

# Hand Grenades, or The Child in Your Eyes is Exploding

*by* Darryl Price

There is a war, but it is not  
In my heart. There is a war, but  
You are not the reason. There is a  
War, but we're all doing what we can.

There is a war, but it is not  
Your fight. There is a war, but I  
Wished you still walked among us. There's a  
War, but I'm fixing to have a good

Time. There is a war, but it doesn't  
Make sense. There is a war, but I  
Didn't know that and neither did you. There  
Is a war, but also a butterfly fanning

The fire that is your hair into a  
Perfectly delicious fragrance. There is a war, but  
I'll recite my empty poems to the pissed  
Off trees. There is a war, but my

Own doppelganger pretends not to hear any of  
this. There is a war, but it doesn't  
have to be like this, not like this.  
There is a war, but you are being

So awfully quiet now. There is a war,

But I recognize your eyes. There is a  
War, but you should make a picture of  
It. There is a war, but I'm only

Trying to get home, aren't you? There is  
A war, but peace and love get in  
The way. There is a war, but aren't  
you still sleeping? There is a war, but

I can't stand being without you. There is  
A war, but the snobs like it that  
Way. But all I've got to get you  
Some Heaven now is a scribbled line or

Two about how hard it is to be  
Strong, let's face it, that sucks. There's a  
War I am told, but do me a  
Favor, and pay me back in kisses. There

Is a war, but smile at me. There  
Is a war, but it has always seemed  
to me that we have seen too much.  
There is a war; the sky's the limit.

Bonus Poems:

Signal in the Sky

by Darryl Price

They interfere plenty. I don't think that  
Angels care if we dance or not. We would

Have felt something, that's how we think we know.  
They have only one station. I'm pretty

Sure it's classical twenty-four hours  
A day. Talk about nostalgia for

The Good old days. At least we're still searching  
For the beat in the jungle. I mean who

Sends a white horse as a nightmare to a  
Frightened sleeper? Only someone who thinks

They know everything. The point is, I don't  
Believe that believing anything makes

You better than another person. If  
It makes you happy that doesn't give you

The right to always declare it in my  
Direction like it's the only way to be

Authentic in this or any other  
World. Blind obedience to a machine,

Whether it is radiant or not, is  
Not my idea of a joyful love.

I'm glad we have each other. I'm thankful  
we are still playful. I'm happy to have

an ego, to still feel the great big thrill  
of lust. Take your lies and stuff them. Dance on.

Pleasures by Darryl Price

The sun, or whatever it is,  
is falling closer. I don't think  
that it's going away any  
time soon. But here I am a man

still seeking your face on every  
leaf. Like a forest of elegant  
bulbs this makes it way better;  
doesn't make it blow away. I

don't believe in being forbidden  
to laugh or to cry. That's my  
problem. There's plenty I don't understand,  
but it doesn't stop me

from feeling everything on and  
on until the end. The sun, or  
whatever is shining, seems to  
be debating what makes a dream

and what is awakening, but  
my question is for you--will you  
still be love's message to us when  
tomorrow is the only day

left on earth? The sunshine, or the  
inevitable squinting sky,  
shifts its own pleasures like a  
sleeping lion sometimes, but I

and I must allow for the shadows  
of our workhorse atoms to  
move mountains and swing the maid back  
onto her silver saddle before

listing over into another  
starry despair. We've a  
purpose after all in the grand  
clash of the majestic kitchens.

