

# End of the World

*by* Darryl Price

The world doesn't  
end just because  
you want it to.

Bonus poems:

The Poet(Series 1)

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Poet in a Tree

Yeah, well, it's not up here either. Although  
the everything and nothing view is nice.  
Only because it doesn't have any  
abandoned cars in it. I'm sure they're out  
there. Picnic baskets. Radios. I just

don't see any from here. I like being  
visited by flying leaves and neon  
butterflies. When the free sun shines on the  
wild summer sap it must sparkle like a  
mole diamond's sprouting head. The wind reads

off the one thing on the menu that means  
the most to a happy, tired traveler.  
Nothing beats a good draft of nature's fresh &  
finest. Right out of the keg, and in this

golden case, the treelimb's blazing fever.

Oh I could stay here forever. But the  
already coming in for their night shift  
crew want the work space back. Take your pretty  
drunken words somewhere else, pal, and beat it,  
you with your head in the clouds, dancing fool.

### Poet Smelling Flowers

I never want to forget you are there,  
and I never will. We have seen so much  
dark sorrow together, and each time you  
have to say goodbye, it breaks my heart all  
over again. This is exactly what

they don't understand. They don't see you as  
coming back around and around again  
because then they would have to admit that  
all music itself is alive. I need  
you. I always will. It happens so fast.

To all of us. My poems are little  
stories printed on seed packets. Open  
one near you and pour out the contents to  
your hand. Blow with deepest breath. Make a wish.  
Someone will put two and two together.

A spark of light will be made out of our  
many small steps. A garden will be made,  
a miracle will be found that will lead  
us back to the beginning of all time.  
I'll always need you. Now and forever.

## Poet in the Garden

I'll always be here in my mind. Sitting  
and writing in the green means go ahead  
and dream out loud light. Talking to the fast  
visiting crowds of bees. They don't mind a  
good conversationalist. And, you know,  
what's better than hanging out with wise old  
trees? They only turn their backs on those who  
aren't good, patient listeners. Otherwise

they love to splash their leaves in the falling  
about winds and make a soft quiet sound  
like any other group of wellwishers.  
Everything here reminds us of every  
song that ever was or ever will be.  
Remember when we didn't want to make  
so much wretched war all the precious time?  
We only wanted to be together.

The garden floor is somehow where all the  
scattered pieces of stars go to sleep off  
the broken wreck they've made of things. The old  
garden gate says there is always something  
more important than right or wrong. And I  
can't help but wonder who's listening? It's  
like a dream of the ocean. Perhaps I'll  
see you again one day. Perhaps we'll smile.

## Poet Stealing Fruit

I only wanted to make sure things were said to everyone's ears before things were sorrowfully found out. These two are friends of mine. They meant you no harm. They only wanted to experience a perfect new pleasure together or something like that. It's not a conspiracy. Even the stupid sneaky snake was simply bored

of making small talk. So don't come at me with your stone hearts raised in your hands. Can't you ever think of something better to do with your time? Put away those swords. They make you look like idiots. No wonder the pissed off lions are always willing to eat you down to the bone. Look, he got his grand feelings hurt. He said and did things that

are not in his best character. But what's the point in making them cry so hard? They are only children trying to figure out what all of this means. So what if they found a little meaning in each other's arms and got carried away? We should all be so lucky. The fruit was rotten stuff anyway. On the inside. Get a life.

Subtext, 1a: The Unicorn in the Poem

Please don't you ask me to stab anyone else's untold dreams. Not even as a tired joke, which it's not to me. I believe

in the magic that love causes you to  
feel. Don't need to understand the happy

mystery of it, or examine it,  
that lost lesson. I don't want to know what  
happens when you stop dreaming of being  
vulnerable. Everytime someone is  
brave enough to hold someone's hand I start

to dance down the street. Everytime a new  
rainbow makes an appearance over a  
crowded highway and people are waving  
their hands to get your attention I want  
to start to sing and bop. Stop trying to

capture the poor moon. Who are these people  
who only feel things if they can kill them?  
Love causes the grass to grow. You know what  
I mean. Let it rain. Let it snow. I don't  
care. That doesn't mean I don't care. Okay.

