

Drowning By The Pool(2nd Revised Version)

by Darryl Price

The entire room seems waiting for me like
an octopus behind a closed, chained door.
The monk of the lamp knows he will get his
daily turn-on if he prays loudly and
just enough for it. The favorite chair
has my blue dent in its punched around chest
like an embossed tattoo. A crushed red space
that I can crawl into and disappear
from without any sense of impending
gravity messing with its gentle, soft
composure. Even walking around I
feel like I'm falling, falling, just falling,
always apart. I'm not even sure how
to get this simple message delivered
over to you. It's pretty straight forward

text, nothing special I guess. Pretty much
nothing more than hello, and help, maybe.
I'm not holding out for the answer. There's
nobody looking for these mad words of
mine. It's a good thing I have new music
to pump into my veins, otherwise I'd
probably be dead to the whole house by
now. Any way I've noticed lately that
I'm the very same guy in my dreams as
in real life. I feel so numb like I can't
find my way outside anymore. I don't

really have the energy to unwind
that one. Just chalk it up to no news is
all the good news there is. Jesus, I hate
these little smug sayings that make you feel

more alone in the universal home
than ever. I guess I don't want to be
here like this either, broken to pieces,
like a forgotten glass bowl, forever,
like an obsolete voting machine, but
I have no place else to be right now that
fits my lonely feet being thrown onto
the crumb encrusted floor, like some kind of
balled up dirty tee shirt life. I'm starting
to get used to the idea, being
into a much slower rhythm these days
though. I just close my eyes. Float right along.
Don't want to watch you standing outside the
watery feelings anymore, like a
bright statue beaming nothing but sunshine,

and your shadow accompanying each
one of the trees to supper time, silk hands
on your perfectly sculpted hips. Better
to row out a little bit more, deeper,
let the coolness of the wind speak for us,
if at all, and for everything that needs
it, let there be no harm done. I'm sure to
make a shoreline eventually, if
nothing unusual gets me first. Might
even hear your squeaky sneakers carry
you away as you turn to go. I don't
know, but there are a lot of squeaks to the
soundtrack of this day already. Any
one of them could mean something has changed to

something else. I was thinking of a line

from that David Bowie song, Planet Earth
is blue. Yeah. It is. And from where I sit
it looks like it just needs a little hug
of some kind from a dear friend, but mine arms
just aren't big enough to do the job, well
that is. You made me think they were, once. That
was just crashing waves, I'm beginning to
see the light. Now I'm dangling off an old
poem's edge, hoping an unexpected
waterfall will knock some sense back into
me. At least start me coming home again.
Go on. You know you want to. This is the
place where I get off the shared path any
way, go ahead, get lost; like a so-called
friendly rain, a blues riff comes blowing down

from an unseen window from the same old
neighborhood, as I feel you vanishing
through an unseen hole of senselessly lost,
constantly draining stars with yellow eyes.
Good thing, the chair and I have made our pact.

Bonus poems:

Happy Birthday

by Darryl Price

It's all heart, this spirit of

our love. It's the heart, could
biology be true? It sounds like
a lie. It's the heart, fools
sometimes forget. Oh the heart, yes

we might lose something already disappeared.
It's a heart, never question. I
said heart, the clock inside, okay?
It's the heart being plowed, being
mercilessly harvested. I need a drink.

It's the heart rolling around inside
everyone. It's the heart, in the
trees above our heads. It's the
heart, and, as I suspected, someone's
making that wish. The universe doesn't

take lightly to such things. It's
heart, the joy behind the mountains.
It's the heart, not caring what
you've done. It's the heart, crumpled
to one sorrow like ten thousand

cigarettes. It's the heart, in almost
exactly the same spot as last
night's feverish moon. It's the heart,
I tell you, but you won't
listen. It's the heart, shocking you

awake, again. The heart, banging the
door shut behind you. It's the
heart, the biggest rule breaker in
the galaxy, living by stolen means,
take the chocolate and run, kid.

Bonus material:

I Moved You
by Darryl Price

You said, move me, I moved you, but, listen,
I don't want to be saved. You said, move
me, I moved you, but I'm still a boy
in so many ways. I don't want to break
your heart, again, those days are gone. You said,
move me, I moved you, but you could never
be my friend, not in that secret way. The
mystery of love pisses me off like nothing else.
You said, move me, I moved you like a
mountain, but you just weren't into holding on, arms
to arms. It makes me feel so lonely. You
said, move me, I moved you, you left me
there on my own. You said, move me, I
moved you and you made your excuses like a
drunk in the middle of a blackout. You said,
move me, I moved you in a purely beautiful,
brave and dazzling trick of the light and yet
you continue to haunt the darkness like a low
riding moon. You said, move me, I moved you,
but it was way too much to include me
in the joke I guess. You said, move me,
I moved you and I probably always will. You
said, move me, I moved you like your own
personal singer, there isn't anything to be concerned about.

You said, move me, I moved you and nobody
knows. Yet that's a long way to go.

