Fool of Me

by Darryl Price

This no man's island I'm perched high above isn't always so beautiful
to the casual beholder of newly printed maps.
Oh don't go and get your clouds all wrong. Puffed or thin, everything
I say I believe in is a real feeling, until the music dies away let's say,
or else eventually
has new brushes tucked down among its deepest darkest soil of soils
ready
to celebrate any and all the changes of our many more lives to
come.It's how it famously works. I can't change that. Wars can't
erase the
small miracles to come, not for too much of a silent distance
anyways.
Never going to happen. Seems to me we're meant to be

these constantly confronted endless consumers with the latest
possibilities of our own thoughts
flying off all around us, and hugely rolling fields of the wildest
flowers imaginable growing as far as the eye can see. Oceans of
ancient, timeless staves like air show angels blasting away over our
heads
or millions of silky, steadily rising jellyfish-- the deeper you may go
the higher you may rise. Go on--take a good long look.
But my mind tonight is sad, sad and lonely. No one else can
begin to find the place I'm in either. So I get it. The black point's still
too
far away for anyone to see its pretty little pointy head. I'm helpless
to the

miles myself but I still feel
like dancing on the road like an idiot sometimes just for you. You

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figure it out. Your
touch was what did it to me.
I understand you might suddenly come upon a forgotten bed
of broken stones and that really scares you. Others went before you,
now they're gone. Remember. You're the lucky ones here right now
who are able to navigate the new world on your own original terms.
That's why it seems that this must be the first
ever material moonlight ever successfully traversed through time,
part of you knows it simply isn't, can't be. Someone else must have
felt

something inside so big once that it simply carried them away into
the rest of their lives forever. That flood is coming at us too as surely
as we're alive now. Don't wait to discover if your exit wings work. All
they wished for then was so they could right then and there
kiss without running out of any more precious time.More power to
them, and to us as well one might say.Don't know what I was
thinking once you gave me your softness like that. It knocked me out
to feel such beautiful closeness in a person's hand. I never wanted to
let go of that simple truth then, and that moment's liberation,
hesitation, caused a generated spark to leap up my arm hairs and
into my brain like a fourth dimensional waterfall. Some days later I
find myself still

standing on those dampened banks, unable to forget what I saw
expanding from inside that suddenly illuminated living submarine's
window chambers.Now here I am, sit typing my way toward another
dead hour without you by my side. Something shadowy on these
walls stacks my efforts neatly into square cardboard boxes of the
imagination. There it goes again fading off for so long like a train as
night walks by as the curtains insist on reminding me of just how
alone I am and remain as ever standing in silent, unloving, uncaring
witness. Some say it's a gift to be alone. Others have lost their
treasured voices for good I'm told. I've got mine gathered in a bitter

glass bottom that must be holding all the calcified pain inside there too. Here

is only a numb town given over to splashing winds and roaming bands of spitting rain.This isn't anything new. I've swept myself coming back this way many times before. With so many tears cried upon this old love song you'd think the world would have been completely washed away by now. Yet here it sits. Can you imagine such a thing? How many words believe what people cannot? Why must a heart lead me astray again? What's the point? You are.Well that's the news from the mysterious lost islands of now and then. There's been no more strange changes in the weather. The rain slaps its long wet hair against the window and begs me to join her outside in wailing sorrow. But that wouldn't be loving you as much as I want to. That wouldn't

be giving you the chance to go on looking for your perfect happiness elsewhere in the big bad wilderness of this rotten life like any pretty beast must. It wouldn't be giving you this poem. This I can and will do for you, my love, for the rest of my own miracle days.

Bonus poems:

The Kitty Cat Made the Stiff Little Nose in the Air Bushes Wiggle

like that groan inducing old rubber pencil
trick in the wide-eyed wrinkled hands

of another fake magician or parent. Or is it
the purest of silliest delights, a

fully realized grand tour of pretense with
me as your guide or the gathered mossy expertise
that turns the obvious one-man joke into
something more incredulous once again? Presto! I've still

got your nose. See? Nothing works. Everything
is a lie. Or it all
simply becomes killingly boring, what you're willing to
invest in through your given over eyes

to its cartoon character for the sake
of one tiny moment's humane hesitation
before the inevitable storm and fall of
what's real and actually hurts. That's where
we'll meet I'm so sure of it now.
And where does this nuclear incident

of laughter fit into the quick palm
of timeless Beauty on her natural
order of all things dull and dusty ?
(Everything else acted Perfectly Normal. Let's

get that straight right now,mister.) That's the
sticky thing about accepting this job.
You don't necessarily get to choose what
form and shape of the next
messenger. And that's just the very first
part of the all consuming process

as you suck through the door. After
that you're left with your hands on
your knees, of course. Now what to
do with all that left over

painted landscape paper? Hey it's your play Shakespeare

after all. So where do you keep
the poor sewn onto strings puppets after
they do your evil bidding anyway?
Can you blame us for wanting to break open that chest and
steal them away? Please. I've got a straight pin. Allow me. I'll be your thief tonight.

Love Letter from the Last Elephant(an early draft version)

We all hear the stories
coming right up out of
the dust. We see the same
sky, the same stars. We've met
our own deaths forever.
We know what's happening.
Because of this some of
us will come willingly

to have chains put around
our feet. Some others must
never be anything
but free. This way they can
still lead with their hearts.We
cannot save us. You could

not save yours either as
he was bleached and became
    a ghost. There is little
time for this conversation
before the planet
can no longer pronounce
    our names correctly. Then
there will be no one to
call us home again by
trumpet or full foot stomp.
    It may sound funny to
you but we have tasted
the rain, flowers, grass;
it tastes right, we believe.