

Flower Power

by Darryl Price

"Poets are damned but they are not blind, they see with the eyes of the angels."--William Carlos Williams

There is something beautiful I want to say
to you that doesn't seem to make much
more sense in a box of clever words
like this one. It feels closer to words

than not words, but more like what you
might expect me to grunt or groan up
real close--stuck on or against almost--to
a huge sky full of clearly ripened opening

stars. I've been there before you see, so
the whole thing is neatly tattooed in my
invisible head at all times, like a benevolent
trauma. It has already become me. What that

means is every now and then I can
look straight down at my writing hands, even
my arms, and see there a pulsating Milky
Way stretched beneath, inside. I don't know if

that is a bad or a good sign,
but it doesn't feel too bad, just strange.
But it does give me some point of
reference for what I'm trying to send off

to you right now. Poets are always trying
to share words that are made from what
it feels like to be next to another,

altogether different feeling than the one they are

supposed to be experiencing. They can't help it--
it's what they do. It's neither clever nor
particularly inventive, but it can be sparkling, and
perhaps that is the meaning of any flower.

This particular one is for you, that I
am sure of, even if I'm not sure
of its hidden fragrance. That it got all
on its own. Like you'd want it to.

