

# How to Save a Shell from a Mountain

*by* Darryl Price

"Love is just a word I've heard when things are being said"...-J.T.

That thing that is empty now is me.  
I never thought I'd disappear, so  
crazily far from being myself.  
The love key has been thrown away, dropped  
without much fanfare. I carried its  
incredible heart for so long for  
only you. You'll never hear me say  
your name again now with so much sand

pitched into the back of my mouth. The  
sprung mechanism thing that is etched  
and forgotten has set the clock back  
to the stone age. The only sense left  
working is one of sarcastic new  
morning light, but I am here, undone  
for you in this precious night, for so  
many years to come. This thing that is

truly empty of now is one  
of my own half-ass songs, forgetting  
just how to swing. The voice is drowning  
in your killing silent storm. There's a  
fugitive ghost sitting on top of  
your shell, not knowing which way is up.  
Words, they confess everything with a  
bad black dagger. If you're reading this,

the thing that is empty wants you to  
know how hard I tried, to save it for  
you. If you're reading this, I'm closing  
my eyes, but my eyes are wide open.  
You're reading this, talk to me. I will  
hear you. The thing that is empty has  
no grudge. If you're reading this, I miss  
you. If you're reading this, I never thought

you'd let go, with misunderstanding,  
my love. If you're reading this, we have  
this, even if there's nothing more to  
our funny flame. If you're reading this,  
I long to be where you are. The thing  
that is empty, a room no longer  
filled with your face, but unhappy tears,  
is a blistering mess. And that's all.

Bonus poems:

Water and Empty Sky  
by Darryl Price

The words do their mining  
in the dark, hoping to  
break through into the shine.  
The words ask you for a  
new meaning. You are the  
source. The words live at the  
edge of the water, not  
polite lilies like stars,

but sand. So countless. So  
everywhere. You are the  
town's red builder. You are  
the dripping, fire-breathing

hulk incapable of  
watching out where he is  
treading. The words ache for  
a something that's all too  
familiar in all  
the strangest places. The  
few words find us inside  
their distant beat bulbs. That's  
not the only reason  
we like to dance, but it's  
a good enough place to  
begin. The words hunt us.

The words dare us to run  
away. To feel. To think.  
Instead, we scatter, out  
of fear. What if there's no  
other side? Better to  
stay safely hidden for  
the crucial moment, the  
soft moment that has to  
eventually be  
the end. Words are happy  
and sad. Sad and happy.  
Barely hanging on. Or,

well, is that only me  
bearing witness? The words  
remember the day you  
spoke those other words. The

true words, not exactly  
friends of mine. They spoke for  
themselves. The tender words  
doing yoga, because  
they can and not to show  
how to let anything  
hurtful go. The words are  
impossible. Look it

up. You'll see. The words and  
the empty spiraling  
sky. Full circle. The words  
are waiting. The words are  
saying something about  
the bitter taste of things  
as they are. The words are  
praying. Words are trying  
to incite a one-way  
riot of emotion.  
But I'm not playing. The  
words cannot unspeak love.

You Never Know  
by Darryl Price

There are houses filled with the blown apart  
pieces of sadly murdered elephants.  
Talk about a carnivorous mood. We  
only want to reanimate T-Rex  
dinosaurs so we can shoot them. Cut off  
their toothy shark heads. Make things to hold more  
things out of their now unplugged feet. Drawers filled  
with the silence of a loaded gun. The

nth time--we're living in it. With the way  
things are going some of us might not live

to see each other again. But you know  
what, you never know. Right now I see a  
few clouds, here and there, from my chair by the  
cold window. And it gives me a kind of  
momentary peace. But it's people like  
you who make me want to smile again and  
mean it. People like you who remind me  
to slow down and enjoy the walk. Your sweet  
face alone would always turn me around,  
to face another day, another mob

of elected monsters who want to take  
security away from those too ill  
to fight them off physically. If only  
we could get all of the mad ghosts of the  
poor murdered elephants to come back and  
haunt them back into their dark holes. Maybe  
in the multiverse. But here on this earth,  
it's us. Or it's nobody. It's snowing!  
Life goes on, doesn't it? November. Noon.  
One poet typing. Wind banging the door.

Snow Plow/Captain's Orders  
by Darryl Price

They play their war games like good little cheats.  
Somebody open a window. This is  
hardly anything new. They are twisted.  
Not bored with hate, like us. We make something  
interesting out of it. We always

do. They use their time to hurt others. That simple enough for you? Somebody roll down a window. This is just more of the

same. Open your eyes. Open your eyes. It's okay. Open your eyes. Look directly into the rushing wind of your dreams. You'll live. You feel it because you are alive, not because you are blown away. This is nothing new. You remember them. Always sold cars outside the hamburger joints. They use innocent balloons to get your rich

attention pulled away from the hat trick. They are like cracks in the ground. How else would you say it? Somebody put the window all the way up. We are bored, not helpless. We sang something new to say, everyone understood the meaning wasn't hidden in mere words. It is us. You're trying much too hard to hang it up. Open your eyes.

Whatever it is they want from us, it can't be good. They are twisted. They play their war games as the criminals. We can be heroes. Thank you, David Bowie. Open, sesame. We are bored, not without soul. You know how to laugh again. Get on that bike and pedal like your life depends on it, but for God's sake, don't give up the ship.

