

I Wish There Was A Way

by Darryl Price

To still make Emily smile. Even
Today. On the street where
Paper lives and works I'm
Making this small effort out
Of a few stray letters and
An attitude like a chip
On the kicked about shoulder. I don't
Know, I think she deserves it.
That try. Even if nothing happens. A bell refuses to ring.
But time going by, if

There's no heavenly trajectory far-flung
Enough to reach into her
Sunday morning elbows and give
Her a friendly jostle from
The bumbling farcical future, then what?. You know I've
Been in trouble with the
Reality police many times before, what poet
Hasn't? Emily's secret grin seems a
Lot more important than listening
To them wagging their dagger like fingers at the sun,

People with no imaginations to hang stars on. Just
Because they scream something is
Impossible doesn't mean I have
To buy into that kind of false religion,
Or be part of that
Kind of closed minded thinking.
Maybe I'll draw her gritting her teeth
Back from a cartoon picture frame,

Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/darryl-price/i-wish-there-was-a-way>»*

Copyright © 2015 Darryl Price. All rights reserved.

Or put her smile inside the sleeve holding
My songs at the foot of a cliff, our little secret, just

Accept that it's already on there somewhere.
I kind of like that
Idea, seeing light stretching out
In the darkness in spite
Of all the guns aimed
At our dreaming faces. John
Lennon said, whatever gets you
To the light is alright,
And I believe that, too. Your Emily
Smile's worth every word spent on this moment's steps upward.

Bonus poems:

Bone

We built a secret road and rolled it into a crumpled ball and
pushed it deep into an empty wine bottle
And dropped it into the laughing ocean for much, much later, but
like all young dreams it was
Found out by busy strangers and turned into mounds of vanishing
cash. We still had a perfect
Picture of what the innocent sun looked like through red broken
glass. There's
Always something you can do with the sea and a little leftover
sunlight if you're willing.
Maybe those few drops of pure dreams were only alive for those
people we were. I
Honestly thought we would help to remember who we were
before the

World came knocking on the door and took us away in separate cars. If

You cared as much you would have shouted something amazing and sweet from your window.

If you cared you would have thrown something at me that only I would ever know how to catch. I don't blame them. They are Nothing more than partly animals, nothing more than hungry, hungry mouths,

Nothing more than nibbling plants with perfumed hidden agendas, but you, you were

A close friend and that makes things infinitely worse. The stars grinned all of a sudden

And their rotten teeth were terrible to behold and smell. All because you thought it

Was all a sleepy little game to be dressed up for and later abandoned to some gruesome

Sort of creepy scrapbook for adults only. I never thought we'd sink so suddenly into

The solid ground like that. It didn't make any great sense to me. Until I saw your reflection

In the reflection. Then I knew. And my heart snapped in two like a broken fish.

For Birds

The tree outside my window
Suddenly lit up like a tortured
Lamp and then it was simply
Gone and the room felt
Like an abandoned monastery. That's

Just one explanation for your
Departure that doesn't involve dumb mutiny

Or sad motive. I haven't got
The time to solve the
Mystery to everyone's literary satisfaction.

One-way trip was started and
A slipped-away trip was taken. It's
The same for all the contestants,
Probably even those who choose
To stay in the darkened

Room and wait for the
Lights to turn back on. A
True love is always left behind
When there's free fun to
To be had. Do you

Really need a metaphor to
Read between the betrayed lines? People
Are left frozen on the grass,
For no more than a
Shared cigarette and an illegal

Gun in the mouth. After
All these years, has it been
Worth it? I'm a poet, you're
Whatever you are. It doesn't
Matter anymore. Other stories have

Covered ours up like something
Forgotten underneath snow. The thaw is
All mine. It's just another piece
Of art. It's not even
For you. It's for birds.

That Rare Moment

Words are only the windows I want you to look through
For now. Mostly because they can give you a seeing key
To unlock the many rooms of my feelings. Don't worry. It's
Nothing more than a vase for some flowers, a glass for
Some spilled sunlight. I know it's momentary for you. But you
Can't pretend in the face of the big reveal, or else
Everything falls apart, and that would make a disastrous picture
of

A singular spectacular sky. I don't know where the brightness
comes

From that illuminates you to me. I mean I know it
Is you, but it is also me, some part of me
That recognizes in your voice, in your face, in your hair

A movement that gives me a raw courage I never knew.
So the words become like curtains, they are meaningless in
themselves.

They need these alphabetical walls, the whole spinning language
outside streaming

Through the Inner airways to make their introductions, to ask you
To dance. That's its whole, strange phenomenon, like a favorite
song,

You can't help but feel fantastic in its presence if only
For that rare moment it plays around in your head. The
Silly artistic purpose here is only to not be a liar.
The real purpose here is to be authentic as we live
And breathe. The personal purpose is to be honest without faking
A special boredom with you. I didn't make this up. The

World existed well before the spark created by our crossing paths.
I felt it enough to bleed forth this poem. You may

Not have noticed it happening at all. That's not my problem,
But it is my mortal awareness, owned or disowned, soul-wise
Speaking for the taking. It shouldn't matter to you. I'm only
Saying you made a big difference in my heart that deserves
A little notice of thanks on my part. You probably receive
These kinds of awards daily. I'm more than happy to add
Mine to the shelf because it certainly belongs there among all
The others, but I will not be lumped in with the
Strangled stars when I am the one bringing you the moon.

