

# I Think You Know That

*by* Darryl Price

you've swallowed a whale bone and not a whole  
chicken. It's not about being surrounded  
by very nice stuff. We always thought  
there was much, much more than haunted walls in  
cold castles. People connect the dots like  
collecting stamps. Things get colder all the  
frigging same. Feels pretty empty from here  
without your complicated faith in your

own sad misunderstood dreaming. I'm not  
trying to say it so they won't hear it.  
They can hear it if they want. I was so  
lonely I wrote love songs. I am lonely  
in love with you. There's no more to it. I  
am the one who chose to be this poet.  
No one forced me to lay about. I think  
you know my head was exploded around

it, in its beauty, in its end. Now I  
must continue to write these letters to  
no one because I can't stop blowing up.  
But someone may still receive them. Probably  
not while I'm alive. People live like  
they are racing to the gold cup finish.  
We always said there has got to be more  
than all the uninterrupted silent

tears, the violent fears. I believed you.  
I believed you. I believed you. Believed  
you. People count the times they try through the  
night. It doesn't matter. It all adds up  
to the same lying thing. A sky full of

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stars. An ocean full of sand. Only the moment sets us free. But we are chasing butterflies instead of being met as

butterflies. I think you know some things just won't work without love. Maybe nothing does. Nothing does. I'm sure of it. And now this particular letter starts to close in on its origami swan self , pushes off towards another far shore. It's been much too long. Nothing leads me back to you, nor needs to. I found you, the smile on my face.

Bonus poems:

Upside Down Jesus  
by Darryl Price

The upside down Jesus was first seen in a bowl. What kind of bowl has been up for considerable debate ever since. With hilarious results if you read the internet

like a newspaper. What's he doing in there, one lady was heard to ask no one in particular. He's giving us the peace sign. You sure that's a peace sign?

Why is he smiling so much? It makes him look nutty. Shouldn't he be pissed off? I mean look what they did to the poor guy. His hair looks nice

though. I wish he'd say something profound. But upside down

Jesus never did. He only smiled and gave the dubious peace sign to all who dared to have a look

inside the bowl. Well, I think he shouldn't be upside down at all, said a man in a moustache and tweed jacket. It's very disrespectful to say the least. Very

unprofessional if you ask me. Who does he think he is? This is an interruption of normal everyday life and I won't stand for a bit of it anymore. Whereupon

he left the area and was never seen or heard from by anybody ever again. By sunset the ever growing crowd had turned into a festival of sorts. People were

selling all kinds of things with Jesus' image on them. Tee-shirts, key rings, cups, pastries and even panties. Musicians played little happy tunes on their guitars. The crowd was laughing

and eating, slapping each other on the backs, and taking turns staring into the bowl. As the sun began to set the image also began to fade with it, but

it never did right itself. Where's he think he's going, various voices were heard to ask all over the place. Tell him to stay right where he is. And don't

move a muscle. Please. Someone. Stop him from fading away from us. Stop him. A priest stepped forward and asked upside down Jesus to stay. We need you, he said.

Upside down Jesus smiled. They say his smile was the last thing to go. That and his eyes. But again there's a terrible debate over the accuracy of this report.

When I Go

by Darryl Price

you won't feel a thing. When I go you  
won't believe a word I said. When I go  
a little brown sparrow will visit your sleeping hand  
and bring you his dirty French fry. A lost  
gold ring will be found in the tall grass

by children playing with a new toy gun. When  
I go the music will turn itself into a  
dream color of unheard music. The kind you remember  
liking but can't remember why, coming from a stranger's  
open upstairs window. When I go I'll try to

quietly remove my broken heart from your waking vicinity.  
You won't feel my energy for writing these rainy  
day poems, playing piano with just a few lonely  
fingers anymore, anymore. When I go you won't be  
found hanging around. When I go I won't bring

you down that road. We will quit being anyone else  
but strangers in the bright hot afternoon winds. Clouds  
will get better seating. When I go you will  
get dressed up for a Hollywood Halloween, eat some  
bland breakfast cereal at your mother's and drive to

the local farmer's market and end up buying something  
you've never tasted before. It will make you happy  
in the car. It will make you cry in  
the driveway. You will end up throwing it all  
away. When I go a brown paper bag will

do. When I go I'm going to quit trying  
to explain my actions to anyone. When I go  
I'm going to reflect my art into the jazzed  
up dancing trees' limbs, shake all the leaves north  
and south, east and west, writing on that wall.

When the Light Grows Dark  
by Darryl Price

You are going to make another war. I am going  
to make a fine paper swan. You are going to  
plant a grim bomb or two. I'm going to plant  
a Bodhi tree and look for the artful moon entering  
my room. You always seem to be chanting on about the  
courage it takes just to die. I sing about just feeling

kind of sad, perhaps you've heard no other whispers about love's  
price.

You are going to count your money all alone. I  
am going to not bother with counting all the stars. You  
are going to run over something that once wept real tears.  
I am going to lift my eyes for them. I am going  
to lay my hands on their wounds. You are going

to smoke something truly foul and push the smokey lies through a  
million

pointy teeth, which are really chimneys, which are really  
buildings,

which are really dirty windows. I am going to forget  
to always be the first one. You are going to pretend you

can't find your heart. I am going to walk with  
the ones who need a friendly cane to get along

and belong. You are going to look away behind a  
steaming plate full of signature fries. I am going to  
let someone else laugh in the perfect places. You are  
not going to bend backwards to be made any better. I'm  
placing this poem here for you. I'm on your dream radio. Listen.  
I'm not waiting to hear the ultimate truth. You're the missing clue.

