

In This Lifetime, Oh How We've Drawn This Close

by Darryl Price

Together at last, we'd gotten this far toward the warm end of
those sweet

Promises we made, once, with our sincerest written and passed
down smart

Words, done all on our own deeds, with some real gusto, and
offered them as Christmas

Lights, set precisely among shadows to burn full

Glad away, til dawn, as bright as many glasses of silvery

Moon water, ever poured freely out of

Love's dearly scruffed up mouth corners again

And again I say, and that wants, always wants, only to

Be bearing many new forms, to be more

Often than not, life's opening

Salvo. That we find ourselves here at

All is a welcomed miracle

As common as finding one slick

Wet cheek among a million

Rained on, and yet we will feel it; the

Overflow of feeling, overwhelmed, thankful, the scramble of
climbing to the top

Of one another ,our sentences spewing out

In every language,and in all directions, all crying

Over to us veering on our sides,"Spin gold, spin gold, or leave us

Alone forever!" I set the

Beautiful and flaring blue evaporating

Match head atop their dry bald spots, and

Splash the sharp hot sparks into my own face, afterwards
With new relish for the verses already coming alive in the darkest
throes of oncoming night.

Bonus poem:

We have nowhere to go

Where they don't hope to eventually
Find us exchanging our new
Love presents like tiny fireworks.
So we long for the
Few unnoticed as blooming moments we actually

Get to sit alone together
In a soundproofed space of
Our own dreaming, without hearing
Their old broken down weather-related questions
And answers all the time which they offer
Up in twos (with buns)

Like newly branded mystery dogs.
Why go any further down
The rabbit hole of our
Vanishing futures with that greasy
Image haunting our panting steps?
It fits the hole in

Every head so well, they must imagine, a

Gasoline soaked finger, tailor-made
For such fun occasions.
They want to see us burn out
Like them. The brighter, the
Better to break your heart.

Revolution, Pass It On

by Darryl Price

There's nothing I could want from those fried bread
Devils. Don't want to dive into their cash
Filled channels either, biting my way out
Like a radio controlled shark, or be
Seen falling out of their night-time cars like
A teenager in love, flying face down,
Or leave the field of battle drugged and dragged
On the back of some horseshit golf cart, lost
In a purple haze of flash bulbs, or to
Worship in their funhouse of cracked mirrors,

Demented as a clown fish, or to have
My hungry belly filled with their hateful
Memory soup, chained to their pristine walls
Like a prisoner in a painting, or
Be forced to watch their horror films of home
And hearth, to laugh at nothing more than old
Shadows, or listen to their traumatized
Musicals of an American lie,
A torture of cowboys and Indians.
Nothing is like the sting of their kind whips.

And since they own everything already

It makes them afraid to dance without a
Whimpering partner. They've captured the poor
Naked moon, but it only sits in an
Unopened box, never to be played with
Or even plugged in. I really don't want
Their education rites poured over my
Head, their money bags saddled to my horse,
Tickets to an exotic vacation
On Mars, the hideous joking letters

Of recommendation. All I want is
You and I don't have to own you to say
That and mean it. I don't have to build a
Tall tower to let you know. What I want
Is to accept and celebrate all of
You without a precise plan sticking out
Of my back pocket. Like a wave I want
To crash into my own freedom and break,
Like a good day rain I want to put my
Arms around each tree and flower until

They smile back like happy children, and fresh
Dreams become our only true faith, like a
Wind I want to lift your hair from your face
And kiss you as if nothing else matters.
There is nothing I want them to know, to
Feel, about our kind of love, there's nothing
I want to say to them now, we are not
Puppets. We are not their wheat. Not their last
Meal. We are not the late hour. We've never
Been the answer. We will make our noise. Our

Noise is a joy because we love it. Is
A bell because we ring it. Our noise is
Made for no one in particular. We

Are the rag tag army of peace. We will
Never win the war. Our noise has its own
Echos to find. Let them take every red
Food colored cent, let them shoot every cloud
Out of the sky, we are butterflies. We
Will walk the pebble paths to our final
Destination without selling our souls.

