

# I'm Feeling the Monkey Around your Neck Isn't Quite Listening

*by* Darryl Price

The sky's hand's so big and  
so vast that it takes our  
huge sun at the end of  
day and squeezes it down  
to a perfect diamond--  
just like Superman  
with a lump of coal-- poof!--  
obliterates it. And it's gone.

Next day it's seen floating  
around everywhere again,  
like an inflatable  
beach ball. I can make that  
one word if I want to--  
this isn't scrabble you  
know. All of which points us  
to the point. I can make

that a period. Let  
go of me. Just listen.  
There's a tune out there taking its  
own particular time  
to pitch a note just for you. It wants  
obviously to please  
you. Personally I  
don't care. I only want

to know when to give my  
sad slide the flesh and blood  
it so desires. It's  
a harsh universe. What's  
that you're always saying  
to me? Christ, if I actually  
believed that  
was all there was to this

breathing I would exhale  
only. Here is something  
taking shape in space just for you. And  
there is no other you.  
Damn the critics to a  
lashing hell of their own  
sour tongues. I can't make it  
last one minute longer,

or stop it going off the final  
trail any shorter than what  
it takes. Okay? It will  
on the surface appear  
to be nothing more than  
words. Granted oh wise one.  
But so do a lot of  
things. Figure it out. What

I mean to say is I  
hope there's more to this than  
that. Why don't we sit back  
and see what dreams happen  
next? I'm glad you're here. There.  
I guess it all comes down  
to mundane seating arrangements  
after all, dear one.

Bonus poems:

### I'm Bored With Your Tomorrow Discounts

by Darryl Price

Thank you for your support. I  
just want to walk in the park.  
Your failing infrastructures,  
your college savings plan. As  
I look around all I see

are your marmalade cowboy  
politics. I just want to  
walk in the park. Your online  
contests, your easy chicken  
dinners, vehicle safety  
features. I'm sick to death of

your limited time offer.  
Just let me walk in the park.  
Your expert advice. Shadow  
always looming over me.

Give me breathing. Give me bees.

I just want to walk in the  
park. Genuflection to the  
dark angel of our nature.  
It's gross. I just want to walk  
the park. Give me the shoulders  
of Venus. Try coming down.

Clouds and Everything and Mountains by Darryl Price

We chanted to the sun. Chanted  
to the moon. We chanted to the  
stars. We chanted to the grass. We  
chanted to the trees. We chanted  
to the oceans pouring over  
our heads. We chanted to the winds.

We chanted to the new flowers.  
Only the flowers appeared to  
be listening. Because of this  
profound understanding between  
us we fell deeply in love with  
everything. Little did we know

that love attracts a lot of bugs.  
Bugs have no sense of decorum.  
They only know to congregate  
and make a lot of buzzing noise  
before they expire in great heaps.  
This made us laugh. Well it made me

laugh but only because it was  
a scene that also had your ears

in it. We made a fire out of  
just the two of us holding the  
universe in our eyes and that  
became something worth knowing. I

was not the one who would hurt you.  
I voted for Strawberry fields  
forever. You bought the dream you  
were eventually handed.  
That gave the story an ending  
I'd never have thought of as good.

### A Sudden Window

by Darryl Price

There is someone looking for you  
for him or herself. I don't know if they'll  
keep on looking forever when  
we live our present lives so far  
apart from each other. You might  
as well be behind a glass at  
all times. But I still would want that

lucky person to somehow reach  
you and get consent to hold you.  
That would make the whole world worth it.  
Even if I can never see  
that feeling or feel that sighting  
myself. There's someone who completes  
your chemical composition

as himself, but he may not be  
that unselfish. He may refuse  
to know you as you are, and that  
would break my heart for you. Coming  
close to being almost complete  
is not the best way to walk through  
this ticking down life. But maybe

he'll feel the inevitable  
pull, break the glass, or maybe the  
spirit of the glass'll recognize  
him and open itself up like  
a sudden window or a door  
inside the air. That's a moment  
I wish for you. That's all I'll say.

## The Unbearable Heaviness of Selfies

by Darryl Price

All you haters spreading  
poison. Poison kills. Hate  
is dumb. How many have  
you harmed? Why do you have  
to be so cutthroat? Hate  
is dumb. Is my calling  
hate dumb politically  
incorrect? The tragedies  
of war have come  
to our door. Hate is dumb.  
War is dumb. Haters murder  
truth. Words hang in the

air because they can't believe

in themselves. Hate is  
dumb. John made the mistake  
of teasing weak men with  
guns. You can't tease a man  
with a gun. Or a hat.  
Or a uniform. Hate  
is dumb. War is dumb. Death  
gives lillies a bad rap.  
Hate is a crime against  
the practice of kindness.  
Soldiers will shoot unarmed

students if given the  
right order. How many  
numbers make up a soul?  
How many poets are  
alive in the world today?  
Don't care. People aren't  
numbers. Hate is dumb. The  
world is sick and no one  
wants to do anything  
about it. It makes me  
sad, but that doesn't mean  
I'm not happy. I'm not,

but certain things make me  
glad to believe in the  
magic of being here.  
But dumb hate is not one.  
All you haters so sure  
of your propaganda  
against love and compassion.  
It is never too  
late. Hate kills happiness.  
Generates suffering.

Hate is dumb. Life goes on.  
In this we're together.

## The Tiger Who Jumped Over the Moon

by Darryl Price

Lord knows we all tried to stop him  
from doing it. You're crazy we said. This  
makes you look like a lunatic. They'll hunt  
you down in even heavier droves now. You've  
upset their delicate memories. I tried to stop  
it. That's cow territory my friend I said  
but it didn't matter. He had made up  
his mind to jump and mean to and

so he did. I'm going to miss petting  
his fuzzy head as we walked through the  
jungle together. It wasn't so much that I  
felt safe with that tiger but I preferred  
his growl to almost any other sound. It  
made me feel glad to be alive. Anyway  
what's done is done. He's gone. One day  
I'll be gone. Maybe we'll see each other

again and the laugh will be on something  
other than us. Or maybe it doesn't matter.  
He's gone and so is a pretty big  
chunk of the world. It was funny. A  
tiger taking a flying leap over the moon  
like that. Many astronomers were puzzled by what  
they were seeing in their telescopes that night,



that's for sure. I don't think that's why

he did it. I think he just wanted  
to feel something else for himself. To see  
if there was more to it all than  
this barroom brawl we've been handed. I see  
some stars look a little more like tiger's  
teeth tonight. Thanks for the grin my friend.  
I'm writing you this poem because it's all  
I've got left. You know what it's for.

Mirrors/srorriM

by Darryl Price

It's weird to be here. I wonder if you  
are here too. You'd probably say oh that  
was years ago. And you would be right. But  
I like the things we believed in then. Some  
of them I still do. You're old I guess. You  
were so pretty and golden in your new  
bathing suit. And I was too skinny from  
smoking too much and eating too little.  
But I was always up for writing you  
another lovesong. I don't know if we had

troubled minds. We had aching hearts. And there  
didn't seem to be much relief for that.  
But still we laughed a lot. And we knew how  
to take care of each other. That's something.  
I don't like to hear the people calling  
other people monsters. It makes me think  
of broken mirrors. Trees full of them. Stars

flashing them like knives. Windows on houses  
where no one has seen a living face in  
years. It's weird to be here, incapable

of talking with you without missing the  
smallest things, except through a bunch of typed  
out words on a computer screen. I used  
to love my typewriter. The way it pressed  
each letter deep into the paper's dough,  
the crowded sentences starting to line  
up like chattering concert goers with  
thrills and unknown expectations in their  
eyes. We held hands once and it seemed like the  
only safe thing that made any real sense

to me in the world. Now I'm like one of  
those guys walking alone on the beach, no  
big dog, no favorite frisbee, just a  
goofy fishing hat and some sunglasses.  
Not wanting to know what time it is, but  
being able to tell any way by  
the color of the sand and sea. You learn  
a few solid things and try to forget  
everything else. It's weird to be here. I'm  
still me. I wonder if you're still you. The

you that was the most beautiful person  
in the room of beautiful people. I  
liked looking for you. And I liked finding  
you. It's weird to be here. Now is such a  
far away place to be. And here isn't  
much better. I wanted to say that I'm  
sorry, but I don't know what for. We had  
dreams that came and asked us to get into  
different cars. I didn't want you to

go with them. I didn't trust them, but I

trusted you. It's weird to be here. The world  
is still as cruel as a snake. It hasn't  
gotten any kinder. I hope it has  
been kind to you. Weird. But not so wrong I  
suppose. You knew how to smile. Everyone  
said so. I admired that about you. My  
crookedly round face could only try to  
almost get it right, feeling mostly out  
of place in every place, except when I  
was anywhere with you. Not so much a

miracle, let them say, but we know, it  
was our little secret. It's weird. I made  
it into the poetry papers, but  
you're not here to read them. It's weird to be  
here. It's not where I thought I'd be. It's a  
rotten town everywhere you go. But I  
wouldn't call it a wasted life. We just  
didn't know it would call us to leave each  
other forever to the other side  
of the moon. But I look up and I smile.

## Falling Rocks

by Darryl Price

Not sure I remember what's important, but I remember you.  
That's the whole problem I think. You're a drain where  
all my words end up ending up. All of them  
get lost inside you. Eventually. And I'm left with nothing  
to say. Because all my words are gone like toothpaste.

The few I've got left only seem to repeat themselves  
in pathetic smears. But they'll have to do. Not sure  
I can remember anything important, but I say your name  
in my sleep. It's all become a boring animal ritual.  
I can admit that. But I remember you used to

wear this yellow teeshirt all the time like it defined  
something impossible about you and your motion inside dark jeans.  
It drove me mad with desire. And that made you  
laugh. Which drove me over a cliff, into an ocean,  
and left me clinging to slippery rocks for dear life.  
So not sure I remember one important thing about anything  
if you want to know the truth. But I know  
the song that made you sit still and look at  
things like they were puzzles you were putting together in  
your head with a little seductive dance. How else am

I going to describe the sadness back to you now?  
When you're not even listening. And my readers are expecting  
me to swing this crazy thing around and show them  
the secret room inside of themselves. But a broken heart  
can only make cubist desk paintings out of its overly  
hoarded toy stuffs and hope for the best. I can't  
remember what's important to me any more. It was so  
clear to me just yesterday. Oh. Open my eyes. Let  
me see a way. Let me swim before I drown.  
Let me swim before I wash away. I remember you

as important but I can't seem to remember why. The  
words won't tell me. I'm not sure they think we  
deserve to know the reason. Or they just might be  
trying to protect us from the tilting sun. Oh. It's  
too late for that. Oh, open my head. Let me  
see before I go completely blind from all the salt in my  
own eyes. Running down my face. For all of us

who are left let my words fight for air. For  
all of us here let my words continue to look  
for fair meaning. And kiss you goodbye. For all the

lonely floating pieces let my wrecked words shine through the  
slumber of time and ruin. Night and day. Open the  
curtains. I remember you. You were the question I guess  
I needed to hear from this life. Thank you for  
asking me. It was a beautiful way to say hello  
and a hard way to say goodbye as the next  
question on the horizon became more solitary in its insistence  
on authenticity. Maybe what was so important is not important.  
But it remains with me. And I wouldn't want you  
to think of it in any other way than love.

We Are Not Those Responsible  
for planes that lose their  
precious bombs like someone's been

careless in spitting one rotten  
tooth after bloody rotten tooth  
all over the greenest of

forest grounds like saliva covered  
seeds with no more thought  
to the consequences below the

radar than to the awakening  
hunger pangs of yet another  
dying day for the poor

disfigured animals who used to  
be gently drinking children or

for the murder of ancient

and wise guardian trees in  
the night for starved dogs  
who forever must endure their torturers

September 12, Lucky Number challenge

My lucky number is mushroom.  
My lucky number is bat. My  
lucky number is pear. My lucky  
number is Milky Way. My

lucky number is cricket. is  
cloud. is seahorse. Is learning a  
lucky number? I think it is.  
My lucky number is waterfall.

My lucky number is dragon--  
which is timeless but also maybe  
untameable so really it  
just might zero things out. My next

lucky number is daughter. Then  
there's the poem--in which we are all  
allowed to say I'll get that right over to you  
out loud and mean it. You'll say it's love.

P.S. My lucky number is  
mercy. My lucky number is  
Beatle. My lucky ones come with

their own regiment of angels.

