

If You Trace Even One of My Words

by Darryl Price

with a finger I will let you know.
If you mean even just one given
look at the moon I will know. If you
peel off one lonely star and put that
shining shell in your watch pocket for
later or to skip across your sad

pillow in the middle of your dreaming
I will know it. If you somehow love
the mysterious ways of the sea
without trying to capture any
living thing hiding in the woods I
will become a better artist. Now

will you please remind me of what our
hearts already know? If you do I
will flutter in all the breezes for
your sake. If you take a softer step
I will know. If you remember all
things can happen I'll be generous

and smile. My work's exhibited in
a small bow, it's true, but can be a
deeper portal, a nice addition
to the journey. If you think it will
really work I will know. That is the
bowl of water left out at sunrise.

Wednesday, March 05, 2014

Bonus poem:

Whatever I Say,

whatever I do, the dazzling islands
of your secret pleasures always smacks my
emissary boat with its deeply timeless
storm. Whatever I write, the unused

victory of your unprecedented
gate's explosion dreams my mind and flattens
my grass. The unused language of your
violin loses my heart every time.

The unused benevolence of your sweet
honeysuckle ticket to tomorrow
gets me lost. The unused surges of your
satisfaction I could never dismiss.

And the unused saddle of your whispered
feeling transfers all my golden brown cakes
to paper towels of heart ache, mi amor.
The unused water-covered planet of

your national economy makes me
want to turn the pages of fitful sleep
to only you. Whatever I am, the

unread poem of your mouth still makes me.

