Don't Forgive Me

by Darryl Price

of anything if that's the way you feel your love must go down, off its last nut before the big victimizing crash of the end of days and flowers. But watch out for those
thorn bushes that grow from forgotten holes in the ground. You will be
seen as the coming to life new spring devil beneath all
that see-through fabric of a cold and colder wintertime. This might even fascinate
some. There's always a taker or two. So, good luck there,pal. Personally
I never wanted to see you grow permanent horns just

for me. That's such a lonely waste of a good fresh breathing sigh. Everyone's got
a set by the way, but they don't always harden into forever pairs
unless you miss the time to retract all claws or go permanently to salt and sleep. Even
then I suppose it's not too bad, because you won't be the
only one being invented wearing a concrete and readymade,
defensive-mode-like helmet of nothing but pure stubborn bone and ready muscle. I mean look at all those leftover dinosaur marbles rolling across the museum floors like last century's unwanted Mercury dimes!

Never wanted to join a single group of slow going plodders
myself. That appears to be such a sad emotional suicide just
waiting to happen, like being eaten alive from the inside out,
of a bored and lonely crowded room, shoved around by unseen forces—not my scene, man, not into

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it. I've been so down long before this but that's no reason to give up on
the fun ghost showing stuff happening here now. That time will come of its own volition to the front door.

Bonus poems:

The Rocks(early draft)

by Darryl Price

Not sure I remember what's important, but I remember you.
That's the whole problem I think. You're a drain where
all my words end up ending up. All of them
get lost inside you. Eventually. And I'm left with nothing
to say. Because all my words are gone like toothpaste.
The few I've got left only seem to repeat themselves
in pathetic smears. But they'll have to do. Not sure
I can remember anything important, but I say your name
in my sleep. It's all become a boring animal ritual.
I can admit to that. I remember you used to

wear this yellow teeshirt all the time like it defined
something impossible about you and your motion inside dark jeans.
It drove me mad with desire. And that made you
laugh. Which drove me over a cliff, into an ocean,
and left me clinging to slippery rocks for dear life.
So not sure I remember one important thing about anything
if you want to know the truth. But I know
the song that made you sit still and look at
things like they were puzzles you were putting together in
your head with a little seductive dance. How else am

I going to describe the sadness back to you now?
When you're not even listening. And my readers are expecting
me to swing this crazy thing around and show them
the secret room inside of themselves. But a broken heart
can only make cubist desk paintings out of its overly
hoarded toy stuffs and hope for the best. I can't
remember what's important to me any more. It was so
clear to me just yesterday. Oh. Open my eyes. Let
me see a way. Let me swim before I drown.
Let me swim before I wash away. I remember you

as important but I can't seem to remember why. The
words won't tell me. I'm not sure they think we
deserve to know the reason. Or they just might be
trying to protect us from the tilting sun. Oh. It's
too late for that. Oh, open my head. Let me
see before I go completely blind from all the salt in my
own eyes. Running down my face. For all of us
who are left let my words fight for air. For
all of us here let my words continue to look
for fair meaning. And kiss you goodbye. For all the

lonely floating pieces let my wrecked words shine through the
slumber of time and ruin. Night and day. Open the
curtains. I remember you. You were the question I guess
I needed to hear from this life. Thank you for
asking me. It was a beautiful way to say hello
and a hard way to say goodbye as the next
question on the horizon became more solitary in its insistence
on authenticity. Maybe what was so important doesn't matter. But
it remains with me. And I wouldn't want you to
think of it in any other way than real love.

Bonus poems:

Goodbye Bees by Darryl Price

Try to understand. There were dragons. Some were friendly, but
they were real dragons. You didn't want to end up
standing on the wrong side of a belch. Try to
understand. The barefoot woman standing in the grass just outside
her garden gate was perfect for the sun, perfect for
any wind. Her hair was like a flag calling you
to enlist your heart into something more noble. Like a
grand slam to the side of the head. Bees barely
noticed. Birds typed the words you felt, above her head,
high in the clouds, with their sing-song beaks on full

tattletale throttle. Try to understand. We were boys. We had
never thought more deeply about what we were doing than
the invitation. Only the adventure itself ever took us farther
away. Down the stairs. Down the road. Suddenly we were
holding on for dear life. Trying to understand frustration. This
was something new. And hurt in ways no gun could
ever hope to protect us from. Bees elbowed their way
past our frozen stampede like we were made of daisy
chains.Try to understand. We were watching paintings come to
life.Try. We were lovers. Our hands and faces were

for us, only for each to see. Bees buzzed around
everyone's heads. The barefoot woman moved into a beautiful
house
and stayed behind its white picket windows forever. We were
young dreamers breathing together.You blew my mind. Is this
the place we made a secret plan to always appreciate

the bees? The heart breaks. It's a crime. No one
claims to have seen anything. The heart breaks. No one
understands. No one comes. Our hands. Our faces. Our bees.
I got on my tiger. What else was I going
to do? Now he is my only friend. Good company.