

# Frozen Shells

*by* Darryl Price

I had some words, but the truth is they don't mean a thing because whatever it is I was trying to say to you always crumbles to the ground in

front of you. I had some words, but the bullying wind was stronger than me and ripped them right out of my trembling hand like random insignificant

wooden sticks. I picked them up, but as you can see they don't make quite as beautiful a gift anymore. I don't want to arrive at your door with just an

empty box full of the emperor's clearly gone ridiculous reasons. The truth is I had some red words once to pour you a glass, but that bottle

is far out to sea by now. I had some words once deeply lost in the sad childhood jungle and they somehow made it out alive only to be run

over by an adult drunk driver. I had some perfect words, but without the heart to put a lid on that loud silent jar, gleefully I watched them

all escape back into the dreamy night above your lying head. You can still see them arriving if you look up there. I had some words, but they grew

stuck between the cracks and only looked like lonely flags waving above empty battlements. They have

struck to the ground like burrowing arrowheads, like  
frozen shells, even if I could dig deep enough  
to reach them again I'm sure you'd be appalled that  
I still remember something important about you.

#### Bonus Poems:

##### Light the Darkness by Darryl Price

The mystery doesn't quit just because  
You're not very good at taking care of  
The world. The mystery contains love, but  
It never shows up in the same place twice.

The mystery enjoys your guessing at  
Its name, several times you came pretty  
Close, but the true nature continues to  
Be pronounced. There's always going to be

Greedy monks who want to whisper into  
The ear of the one beyond all starry  
Histories. The mystery is easy  
To get lost inside. You'll have to use your

Own light to see the path clearly. When you  
Borrow light the darkness is waiting for  
You to run out of time. The mystery

Will not interfere with the wolves, but the

Moon may be used to discern an answer.  
The mystery is saying everything  
Even before you are dreaming of right  
Words. The mystery knows of your heartaches.

The mystery is full of hope, but hope  
Is full of danger, so if you are not  
Going to be brave, it will not help you.  
The mystery asks for your acceptance.

When you go into a partnership with  
The mystery you become instantly  
Aware of the connection between all  
Beings, even those made of rock, even

Those who appear as clouds, or rays of light.  
The mystery is not a member of  
Your patriotism, your church or your  
Mind. It is completely free of restraint.

It is wild. You cannot tame it. It lasts  
Forever. The mystery comes to you  
Standing on its own feet, even as you  
Choose the face. Look deep into those eyes and

See yourself. The mystery has as much  
A sense of humor as you have, joy as  
You, as much cold cruelty. The mystery  
Is a sign that all is not yet over.

The Beautiful Sensation of Flying by Darryl Price

I know you must have tried. It's harder than  
It looks, and it looks impossible. But that  
Doesn't mean we won't do it. It only means we  
Don't know the result of our hopes until

They manifest themselves in us. They are  
Trying, too. The pain is real, but it's not the  
Solution. Love is the thing that'll remind us  
Of the center of our dreams. I choose you.

There are other faces, other bodies,  
Other persons all around, but I see you  
First, I see you the most clearly, I see you  
Like a brighter sun, and to deny that

Is to deny everything its own free  
Joy. I don't know what any of it means in  
The grand scheme, but I'm glad at least I know this  
Much about nothing. I accept it, strange

Terms and all. There is no hesitation  
On my part. The light gets in. We're together.  
The paths may find themselves wandering, but in  
My heart I know where they are going to

End up. I close my eyes, preparing for  
The sensation of falling, but instead am  
Surprised by the beautiful sensation of  
Flying, on your ship, with your crew, at last.

## Your Eyes

In your eyes there is enough to believe  
In your eyes no one can lie. In  
Your eyes there is a future big enough  
For everyone. In your eyes is happy meaning.

In your eyes the stone hearts come alive  
In those beams. In your eyes all hearts  
Are returned. In your eyes your dreams are  
Starting to blossom. In your eyes the garden

Is revealed. In your eyes the weapons are  
Melting. In your eyes the story has begun.  
In your eyes those lost to the world  
Have suddenly returned. In your eyes I am

Real. In your eyes the clouds have parted.  
In your eyes we can take our time.  
In your eyes we are flying home. In  
Your eyes no explanation is expected. In your

Eyes no expectation is given more weight than  
We can handle with grace. In your eyes  
The war is forgiven. In your eyes the  
Children are free. In your eyes the here

And now contains every possibility for tomorrow. In  
Your eyes there is today. In your eyes  
I can feel the sun and the wind.  
In your eyes the sweetest sign is showing.

