

# Feathers

*by* Darryl Price

These little things, they are the hope  
We are hoping for, they are everywhere.  
I made this one just for you.  
Call them feathers. Call them roses. You'll

See them if you need them. These  
Little things carry the good news that  
Started a long time ago. Call it  
Stardust. Call it sunshine. You'll

Feel them if you believe your heart.  
Little things have not faded. Little things  
Are there, in the morning. Sometimes hanging  
From the stars all night. You can't

Expect lights to not have a playful  
nature. Call it rain. Call it breath.  
Call it walking a golden sky. When  
People kiss on purpose it can knock

Your socks off. Little things have incredible  
Authority. Little things remind us to listen.  
To live. Little things are holy beings,  
Don't you think? Call it free. Call

It a smile against the dark. Call  
It a familiar song, a familiar hunger  
In the soul of your central humanity  
System telling you to wake up more

Than your ever after body. Call it  
Inside out. Call it sisterhood with the  
Earth. Call it divine, but only if  
You deliver the humor without judgement or

Horror. These little things are never suicide  
Notes, but prizes you open with your  
Mind's window. Look wide around. Sunset. Moon  
rise. Can you believe our luck? Quick.

Bonus poems:

Puppet by Darryl Price

That monster underneath the bed  
Is no dancing dog. I wish you  
Could feel something, other than your  
Darkness or mine. We're all bored with

The same frustrations. No heaven  
For the rat in the maze. All these  
Years spent believing are now a  
Soft memory of doomed love. Thing

Under the bed gives dreamers a  
False sense of the landscape to come.  
The creeping musk under the bed  
Is no prophet telling you to

Let your wife go home to own her  
Salt, licking the walls clean of your gone  
Presence, but a shadow put there

By your own selfishness and

Pretending to be asleep. The  
monster under the bed is no  
apologist, he might be a  
bomb threat, but not to your person,

but on your tendency to want  
someone to not bullshit you. The  
Trapped claw underneath the bed is  
In your head, always has been, but

That doesn't mean it won't bite you.  
Mirror under the bed, the heaped  
Dust around it, reveals itself  
In slow motion, over time and

By years to be less scary than  
Utterly pathetic; something  
Unwashed, never expected. A  
Mess that lies lost in single socks.

Birds and Beasts by Darryl Price

The world has gone crazy, but please let me make you  
One of my songs. You can eat it, if you want.  
It tastes better when it's fresh, but you can also take  
It with you on long journeys. The world has gone crazy,

But not everyone has turned into a gun. The world has  
Gone crazy, but the gardeners have not been wiped completely  
out  
Of our heads. They are still there, planting beauty and sustenance

With every whistle. The birds and the beasts may run from

Our fires, but they still crave a tender touch. The world  
Has gone crazy, but it's not the first time. The world  
Has gone crazy, but we have not forgotten them. They were  
Children once before the adults experimented on their innocence.  
The world

Has gone crazy, and we must forgive them for that horror,  
But we won't join them on their march. World's gone crazy,  
But the sky is as on our side as it can  
Be, diluting the pollution with its own oils, painting the warnings

On the canvas of stars like always, with exuberance and  
sometimes

Heart-rending beauty. If you bend down and watch the  
semaphores of  
The tiniest butterflies, you will see that they are saying that  
Home is eventually in every direction. The world has gone crazy,

But there is a way to remain sane, if not safe,  
And that is up to each one of us to decide.  
It's not a trick, it's a choice, it's a living prayer  
And an act, but it cannot be coerced, only given, only

Received and passed on. Bless everyone you meet, but be  
prepared

To defend each blade of grass beneath your feet. The world  
Has gone crazy, but we cannot go with it. You'd be  
Surprised how much a merry tune in the middle of the

Fight can prevent further bloodshed. If you can't hear one, make  
One up. The world has gone crazy and I don't want  
To pretend this doesn't make me sad, but not so sad  
That I no longer care. The world has gone crazy, but

There are little blue flowers pushing their soft faces against the  
Protective plastic shields of modern living and struggling to make

a

Noise of their own. My guess is they have something important  
To say. I want to listen. I will be listening for

As long as I can. We don't have to drink the  
Spouting-off hatred. Turn it off. Pour it out. Knock it out  
Of the hands of your friends and family. The world has  
Gone crazy, but we're still here if we keep

Our love alive in everyone everywhere. That is the hope. Yeah,  
It's a pretty big concert. I guess we'd better get started.  
Remember I made this one up for you out of nothing  
More than a friendship on paper, but it's worth something more.

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