

# 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.

