't
already intuitively seem to have touched upon in your latest bout
of almost there dreams? It too will
pass? That it is a totally different unfair animal
from the repellent one already tightly wrapped onto
the now familiar cosmic branch of wheel and wind,
fastened to the one short road curving on ahead? Food's craved
altogether differently from a
different set of insect lips? Well, okay, then it is,
a storm perfectly round in nature is coming after you, if you
choose to look at it in that cruel of a way, only

that's your perfect freedom on a sixth sense kind
of pathway, so go ahead enjoy it, but it's also exactly
the same eternal energy source at the root
of any tree, in that the love connection
we all know to be there somewhere at
the center of every coming into our being's central pulse, we feel
tightening in our veins
is still the very real affection we all
get to have all the time at the
deepest levels as it gets played out or
played through on any number of different channels

of our personal heaven or hell. Like the sea it
changes salts all the time and it also
strangely stays the same tasting forever. Not so
much like you are always staring at the

sun's brilliantly mirrored facial expressions mind you, more like waking

up in the new morning's pop of muscle and nerve, as simple as that.

It is the Supreme Is that's got that certain swing, baby. Philosophers accepted this crazy spatial mathematical

ring a long, long time ago, but it only gets them mad as hell the more

they think about it. And of course since they think about it so very deeply and sometimes childishly often they drive themselves slowly insane as a by-product of all that wasted head space. Poets of course thought about it in terms of their wildest erotic visions and decided it all made the grandest sense as a beautifully carved musical instrument that could only be heard by sad angels and certain shy children. Angels see it as a normal wormhole, not to be equated

with miracles at all, on any level. SO BE VERY CAREFUL where you tread. And

so forth, and so on. The oldest of mysteries are always yours to wrestle with whenever you'd like, but please be aware of your own pulsating mind at work at its most self-preserving-first, forward thinking best, its constantly conniving up its own tricky sleeve best, as it gives a right answer to the question you ask for and nothing more. Here's the whole hinted at trick: you can't always ask by asking, you can only ask sometimes by doing, or by believing, by living, or by dying.

Bonus:

Things Left to Chance No More

by Darryl Price

In Memory of Janice Roth

We know each other and
then we don't because one
of us is somewhere else
forever. It takes so
little time to tell you
I'm glad you are only
you being you without
wanting anything from
you. I wish you knew from
me that I wanted to
hold you one more time and
not just because you are

someone worth holding. I
wanted you to know that
you are that to me. And
I wanted to be for
you as vulnerable
as you are and brave as
you are and kind as you
are with you. But I failed
to reach you. Instead you
reached me. And do you know
what I remember? How
your sweet tiny teeth looked

framed by your short curls and
your beautiful splattered
freckles and how you loved
to dance. Things like that. The
healing way you talked to
all people, giving them
dignity. Or the way
you shared your laughter, not
like a secret, but like
a cool ocean breeze let
into a stuffy room
from an open window.

Goodbye, old dear friend. Your
presence made the world a
much better place. I know
I've said it before, so
I'll say it again. Kind
words matter and yours were
the kindest I've ever
known. And now it's my turn
to return the favor.
You had a good run. You
are the difference now
and wherever you are.

That Bowling for Rain by Darryl Price
You have come home to me like
little wooden boats quietly sloshing towards
my own light among the piers, thank
you so very much for your faith
in unseen things, but you have not
the true character of the one

I was seeking-out by dream tom-tom tonight.
You, all you kids, with your
ripe eyeballs still clinging to the vine,
remind me of cellophane detective agency

children, all colorfully garbed and hungry for
the riddle of the twisted truth
to be solved with a snap, snap,
snap of a chubby chipped thumbnail
and forefinger making a triangle sound in
the modern musical winds. Still, as
my honored guests, you are hereby certainly
most welcomed to enter peacefully my

own humming and able abode. I'm grateful
for your presences tonight, truly I
am. Truth is I was feeling a
bit alone just now anyways. Perhaps
that's the funny feeling signal you somehow
read in my rising smoke rings
then from so very far away? It's
funny how a pipe will do
just as easily as a good old
fire to get the message sent

across sometimes, if the writing's clear enough
I suppose. But now back to
the basic business at hand. This is
mine to give, and so will
I do it. Enter. Enter. Something with
a meaning just for us has
brought us to our present moment together
and I'm just as curious a
frog as the next to jump in
and give it a proper name,

aren't you? There are particular and

ancient sounds we could use to stir
the senses alive that have been
spoken or sung many times over and
by better poets than all of
us put together I'm guessing, but we
might as well be wise to
wait and see if we are to
be given that one we haven't
heard from before, between any of us
that is, especially for the new

found circumstances of our being together like
this, huh? I always find these
things have their own schedules to land
on. It does absolutely no good
not to be generous in any case,
and kindness is at all times
and in all places the best key
kept on the ready by the
front door for just such magical purposes.
Tonight we sing what it means

to dance! We dance what it means
to sing! And if we're lucky
we'll give the world its brand new
flowers in time for a little
more morning rain and afternoon sun. Just
in time for making some jolly
good tea. Eh, what? Oh that, that's
just me sitting in my chair
in another year and writing down your
names for safe keeping in future.

