

Even in the Same Room

by Darryl Price

as you are, there's a big floating arm that separates both of us
from each other. Widening, like a river, it touches us together
often,
but still keeps us drifting apart. The banks of your new life have
different weeds
and flowers growing on them than mine. But we share all those
same stars washing high above us like falling oxygen masks.

This has always been a kind of strange comfort to me. Sometimes
that
kind of concrete circumstance is all we have to send
a sweet dream upon its way in this sleepy old world, of slippery
rocks and blocking branches, to a
strangely beautiful somewhere else. Even in the middle of a
rainstorm of epic proportions we might find another road that
leads to a clear cut picture of at least a
familiar-looking face with an obvious enough heart, one that
believes in going directly into the deepest, living
lights clanging together. I don't want to have to explain

this phenomenon for anyone else, because you are the only
one it is ever meant to reach. This poem is an incredible
kite, a whistle, a heron on a mission, a canoe with a secret note
painted on
its one side, a popping radiating lily sprung open out of nowhere
with its own

gust of sun shining in the middle, a birdsong made only once in

a lifetime from one branch in one deeply probing dream of a lost
forever forest. Even on
this long and lonely hill I can still celebrate your shadow sinking
softly upon mine as I walk away from every
home. There'll never be another time to tell you. Goodbye, my
friend.

Bonus poems:

Walking the Walk and Talking

by Darryl Price

I like being with you. Any room will do. A
safe and lovely view we make into the two of
us. We don't have to hold too tightly because
we don't need to try in order to make the
love light appear. I like being with you. Any poem
will do. A sky that appears perfect with you under
its dancing branches. Let it rain. I don't care if
I get wet. It doesn't matter. I don't care if
I get drenched. You soak me. I like being with
you. Any weather is exciting with you. And of course

we don't have to sell it to anyone in order to fall
into its unique depths. It says its name to anyone who
will listen, as surely as stars will on a clear
midnight. I like being with you. Any words will do.
But this missing you forever part in the daily picture
is the hardest to take for me. The blue shirt
you wore, the faded color of it, haunts my next
breath like a giddy little ghost. I cannot speak without

thinking of you, sweetly animating its armpits and soft shoulders,
in front of me, like some kind of a human

waterfall, made of flowers and vines. I am completely converted
to your happiness from here on out. I like listening
with you. But there is just no way to exchange
gifts to each other on this world without causing an
explosion of major harm. I like being with you. So
put your pastry down and rest. It won't wash away
this pain. You smile me, and I smile you. I'd
prefer long kisses. I'm not trying to hide anything, but
you're never on your own if there's any truth inside
my heart. I signal your absence, like the air.

Bonus poems:

(In Which) I Question Why
by Darryl Price

How long have the stars in cages
been crying? How long is long enough?
I've been here before. There's nothing
clever left to say. I'm sick of
it for them. I'm sick of it for
(all of) us. I'm sick of it for
the awful gasping for air of
the oceans. I'm sick of it for

the being sucked into holes of
the crumbling mountains. I'm sick of
it for the soft dimming of the
children of ancient holy trees.
I'm sick of it for the bullied,
butchered children of animals.
Sick of it for the gentle way
of the warrior butterflies,

the blaming and shaming of the
poor bat, sudden disappearances
of the lightning bug, the stoning
of the owl's namesake. I've been here
before. I don't know about you,
but I suspect we're all the same
on some vibrational level
of atomic consciousness. How

long? There is nothing left to say
about the bomb. It kills. It's meant
to kill. It does a very fine
job of killing. We invented
it and now it's inventing us.
There's nothing left to say about
how much your love matters. I've been
here before. The stars have all been

crying. There's nothing left to say.
I'm sick of it for the people
left in heartache and pain. They know
who they are. Your heart tribe is your
heart tribe before you even meet
one of them, and you have met them
forever. I'm sick of it for
the hungry, scared mice on the wet

battlefields. For flowers in spite
of it all blooming in the stink
of the battlefield. The looted
suitcases scattered on the sad
battlefield. There's nothing left to
say. The stars in cages have been
crying for centuries. They are
numb, lost and lonely, whether you

choose to believe in it or not.
They are not dead, they are just not
being allowed to shine. I've been
here before. I've got nothing to
say. I'm tired of it. I'm sick of
them kicking at saintly dreamers,
calling them fools and worse. I've been
here before. Nothing left to say.

Waiting, Waiting
by Darryl Price

The fear you represent is a real drag. That's all there is to say. But
like every other house on the block I have spiders in the basement
who are waiting to be brought up into the golden light. These
creatures only want to be good at being alive. Instead
they are given a dangerous reputation to contend with. It's much
easier to squash what you can never be. Some will mistake your
neck for moonlight and settle into a feel good dreamscape of their
own, others will rear up on their hind legs and dare you to play god.
That's a sorry wish too easily granted. Now apply that to the
world around you. Things are more like paper than like stone. Every
time you choose the easy route you have made the whole world one
step closer to blinking out, even if you didn't mean to

(be so unforgiving in the first place). You are not king. There is no king, or there are only kings. Even a real king is not the end of all that is now because we are living in a spiral city, full of holes, that can collapse upon itself at any given moment, lost in time like sand.

Learn to navigate. You're allowed to know things. It's not too late to take back your misfortune in the garden, so we might as well get on with the quest at hand. The idea wasn't to get back, it was to get out, because free is free. Somewhere along

the line this was felt to be pretty well worth it--whatever the dangers ahead. So when you make your album don't forget to be involved in every last detail of it--don't leave it up to someone else to make the small arrangements for you. You've earned the right to

scream or cry or laugh as loud as anybody. And if they sit back and hate you with their stares they are the ones who are swimming in molasses. They are the souls blackening against the sputtering rocks. You are rising, rising, and finding it to be one beautiful ride through all those glorious clouds.

