

Don't You Think

by Darryl Price

a war forever seems so sadly stupid, pretty petty on our perky part
in the ongoing play,

a terrible loosed thing to have to always
keep holding up our hostage hands to--
at least when being compared to say these sweet,
welcoming, waving branches comfortably surrounding

us here on the veranda, all brightly plunging over top of
every potential conversation we're
starting with their newly polished fingernails
snapping in the winds like gorgeous plastic pom-poms, eager

in their green clean uniforms to catch our
shortest attention span and praise for a set
together movement in this slightly bruised bowl of newly
fabricated air; I mean as if only moments ago made
into a song by me and my carnival mindset out of the rare
moment and

its close proximity to the stones at
your simple feet-- placed in the softly pouting rain, the robust
embossed faces of an ancient looking tan
Italian climbing street-- wherever

you may twist or blow, awaiting the sun's
next color to paint you towards the next line
of a fine border's adventuresome viewpoint--one
of white foam-capped water, its floating necklace

of tied and tethered boats. Oh how I admire

it all! How it seems to fit perfectly around your

one long neck. No one else wears it as well, if
at all. But that's just one of your many
gifts sailing back on its own light to the giddy trees I suppose.

