

Fibers(next:our world without ice caps/yipes!)

by Darryl Price

The light they love to hate so much
is always pulsating within each life; the unbelievable color sword of
what happens next
when any two people find each other
in their hearts and all pretense is
somehow gone, for at least that one particular moment in time. The
dove

some loathe to acknowledge so clearly is
the mystery that begins at the very
edge of another year's flower petals and
continues all the way through to the insides
of root pale, until you find yourself

(poof!)standing outside the pungent gates of Garden Earth once
more.

How does this thing
happen to us so continuously? Let me tell you something. Look. See.
They will mash them to bits
with their meaty fingers pressed into boulders
of fury, and still it will not
yield up one honey drop of its secret taste to them. There is no

good, they will scream at you. Life is only a
lie, they will cry. Die, die, die, they'll demand,
they will strangle it out of you then, all
out of this insect world, but nothing will
end the endless stream of pleasure that newly

derives from absolutely nothing, of no hope,
nothing to be gained from it, again and again. They
will plant fields of sorrow and harvest
the bitter grains and send them speeding on top of each other all
over the world. There are still those greedy

enough to buy in if the price
is cheap enough. They will also sow it like rainstorms
into your thirsty dreams, weave it into your very
clothing's fabric, lace your coffee and donuts with it,
enough fear to bring down an elephant to

its baggy sagging knees. And still there will be a genuine
laughter. And still there will be small bewildering
acts of total benevolence. And still there will
be poets singing about stars and the
moon with its rivers of cloud upon cloud, and soft healing hands
there just for the simple act of asking.

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Blast from the past:

A Ticking Situation

revised scrambled egg version

Beauty belongs in its own
garden. How close
the villains are!
Not all are brothers.

Beauty doesn't need to show

you her proof. How harsh these
raindrops howl! We
are not all water.

Beauty remembers nothing
for long. There is no
you and me. There's
you. There's only me.

Beauty will remain under
a blue sky. Bugs climb
into one hand
and out the other.

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There's Not One Single Word
for you that I'd be happy
without knowing. What you see before
you is the squashed ball
of my sad attempt to
hold you to that moment--
but each pictured mug begs for
another; each air-conditioned
sheet orders one more round of clouds,
please, birds striking the seams of landscapes lending
more line to a frenzied
concerto already in progress, more wild wind
upon more fresh leaf, with
squawking children playing
just below the hill and
the sea itself crouching

down to the horizon--
no matter the length left
to knot. It flows on at
every turn of the head
like a whistle on fire--
becoming the season
before and after itself,
so that one's always
facing the flame from any sort of a blind
direction. Like a sower then
I cast my blank letters
like gravel upon a
slant tin roof finding joy
in the sounds of failure
to musically allude
to even your name's start my love.

Pieces of heart may provide
a few crumbs for birds
moments away from their
own unfortunate panes,
thick trucks grumble deep into
love fields and nothing
is given a second
chance to grow to seed, whereas you and I, we
were once a dream that brought pure
laughter out of thin air
and pushed hands into each other's
grateful places.
We swept the world then all
together and it was somehow
safer; only the two of
us the most likely to be in danger.
D.P. 10/12/09

