

# 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.

