

Five Poems

by Darryl Price

First Fall in Love by Darryl Price

What the black lives matter people
are saying is black lives matter, too.
Just as much. What blue meanies as

people are saying is blue matters
more. I don't believe that and neither
should you. What the green lives matter

people are saying is we must all
learn the language of our earth
if we are to survive as a

species. What the Dalai Lama
matters people are saying is
may all beings be happy. What

the red lives matter people are
saying is every struggle could be
a warrior's last. What the poets

lives matter people are saying
is anyone's guess. What the foolish
lives matter people are saying

is wise men never fall in love
so they may not be your best source
of information. What the pussy

hat lives matter people are saying
is we are here and we have all
the children with us so knock it off

before you get us all killed. What
the young lives matter people are
saying is don't forget to play.

Your Face by Darryl Price

With no poetry in my head
my life's a sad wreck today.
The heart wants one more chance
to help this world. With no

poetry in the way I walk
on, but the heart heeds a
differing wind even in the midst
of a hammering rain like this

one. With no poetry in my
cloud I still can never forget
your face. while the heart pretends
to not have lost its way.

Over and over again with no
poetry sitting up there any love
seems doomed, but my heart shimmers
at a thought of you. With

no poetry telling the truth to
speak of this heart wants to
risk to everything, no explanations needed.

With no poetry on my tongue

the heart decides to use its
skeleton key and pronounce we can
no longer be strangers in this
particular dream, yet here we are. dp

Wide Awake by Darryl Price

Sometimes there's just not a whole lot I want
to say. Last night as I was curled up
under my blanket like a crab under a rock

I thought if only I could stay here, not
seeing anyone, not going anywhere, completely invisible. The
moon
kept shining in my eyes. I like the moon

because it never asks me a question. Well maybe
it does but the words are all made of
high frequency moonlight. And my answer is made of

pulling the blanket further up on my face. Closing
my eyes. Did you know, you can still feel
the moon through your eyelids, even though they're shut.

Yeah, it's more like an awareness I guess that
something's very definitely going on out there. I don't
know what it wants. It's not like hearing some

mysterious music above the sirens. Once I looked through
a friend's telescope and saw a real planet, it
was pulsating, and I thought, my God, it's alive.

Does anyone else realize this, what this means? And
now this moon is, was acting very coy, what
does it want with me? It pulls us into

its inviting, bare sparkling arms, then pushes us away,
over and over. I should be annoyed if anything.
If it wants a poem I'm all out of

moon poems. I just need some sleep, but I'm
not sleeping, I'm thinking, me and the moon, and
I can tell you we haven't come up with

any answers. But we're both wide awake. I'm almost
disappointed when the morning comes. It seems like such
a let-down, the moon looks drowned as a shell.

No Masterpiece by Darryl Price

Sorry 'bout my love telling you
all the wonderful things you do.
Sorry for a love you so mis-
understand. Sorry for love

that drove too fast, never looked back,
jumped up and rushed at you like a
bunch of squandered trains. Sorry for
more stars without end. Sorry for

that love, we are enemies, that
could never contain your disappointments
with life. Sorry for fights,
I'm not having the time of my

life here either, that can produce
no masterpiece. Sorry 'bout the
love too soft-hearted for its own
good. Sorry if it's love that won't

feel guilty about having a
good time. Why should I accept hollow
humility? Sorry for
the lies you told. Sorry for the

dance that made you stop. Sorry for
the love, it's all I have, that shows
how young I still am. Sorry for
this love, I beg your pardon, that

as disturbing as it might seem
was an honest mistake on my
part. Sorry for the love you expected
to be ready for you.

A love that wept to write this song.
Sorry for the love that rings out
every evening, haunting a heart.
Sorry for the love, here we go.

The Mistakes We Already Made
by Darryl Price

Bombs blowing in the garden. Bombs
in the computer. On the screen.
In the voice on the radio.
Bombs at the graveyard. The cover

of a magazine. Bombs written
on brown city walls. On the sides
of trains. In the alphabet soup.
Bombs in love with war itself. Time

bombs in the heart of the atom,
but you already knew that one.
Frozen into icebergs. Bombs in
your lover's eyes. Bombs in the whole

truth. Bombs for cash, cash for your bombs.
Bombs in the toilet. Bombs in the
linguistic analysis. Bombs
bursting in air. Butterfly decals.

The bomb's gruesome shoveling
shadow. Get your steins, bombs as souvenirs.
Get the App. Fizzing bombs.
Falling bombs splitting into bombs,

a flash of real lightning, distinctly
contemporary, or not.
Bombs away! Bombs screaming in your
windpipe for days, months and years. Bombs

floating in the pool like bodies.
Bombs as starting points and destinations...
bombs from park bench to grains
of sand. Bombs telling you to release

your killer instincts on fleeing
peasants, but you know better,
don't you? Bombs in a perfectly
vicious circle like a heat wave.

