

I'm Afraid You May Have Made Some

by Darryl Price

awfully evil decisions upstairs in your head that could
come back to haunt you in your later years; I'm
here to report your zooming about hair
isn't really one of them. You have
found the infernal wheel works in all four
directions at once. Good for you. It's no use
pretending you aren't being rolled along with
the rest of us to our early
just graves. You have slightly better clothes

on is all. But your petty misery
at your lot in life is the
same old sob story. Now that we've gotten
that clumsy bit of ordering the planets out of the way may we at
least
proceed to enjoy where we have stopped
along this very glad moment? We have
this panoramic lawn which might as well
be a jutting out to sea green bean
cliff only big enough for the two
of us, a giant lily pad then ,

so big you can't see the wetness
it so easily slides upon bobbling beneath us.
Either way we have this terribly blue
eggs in a nest (now playing) sky
which is currently curled up in front
of your eyes like a small Persian
cat unable or unwilling to move from

that perfectly good spot of creature comfort. We
have three or four raggedly curious little winds
attached to our flag poles playing their

various musical instruments in a comical dance all around us like
circus performers on their way to market.
And finally we have each other's fingers
braiding an unending warmth between us as
we dream together in this finely tuned
golden afternoon. We'll never match this feeling
again with anyone else. So why must
you prance around the fact as if
you have somewhere else more important to be? Emotional
turmoil should not be your feckless condition.

Bonus poems:

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Long Distance

Here's the thing. I never thought you'd
Be swept away from me for always at a time. Some

Grain of you still seems to catch
In my eyes from time to time.
What I'm trying to say is I'm
 Sorry that we are no bigger than our
flesh. I'd give anything to be in
Your presence without history or seasons having
Been hammered like nails into your heart. I understand
That oceans will continue to live and
 Die in our veins, but also clouds
Will rise out of our many done deeds to
Drench us sooner or later. I want
You to let go of me completely
Now and know that you are forever loved.

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Took My Blind Spot Out
For the riding and
 Oh she did jump the
Overgrown hedges
So beautifully
 Such that the little
Purple flowers thrilled

Themselves several
Shades deeper in the
Quickness of her flight.

