

Folded Up

by Darryl Price

Time to pull in the shining teeth,
but it makes me so sad, you know
I'd rather be holding hands. The
others have told me, don't hold back,
hit them with every white knuckle,
and let them bleed out, I'd rather
be kissing your face. It hurts, you're
killing me, and all I want to
do is have that dance under the
perfect wolf licking moon. And now
I suppose every corner must
be folded up, secretly put
away somewhere. They told us, they
told me, nothing lasts. After that
you go back to darker dreaming,
if you are lucky. If not, well,
you know in your bones which bells are
still ringing and which have lost their
silvery will to make something
beautiful crawl out of nothing
more than the air and the ghosts of
certain leaves. Now I'm on the path
of too many broken things, and
walking with my twisted feet, my
revolving head, looking for the
red town where you used to live in
a silent window with curtains.

Bonus poems:

All you want is to sink(original first draft)

Into a mirror of lies. It's sick, man. You'd rather
Dig for treasure than make a beautiful thing happen, break
Your back, break your spirit over and over until there's
Nothing left to begin with again. All that gets you
Is a grinning skeleton for a friend, an unidentifiable worn
Stone singing like a ditch in the pouring rain at
The bottom of your favorite drinking glass. Any way you'll

Never return the favor. It's too late for all that
Pretty nonsense now. The best you can offer is a
Daily huff and puff on a broken trail. Could you
Still walk upright? I don't know. Not with that mirror
Smashed over your head like an oxen yoke. Shake off
The need for more strokes. You're getting old when you
Should be getting younger. The magic has been all pissed

Away like race horses on steroids. Like the cool old
Days of bookstores and basements, cigarettes and the 4am sun
Lifting its sleepy fingers off the dirty trash caught up
In the shaggy sheets like dead birds. All we need
Is a bit of the Beatle luck. But that movie
Seems like another lie gone bad. We had it all,
Brother, but their imaginations were nastier than ours. They used

Those bombs on themselves in order to get to us.
How crazy is that shit? The only true country is
The country of love, but you'll never get there the
Same way twice. And nobody ever believes your passport photo is
you.

And you can have all the secret handshakes in the
World and still get met with only false mistrust. And you

Can declare yourself to be free, but the hands that

Surround you will eventually reach to your throat. Remember oh
please

That favorite tender line from Joni, didn't it feel good?
I'm Sure it did. I know it did for me.
And things went over the cliffs after that. Even now
I hear the sirens, I hear the trains and the
Gassed up cars, I hear the come-ons and the music
Cranked up beyond belief like Jack Daniels through a thin straw.

I don't want you to blow away from me. How much more
Plain can I make this? It's not all bad news out there
As long as we can feel each other in here. I
Don't care if they think that is crap on a
Stick or not. They never cared for poetry any way.
Some of them made the choice to live among the
Boxed and buried blades of grass like moths. That's okay with me.

This poem says we're still alive in me. It's no religion. Don't
Let this song go to waste. Stay with you. Here.
If I could I'd press my fingertips up against yours.
What else? Maybe softly, maybe not. Things always get back
Around to you leaving somehow. That's not my lot in life. Now
If you will forgive me I must be going to
Meet the one who will give me back my proper name.

The Radish of Radiance

Is not necessarily
Gluten free. In the wrong hands
It could cause a war. These are
The things you must know if you

Are going to attempt to

Eat one. I don't make these things
Up. The golden one will sit
atop your head and make rude
sounds, if you don't know how to
whistle it to sleep. Radish
for war, radish for peace, you

decide. I only wanted
to warn you that the taste is
somewhat tricky to behold--
on physical realms, so it's much
better to visit with a
flamethrower in your wallet.

