

Don Quixote Flash Cards (Being a small chapbook of poems)

by Darryl Price

tiny bits

each one found meant
something had blown
apart. that someone
was no longer
with us. but
somewhere that things
were crawling towards
unity

again. another
gun had been
fired. would peace always
start over?
it's funny how
it will. a hand
attaches to
a wrist. fingers

are flexed one
by one as dreams are
fashioned into
hugging arms made
for holding close
those we still long
to discover

like brand new stars.

Sweeteners

They drop themselves right
into the mix like
parachuting seeds, only
these pods they

spring from are the
everyday open
doors we all pass through on
our way to and

from breaths. Ah, why call it
anything else
but ordinary, this miracle
life?

Toy Soldier

It was the only thing I found
on the beach that day. There were
no comrades. Nothing to show what had

happened to the rest of the gang.
He was aimed and ready to fire
but he was alone and his gun

was pointing at the water with a
plastic steadfastness that forever froze its barrel
into the eyes of the enemy like

a mirror mounted on a rock wall.
I felt sorry for him so I
took him home with me. Now he

guards the computer, some books and cds,
with all the verve he has left
in him. Even at night he remains

on duty, ever in uniform, waiting to
fulfill his destiny, fire if needs be.
The cat keeps an eye on him.

The Dying Trees

took a long time
to open their
tight bark-encrusted
eyes and when
they did I was
immediately
struck with how
deeply those orbs
sank into mine.
"We are already

saying all
there is to say,"
they whispered, leaves
dropping at me
like mounted tears.
"Don't speak." I said,
"I know you are
in pain and I
wish with all my

heart you were not."

Loopholes

It all flows back, which
doesn't necessarily mean goes black.
You were made to disappear
down a hole of your

own making. That's not to
say the adventure's not worth
the arm and a leg
you'll be missing when it's

all over. Oh just think
of the clever story you'll
make inside the head of
someone reading this right now.

