

# 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.

