

Girl With a Typewriter Mouth

by Darryl Price

The Girl with a typewriter mouth
has a body like a single
sheet of blank white paper. I was
obsessed with the Beatles, she tells

me. Well, there are worse things to be
obsessed with, I tell her. No, she
says, I mean REALLY obsessed. Oh,
is all I can think to reply

to that with. I want to ask her
about her eating habits, but
I refrain and keep it all on
my tongue. I imagine she could

chew through wood or clear a forest
of its unwanted mushrooms, but
these are not thoughts I'm happy with
being in my head. Her life gave

her this burden or this gift. It's
not up to me to define its
hidden meaning, but I bet you
anything there's a guy out there

who will be smitten to pieces
by her smile. I met a girl with
a typewriter mouth today. She
gave me this poem. I'm giving

it to you. I guess that's how things
work. I liked her. She was fun to
talk to. With her typewriter mouth
she said, goodbye, thanks for the chat.

I watched her go. The back of her
head said nothing about the front
of her throat. Happy circumstance.
These words popped into my head space.

Bonus poems:

Fishing for Loaves by Darryl Price

This has been a rough and tough year for most
citizens of the so called sane world. You
know why and I don't have to say it. All
this shit they're talking about every day,

every night, over and over again.
One after the other. All this shit they're
still fighting over way down south. Meanwhile
pressing your hand, your head, your engine, your

secret button to someone, trying to
make it mean something, when it already
does or it already doesn't. All this
truly awful sea stuff everywhere. Dead

whales with plastic bags banging around like

too much laundry in their stomachs. Sharks on
the attack. Fish with too much mercury
for any delicious kind of brawn. And

Jellyfish are rising. The octopus
acting dumb when we know it isn't. I'm
tired, aren't you? I don't mind dancing if the
song is you. I don't mind dancing if the

song is you. I don't mind dancing if the
song is you. I don't mind dancing if the
song is you. Some things are worth repeating.
It's either too late or never too late.

a forever ago
by Darryl Price

This is a late try. Is a dream. It's not
yours I hope. But then why would you ever
want to watch me fall apart? Every wild
broken heart is a beautiful mess for
someone else to witness and learn from. Here

in the center of mine it's another
lonely walk through roses into another
miserable rain. I guess I can see
the faithful trees are still there. Good for them.
They never give up wanting to be well.
I guess everything's still out there except

for a me in the possible zone of

maybe going home at last. That troubled
train has long since fallen off its weary
tracks into an explosion of strange weeds.
I'm not going to pretend. I can't seem

to dissolve at a decent alarming
rate. Instead I fall into and climb out
of the stacking cracks of these forgotten
days for nothing and for no one. I have
real love for some, but they don't need it. It's
not a do, it's a done. These words should be

burned to the ground as soon as possible.
Don't let your kids get hold of them. Tell them
the ashes are a floating reminder
of the kindness of mercy. They will do
nothing to further your own beginnings.

They are not asking you to want to turn
around and look. To wave goodbye. Let them
go where they will do no harm in their sad
storytelling. That's my only wish. I
just wasn't chosen to make much sense on
this winding musical path with no sky

for future stars. The world gets in. Ransacks
your cherished memories, gleeful as thieves.
What are they looking for? You can't put the
out of tune flesh back on a rusted old
skeleton without making a puppet.

Love Letter from the Last Elephant by Darryl Price

We hear all 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.

Nocturnal Hymn by Darryl Price

Buy bats
or if

you can't
buy moths
instead.

