

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.

