Frozen Bird Pie

by Darryl Price

I like how you completely disappeared inside a undetermined and yet planned point of pretty view, like a rabbit with a chained pocket watch, like a stunned, frozen bird with

a still burning bullet in its tiny feathered brain. You could say that one life just somehow carried you away into the other, like a used candy wrapper piece,

roughly grabbed at and thrown in the air by an ill-mannered wind, but we both know you let it go. I suppose the rushing gobs of wet green and dried brown scenery was as

good as any long blue goodbye might have actually been for you. It smeared my normal reaction time to certain tall shade trees down to a crawl for years. And the

hidden places in rivers where the sun's searing fingers poked out momentary clear holes now seems obviously empty of all possibility for freshly

pumped water meanings or even gladder secret meetings. My sad guess is this has nothing at all to do with your face. You don't want to be remembered that way. That's

the tricky part. Your wish is my command. I'm setting these words on fire even as

we speak, for the last time, even as we wrinkle into lying portraits of our

own dusty memories, into deserts of impossible thirst, into soft cracked mirrors of hard regrets. Here's that smooth black stone retrieved, not shattered, not worth a damn.

Bonus poems:

Luminous Shards

by Darryl Price

They knocked you just for one more Day, but the number had been Rolled. When you offered me your Friendship, I felt my feet were Both slipping overboard. They Marked you from their first bite, but They don't intend to share the Rest. They rob you in order

To sell what's left, but when you Offered me your friendship, I Gave away everything for Free. Now I have been placed at The end of your telescope, An individual stamped

Title for a casual Star. They chased you hoping to

Claim you as collateral.

I wouldn't think of such a
Dodge. When you offered me your
Friendship the fabric of my
Guitar turned into a shroud.
They hunt you for your joy, but
That's like killing a flower
For its color, what little

There is. When you offered me Your friendship, you missed music That had only the two of Us holding it together. Now the one thought holding this Room is the click of fingers Weeping against the keyboard, Lost in rain. When you offered

Friendship, I ran into walls
And tossed down stairs. They prayed you
For your light, but that's smashing
The moon for luminous shards,
The glow is false. You offered
Friendship like you'd forgotten
Your name, but made sure I
Never would. Yeah, I hear them,

Too, complaining about us.
Believe me, I'm trying to
Live through this the only way
I know how. The poet begs
To differ. When you offered

Your friendship it was almost Too sad to contemplate. All I could see was your pink face.

The music has its own sweet swinging by Darryl Price

pod child hanging in the soft balance like an emerging star between the maybe and the lonely. We were once caught kissing in the tunnels where the lazy sky drips into the fields like honeysuckle juice. I thought you would probably turn into a soulful

magnetized swan with your full sun eyes shut so tightly to hold in the new tongue taste. It was heavenly to make up a simple song out of nothing more than wind and debris and sing it like a magical incantation to no one for the first time. These things

only happen once before they are forever blacked out by intruding voices of the fearful overseers of any childhood escape plan. They really don't want to see us go, but honestly we're already gone the moment we touch each other's warm hands.