

# Elephant with a little Poet on its Head

*by* Darryl Price

“Every word was once an animal.”--Emerson

This circle has been  
Broken. The mother has  
Disappeared inside the wounds  
Of gunfire like an  
Eye drop. Who knows if  
Any of them left, crunched  
Down, whole into the graveyard's  
Sacred cusp after that forced

Crawl? If teeth were  
Yanked out while they  
Were still crying for  
Mercy from the poachers?  
What makes for a bit  
Of elephant luck in the  
World today? A mud bath  
Or a hard swing of

Trunk into the face  
Of a dental hunter?  
They are related to  
Us through stardust and  
Just plain dust. Their children's  
Eyes want the same answers  
Our own ask. Are we

Loved and can we love?

Or is that too  
Much? A passionate life  
Filled with passionate kisses,  
And hugs from friends?  
Without her they must learn  
To reinvent the world once  
More. There is no time.  
The circle's wobbly at best.

It will take years  
To find the wisdom  
To understand their heart's  
Secret language again. She  
Used to sing it to them.  
It sounded so right. But  
Now something's breaking for both  
Of us, Dear Ones.

(Show me the way  
you Angels of words  
please I pray to  
speak and be heard.)

