

# I Want to Sing To You

*by* Darryl Price

without looking at the words. I want to draw a picture of you  
without setting my hat on fire. I want to swing you around in an  
open field

without thinking something's bound to go wrong. I want to touch  
your hands

without resorting to an old map found buried in a book on fairies.

To run with you in the downpour without looking for a quick  
squeezed

way in. Want to remember your face because it's resting in my  
fingers like a cherry

pit. I want to sit with you in front of the ocean without  
planning to take one shell. I want to find you in a garden

without thinking I should remove my shoes first and put them  
under a

rose bush for safe keeping. I want to give you that dance without  
dropping all blanks

in the chamber for good luck. I want to embrace your name  
without

falling into an unmade ditch of spears head first. Want to drink  
your

trance without going home and putting myself to bed afterwards.  
I want to

play my guitar like a wounded warrior without having to explain  
the nature of all scars.

I want to leave my most careless poems on your doorstep without  
having

to fold up all the moonbeams into neat little rows before I go.

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Available online at «<http://fictionaut.com/stories/darryl-price/i-want-to-sing-to-you>»

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Bonus poem:

You Can Push Things(a daft first draft)

to the back of your mind like a box of unpacked beloved  
books if you want, but that's no life I want to explore  
any further with you. We don't have as much time as we  
once did to believe in something other than an empty bottle of  
dreams. Love is still real even when the mud begins to fizzle  
and leap out of its own way. That's all I wanted to

say. I don't believe their lies any more now than I did  
before I went missing. They want you to spit your love on  
the ground like bitter drugs. To tear the bells out of the  
golden dragon infested clouds like a fistful of wires. To sink the  
last of the flower petal boats with heavy rocks. To smash all  
singing birds to death against the brick walls. But I don't buy

their latest diet wars. Their brand name barrels of bargain  
smoking guns.

Their greasy gravy jars full of deliciously simmering coiled bombs.  
Their sick

little insurance run churches of the barbecued nightmares of  
innocent children. Listen.

Love is always going to be all even when all else is  
floating to the burning ground. That's what I want you to  
remember

you already know. I'm not trying to get you to do anything

you don't want to do deep down inside. Don't join anything on  
my behalf. I don't care. Just don't be boring. This poem is  
where I stand. It's not some silly broken mystery rotting in a  
rough hewn cave. I live in the same real world as you. And again.  
Love is all you need. They want you to turn in your  
hopes, but you know better. Love is like the sky, all around.

Darryl Price    Wednesday, July 02, 2014

