

# Falling Rocks in Equal Doses

*by* Darryl Price

Not sure I remember what's important, but I remember you.  
That's the whole problem I think. You're a drain where  
all my words wind up going down. All of them  
get lost inside of you. Eventually. And I'm left with nothing  
to say. Because all my words are gone like toothpaste.  
The few I've got left only seem to repeat themselves  
in pathetic smears. But they'll have to do. Not sure  
I can remember anything important, but I say your name  
in my sleep. It's all become a boring animal ritual.  
I can admit to that. I remember you used to

wear this yellow teeshirt all the time like it defined  
something impossible about you and your motion inside dark jeans.  
It drove me mad with desire. And that made you  
laugh. Which drove me over a cliff, into an ocean,  
and left me clinging to slippery rocks for dear life.  
So not sure I remember one important thing about anything  
if you want to know the truth. But I know  
the song that made you sit still and look at  
things like they were puzzles you were putting together in  
your head as a little seductive dance. How else am

I going to describe the sadness back to you now?  
When you're not even listening. And my readers are expecting  
me to swing this crazy thing around and show them  
the secret room inside of themselves. But a broken heart  
can only make cubist desk paintings out of its overly  
hoarded toy stuffs and hope for the best. I can't  
remember what's important to me any more. It was so

clear to me just yesterday. Oh. Open my eyes. Let  
me see a way. Let me swim before I drown.  
Let me swim before I wash away. I remember you

as important but I can't seem to remember why. The  
words won't tell me. I'm not sure they think we  
deserve to know the answer. Or they just might be  
trying to protect us from the tilting sun. Oh. It's  
too late for that. Oh, open my head. Let me  
see before I go completely blind from all the salt in my  
own eyes. Running down my face. For all of us  
who are left have my words fight for air. For  
all of us here let my words continue to look  
for fair meaning. And kiss you goodbye. For all the

lonely floating pieces let my wrecked words shine through the  
slumber of time and ruin. Night and day. Open the  
curtains. I remember you. You were the question I guess  
I needed to hear from this life. Thank you for  
asking me. It was a beautiful way to say hello  
and a hard way to say goodbye as the next  
question on the horizon became more solitary in its insistence  
on authenticity. Maybe what was so important doesn't matter. But  
it remains with me. And I wouldn't want you to  
think of it in any other way than real love.

Bonus poems:

Invisible Sky  
by Darryl Price

This is the nothing you called for. I don't know why you should want  
it  
delivered from me. My light went out. You might as well go on and  
receive  
it from any passing glass. Once at least it would have seemed a  
small breeze  
and a faint perfume and a quiet shaking of some early summerlike  
leaves. Now you  
can call it a drowning ocean or an invisible sky if you want to but

it doesn't hold up anything recognizable. My open hands are empty.  
All around my world  
the loveliness is sunk from my voice. My light is smashed and in  
pieces. The waiting is all over now. You should really walk away into  
some nearest bright tavern  
and celebrate. Here. Have one on me. My light was mortally hurt  
from the beginning.  
If you've found salvation on your path you are blessed among so few  
fish out

of water survivors. I'm bound for the elephant graveyards myself.  
I've heard they accept poets  
there without question. My light was strange. You said so yourself  
somewhere inside the dark.  
This is the nothing. I am the unremembered sky you once danced  
beneath. This is the nothing you called for. My heart broke around  
you, that's all. A fool for  
love is always a lost soul. Everyone knows that. I learned it on my  
knees.

My Tiger by Darryl Price

Try to understand. There were dragons. Some were friendly, but they were real dragons. You didn't want to end up standing on the wrong side of a belch. Try to.

The young barefoot woman standing in the grass just outside her garden gate was perfect for the sun, perfect for any wind. Her hair was like a flag calling you

to enlist your heart into something more noble. Like a grand slam to the side of the head. Bees barely noticed. Birds typed the words you felt, above her head,

high in the clouds, with their sing-song beaks on full tattletale throttle. Try to understand. We were boys. We had never thought more deeply about what we were doing than

the invitation. Only the adventure itself ever took us farther away. Down the stairs. Down the road. Suddenly we were holding on for dear life. Trying to understand frustration. This

was something new. And hurt in ways no gun could ever hope to protect us from. Bees elbowed their way past our frozen stampede like we were made of daisy

chains. Try to understand. We were watching paintings come to life. Try. We were lovers. Our hands and faces were for us, only for each other. Bees buzzed around

everyone's heads. The barefoot woman moved into a beautiful house

and stayed behind its white picket windows forever. We were new dreamers breathing together. You blew my mind. Is this

the place we made a secret plan to always appreciate

the bees? The heart breaks. It's a crime. No one  
claims to have seen anything. The heart breaks. No one

understands. No one comes. Our hands. Our faces. Our bees.  
I got on my tiger. What else was I going  
to do? Now he is my only friend. Good company.

Talking to a Locked Gate by Darryl Price

"Fun is the one thing that money can't buy."--The Beatles

Poetry is an act  
of love. Who do you think  
you are? I'm not on your  
wave, you riders of young  
dreaming lovers, their hands  
tied together in brave  
hope for the future. An  
act of love. Who are you?

I am not on your side,  
you armies of trial and  
terror, you proud puppets,  
stompers of desire and  
exploration, mistakes  
and spontaneity.  
Poetry is my love  
for you. I am not on

your path, you critics of  
the imperfect fumble,  
artists trying to score  
lightning into magic.

I resist. You gender  
deniers of the great  
mysterious spirit  
in nature. Poetry

is an act of my love.  
I return your beauty,  
manipulators of  
precise political  
correctness, the strict lanes  
of bricked-up feeling, spit  
while proclaiming freedom  
for only your own pain.

Poetry is at the  
heart of all life, a wild  
sensuality I  
celebrate like a priest,  
diverse and giving. Who  
do you think you are? I'm  
on the side of dancers,  
starry-eyed rain makers.

Poetry is an act  
of fun. Silly has no  
religion. It has no  
government. It is not  
precious. It is our friend.  
Do you think you are sane?  
I'm on the side of shells  
of the beach, light that shines.

