

# I Don't Know What I might say

*by* Darryl Price

But it all works out. I guess. Truth is something I'm sure  
I've never seen before, but the more time goes on, the  
Less I'm inclined to believe in it. Still I don't want  
To be one of those giving the finger to God  
And begging for a showdown with an army of unfeeling

Angels. We were kicked out of heaven for having a  
Healthy curiosity about the taste of things as they weren't  
Presented to us. I think we made the right choice.  
Taste buds demanded their freedom, and from there it was  
Only a matter of time before others followed their prime

Example. Eyes, ears, lips, fingers, hair follicles all wanting to  
Know more, more about the winds, more about the sun,  
And the rain, more about themselves among the stars. It's  
Okay to feel things more deeply than ever before. We  
Chose to break the rules. It wasn't by accident. We

Wanted to know the rough unexpected skin of the road  
We were on, even if it went unraveling under the  
Doorway like a broken dam. We wanted to lift our  
Unadorned faces up into the sky without flinching from fear.  
That's the key. We don't want to live with nightmares of

Being thrown into a ditch for being out of line.  
I created my own lines here. They may not make  
A lot of sense to you right now, but I

Think you'll enjoy the flowers in the end. If not  
There are plenty of other gardeners, including you, who are

Willing to grow something else for everyone out there. Either it's  
free

Or it's not. And that has nothing to do with  
The cost. It's just an attitude, even as you are  
Buying or selling the goods. I don't know what to  
Tell you that you haven't already thought of all by

Yourselves. We are fallen from Grace, but we are always  
Happily weaving our poems anyway. We are still holding  
Onto sweet faces like jugs of lifesaving water and drinking  
Deeply the impossibly beautiful light from each other's eyes.  
That's  
Enough to prove to me this life is good enough.

Bonus poem:

You May Telephone From Here

There's something in the space you  
are tonight that's for me a  
real presence in my own life,  
and so like any other  
coward I write a poem  
in vain. It will never be  
seen as itself by you, but

possibly be mistaken  
for an open window. Some

will definitely call it  
furniture, some will wrongly  
identify it as mere  
photography, but it's a  
hand, more specifically

my hand. It always was. True  
friends long to touch each other  
again. Sometimes the best we  
can do is to reach out from  
the room we are in, feeling  
throughout our lives for the sweet  
evidence that our love is

always coming through to us.  
In the meantime we fall  
into deep dark sentences,  
into words spoken to no  
one in particular. I'll  
send this anyway, as part  
of both our worlds, if not the best.

