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

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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.