

East

by Darryl Price

We went east. It wasn't all that
easy, but easier than staying
where we were, unable to
freely move or give birth to anything
brand new. We went east in
search of the mysterious faraway

beginnings of a mythical
wild west. We went east because
it seemed right and less sad. There
wasn't any peace, or what you
would call scientific proof, we
weren't doing anything extraordinary.

We were only
following a strong feeling of
something hopeful like real love to
its inevitable beautiful
conclusion, but it was driving
us a little mad along

the way. We forgot to come back
home for years or maybe home all
of a sudden just sounded slightly
different by definition.

We went on an eastern foray
into forests unknown. We

ate strange mushrooms. But we smiled at
the same changing skies. We listened
to the same visiting birds, drinking

up the same on fire flowers.
That's a thing I know. And I think
you know that we saw galaxies

in the eastern clouds from our lonely
planet. East is east. We entered
an eastern tunnel looking
for a widening light to swallow
us up and spit us out again,
broken perhaps, but with dreams.

Bonus poems:

Red Meat

Red as an eye blinking in disbelief.
Red as a mistake you should have
known better than to make. Red as
a moment in a photograph where you
are looking in all the wrong directions. Red
as a gift lost in the sands.
Red as a meeting between a man
and a goddess. Red as a letter
curling into its lamenting dream for the
last time ever before the transformation to pure
ash. Some are living only as blind
fish in a cave of endless commercials. They
eat theirs with a well-done tongue that
sticks itself out begging for more. Some
are fatter than the stars. While others
are teetering on the brink of repulsion,
picking up the slick plastic edges with

two delicate fingertips at a time. After
the dump it becomes more paper meat,
pink but still red, still flying bone.

Holes
by Darryl Price

We laughed. We made a great quiet sound of
just us. Bouncing off chosen clouds. Walking
together. Touching fingers. Smallish and
delicate hands discovering larger

calloused guitar playing hands. Backwards and
forwards. Burning as one flame. Drowning and
not caring how high the waves got to be
rolling over us. Now you can't seem to

even imagine how surprised and sad
I was to discover that you are so
completely gone from the you that always
had mattered most to me then on a thin

red blanket on the grass pebbled ground. I
did everything I said I would. For you
I thought. For the one of a kind blue light
in your eyes. Maybe that was my stupid

boy mistake. I've made many more since. Too
many holes in my heart. We cried. I still
remember. You said most of the same things
I was thinking. We cried. I believed you

because it was you in there. That's all I
ever needed. The only difference

between you and me here in this awful
place so far removed from love is I still

somehow believe you do know me to be
only me. That's what I've said all along.
That's why I keep saying it. When I should
be holding my tongue, accepting their thanks.

Down and Up by Darryl Price

We made a pact. It didn't have
to be spoken. We heard it in
the songs we were singing. This is
how we spoke to each other's heads.
I went down and you went up.
I came up and you went down.
Neither filling that empty space.

Drunken Piece of Art by Darryl Price

How can I not call it art if it was made from your coming
and going image? You wanted me to be the serious
type at first I know. Your expectations
over came everything in my world but
my fears. I wasn't going to be making
cartoons for your friends to read and laugh at. It seemed the more I

looked through the leaves the more I saw motion
in your eyes. I had to paint every singularly revealed
light, every hidden shadow. I had to follow every line
off your face, your neck. We never said goodbye. I'll never stop

losing you. Is art it? You said I should just entertain them,
but they came to watch me fall into the broken ground barking

at your feet. I don't know how to be anything but serious
about wanting to touch every part of you with every
part of me. I'm not an artist like that. I fumble for the
hand hot keys as much as the impatient door, spilling my ruined
paper bag mistakes on the moonlit floor. It might as well be
a cliff when it comes to wanting to be as real with you. Why

can't I just say your name to myself? I don't want to be anything.
I just want to be with you. I wish it was only
the art. You could look and then leave for a very fine dinner
someplace else less likely to make you cry. I'll have an endless
imaginary cigarette. Make a brushstroke, a bored
silhouette. Add a remembered color. Wanting to hold your voice.

Bonus poem:

Stolen Flowers
by Darryl Price

They shouldn't be the ones who define
everything we've got going down with
the hip young goddess of our universe.
They're just not very good at it.

They always end up pocketing the
poor drunken rooster's only savings
and begging for more. It could all end
up in a stinking heap right there I

suppose, without a tail to wag at
the bottom of the potato chip
bag of human life, but I'm pretty
sure that won't happen or it would have

been done and over by now. No it's
an ongoing war of the heart. They'll
tell you it's done with brains, but only
because they want to sell you a new

used car for the rights to your sweet soul's
kitchen. And all because you might want
to own something else you're hiding from
the rest of us that only the devil's

man can offer you a deal on
in this one free lifetime. Is it worth
it? You'd better hope so. All the time
you're thinking how can you be the first

one ever to outsmart death with enough
buried money and with enough
good looks on the racks. Look around you.
See anybody who's done that yet?

Oh yeah but he still wound up full of
very real bullet holes in his once
pristine oceans. His coral reefs were
savagely picked clean by the vultures

of new corporate hate. It's easy
to spot them out in the daylight. They
like to smell like rotten chemicals
that don't belong in the air so much,

a foul greedy degree; they look like
cruel and thorny weeds dressed up in somebody
else's finest stolen flowers.
Same old boss. Love's much younger than that.

