

# 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.

