

Clouds to the Makers

by Darryl Price

You'll be gone. I'll be gone. I'd hate to think
how it was all for nothing, that all we
did was stumble into a pretty big
hole of our own making. The best place for

a broken heart after all is in your
own sweet chest. No one else has much room for
another, and they are just as likely
anyway to forget they ever shared

it in their possession, or likely to
forget where they first put it down. I swear
I wasn't looking for a new painful
dream and neither were you, but oh the sad

hidden costs. You can never retrace your
best steps to the exact person you were
fast becoming, not without finding a
lonely road stuck in the way. You'll be lost.

I'll be lost. I would hate to only be
able to remember the cracks in the
ocean. But here we are with our choices
staring us in the face like hurting and

hungry children. There is no going back
to anything. You'll be very much out
of proportion. I'll be chopping the stacked
silence between us into kindling, it's

just not worth the log. You'll be big. I'll be
small. The fire will do its job, all our blue
desires will be turned into a curtain
of nonreturnable ashes, as those

ashes will float like clouds to the makers
of another cold, uncorked soaking
rain. I guess there is an end to dreaming.
Put the poem in your scrapbook to mark

its passing. You'll be married. I'll have been.
The wind and the sun will start to clean up
all the leftover debris. No one will
be the wiser. No one will hear our goodbyes.

Bonus poem:

Your Beauty and a Sigh

Let there be only this
Moment shared with you always.
No clouds interfere with the
Color of your skin bouncing into
My eyes. It's as if

I have entered a cave
Of all my fondest dreams and
Found only you against the wall. If you
Have a name it is
Surely pronounced as everything on

This earth, all at once,

Almost as if it could
Hardly contain its own magnitude.
How am I to accept
My own place in your

Sweetest kingdom when like a
Forest animal I can only stare
After your beauty and sigh
With all my heart for
The swift sureness of a

Place called the Heavens? A home
Where you are central to
Rain and sun, and anything
That comes from that alchemy
Is better for having received your touch.

