

Even if I was a Fool

by Darryl Price

I enjoy the walk through these
crowded woods. It's good to be
back among deeply seated
young and old trees again. That
familiar smell, you want
to always savor it so
very much, to not deny

any of it. It smells like
a blue sky, the real thing, not
polluted with anything,
but pure air. I'm sure that's an
illusion. I faintly hear
the rotating sounds of cars
rumbling on asphalt. Still the

determined birds seem to be
having a really jolly
good game of whatever it
is that they're playing at. The
new flowers are all showing
their arms and legs off. Even
the dappled sun stripes on the

dusty trail beneath seem to
be merrily skipping to
a happy beat of their own.
I know I am. My legs are
wearing out but they don't want
to stop and rest. They want to
keep going and discover

more of everything growing
everywhere. Mushrooms, ferns and
lit butterflies navigate
the leafy floor with beauty
and tremendous grace. I feel
perfectly blessed inside of
the moment. And the forest

now has given me the gift
of a living electric
silence. I will stop and be
thankful here. I may have been
a fool, I probably still
am, but this amazing peace
is a true reminder of

the blundering thoughtlessness
of the wise, who prefer to
count the spilled stars forever
rather than love their fellow
men and women with some true
humility. And now it's
time for this fool to return.

Bonus poems:

Our Hearts Were Old When We Were Young

We believed in
everything and everything

believed in us.

We believed it
could last. We
couldn't have tried

harder. I, personally,
don't regret feeling
that way. What

more can I
say? I loved
you then. I've

always loved you.
You're my good
friend. Goodbye, old

friend. Weren't we
lucky to have
found each other

among the billions
of grains of
stars? I told

you I was
a poet. What
I didn't know

was how much
sorrow we would
have to carry

with us. Still

we knew lots
about sunshine on

water, and rain
on leaves. And
we knew where

and how to
make music in
every honest moment.

Magic Horse
by Darryl Price

This is what you wanted. This is what you need. God, white owls are a good luck sign that will do in a pinch. If you live in a forest that is or near one. This is what you want. This is what you need. God, give me a quick shove, wait, I'm already down, just show me the way. This is what you want. This is what you need. God,

we are all afraid to go fetch the mail, but we manage. This is what you want. This is what you need. God, we, even those too afraid to say it out loud, hate living here all alone in a fenced in natural environment, even if it is technically a beautiful golden garden on a rolling ball of dung. We want to be free to roam around under

the stars holding wishes with each other's eyes. This is what you want. This is what you need. God, she made the hairs on the back of my neck stand up, in a good way. I actually felt better about all the bitter things happening in the world after seeing her, the way she walked barefoot on the world's stage, like it had been

built for her in the first place, which it had. This is what you want. This is what you need. God, there is no other way to put it. This is what you want. This is what you need. God, we are being made under pressure, into what I cannot say for certain because of all the sorrows left rotting everywhere. This is what you want.

This is what you need. God, don't look back at me so funny, it's unbecoming, looking so fierce. This is what you want. This is what you need. God, just doing my best to keep you awake. It's my job as your court poet. This is what you want. This is what you need. God, put your head down and weep, it's children who are

doing the killing. This is what you want. This is what you need. God, who are these men who are satisfied with any of this, are they our brothers, too? This is what you want. This is what you need. God, honey bees, I mean lighten up, Dude. This is what you want. This is what you need. God, maybe now I can lose

consciousness with the rest of them. This is what you want. This is what you need. God, I wouldn't mind a laugh together. Is that what this is? Fifteen minutes? This is what you want. This is what you need. God, we are damaged self portraits of you. We made the mistake of rolling down the window, and waving, thinking you

might accept a little joy ride. This is what you want. This is what you need. God, I swear her wisdom was in her whole Nigerian body, shone from on top of her pretty face like a single brightest star. I saw it with my own two eyes. Nothing could refuse to grow better in her presence. Her body demanded a dance that would

change you into her sky forever. I wasn't helpless, I was transmuted in a minute into human gold. How could she go this far, do this to me? This is what you want. This is what you need. God, give me a chance to explain. This is what you want. This is what you need. God, how is somebody going to up his game in this

atmosphere? This is what you want. This is what you need. God, I don't want to miss the last boat back, but would you like to see the poem anyway? I have a tendency to kick the stall. I'll admit I was trying my hardest not to despair, but, I've gone ahead and crossed that street. At peace. Should I act as if nothing is final? Yeah, well said.

Nothing to Say

by Darryl Price

I could tell you what I'm trying
to say, but you wouldn't believe
me; even if I wasn't still
trying to do anything but
write a poem. That's the point at
which realization starts to
feel something like a piece of art.
When the thing isn't obvious,
because it's so obvious that
it's mysterious and strange and
totally wonderful, all at
the same time. And that time is, well,

organic and seamless, if you
know how to be in its perfect
presence. Meaning that you will meet
another living essence, some
call it the Muse, in its own sea
environment, while standing in
your own. Say hello. In that sense,
it's like looking in a mirror

at another state of fragile
memory. We will do this to
celebrate all that is. We do
this to dip our toes into the

creative currents and heal our
wounded open eyes. We do this
to speak and to listen and to
converse without dishonesty
as our primary guide. We want
to be ourselves, even in our
boldest dreams. But, of course, you must
be careful. Many criminal
minds have also learned to open
this door. So it's always good to
have a song or two with you to
remind you of who you always

are when you are just being you.
That way you don't ever have to
be afraid of meeting danger.
You'll know the choices you will make
before you are forced to make them,
because they are the deepest you.
And you are never alone in
that sacred place, because a time
of love includes everybody
everywhere, and, as John put it,
you know that for sure. Here, come on,
say it with me, I love you so.

Happy Birthday

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.

