

Is That a Floating Postcard over There in your Shirt Pocket, or Are You Just Happy to See Me?

by Darryl Price

We came wind-milling together, up and over the blue and yellow stone bluffs, like a couple of empty yet racing nowhere fast plastic grocery bags, catching onto everything and anything in our way, and desperately trying to get free again, in any tiny bit of wind that blew, by going in our direction. We kept our heads down,

nonetheless. The only thing I wanted to be seeing was the blue sheets of ocean below, and the white bedtime caps of the sailboats, I mean, besides the insides of her bikini again. She caught me looking, and in spite of the danger we were in, she let out a little snide laugh that skidded across the rocky plains between us and hit me straight between the

eyes. I loved how clean and crooked her teeth looked just then. Then it was all back to business, as usual. We needed to get down there, way down there, and fast, without being seen by anyone with say a gun or a knife. The damned curious circling gulls were already hang-gliding our way, like fully gassed up zeroes ready to suicide themselves for any

small crust of bread. They'd probably figured out we'd be good for something tasty, left carelessly behind. I started to throw a rock at them, but her hand held my arm in a vice-like grip. She didn't speak, but shook her head back and forth. I was instantly in an intense slo-

no trance of my own making, when a little rivulet of the
clearest water I've ever

seen zigzagged down her chest and magnified her skin cells, and I
dropped the rock at once to the sand below. We waited in
utter silence, until the birds short attention spans were
suddenly drawn away by a bunch of screaming and laughing voices,
running by in the opposite direction, smelling of picnic food and
suntan oil and soiled diapers. We

saw our new chance then and we took to it, like any properly made
of bamboo and paper kites, to a picture perfect clearly blue sky.
Looking more like big spiders now, I must admit ,than friendly
bathers, we scrambled over and down the cliff's jutting chin and
dropped to the land below with two crispy sounding sandy sounding
crunches. She was up on her

muscular haunches immediately, while I staggered and held my legs
and pumped my burning feet up and down in some kind of stupid
dance that meant okay, yes I'm alive but that did really hurt, and this
sand is like a bucket of hot coals, if you really must know all the
forgone and concluding reasons why. She pointed to the tiniest boat.
Our boat. Our way out

there in the distance kind of sailing alone boat. I was very much
thinking about not liking sharks very much right then, when she
grabbed me by the hand and pulled me into the water like a short
piece of rope. That's when I heard the first shots ring out, and saw
the water pop up all around us, like something starting to bubble
and cook on a stove, and saw them

coming, on furious riding machines, straight towards us. It's funny
how everything will turn into raw emotion when everything's just
about to end. There was a lot of clouds and then the sound of the
whole world being submerged and then gulls, more motors smelling

of oil, and distant shouting, and strong hands pressing me onto something wet but floating. Her face said it all before I finally passed out.

Screwing Up the Natural Order of Things/ or Trying
by Darryl Price

" Deserve your dream."--Octavio Paz

to get the dream that fits
inside of my head lifted-up out of my eyes again.
They act like they've never even

heard of this thing called love.
They have no need for longer
haired visionaries. For those of you not

familiar with the terms we're talking about your freedom to grow
as you see fit, to
think something alone and not commercialized. Why lie
about it now? They're only going

to march into your living rooms
with their armored bank vaults on their backs and
take everything you own for no

good reason, just like a tornado
of swirling kitchen knives. Just trying to clean
the cowards out of my head

so I can sort of rest in peace later-on. They love their parade of
brightly colored patchwork quilts like a hideous
child with a one of a

kind toy. It's mine, mine mine! And you can't have it. We love their
misused

flag, too, of course, but like a shepherd loves his sandles.
Like a friend beams a friend up into his heart light.

Like a kid loves the rocky outdoors
just the way it is. Yeah
there are always going to be

bulletholes in the world. We create the lump sum, make the
difference

between sinking in the dark waters
and the sailing into the setting sun.

Bonus stuff:

Wish I Had A Little Something

by Darryl Price

that would all of a sudden open
up on you like a lost rolling
derby hat full of springing, gangling, wild-eyed
ghosts. I like the idea of things once
unseen floating out of those that are
left waiting to disappear forever in a

big burst of where'd that come
from excitement, don't you? Tells the very
real story of all good worthy tales.
Still I wouldn't want it to be
all tricky fanning lights in your eyes
and creepy crawling shadows on your backs
with no heartfelt giggles. I think we've

earned the right to sink back in
our paid for chairs, sip on a
cool drink. It's just that all the
hippest cartoon-characters in the world aren't going
to save you from a sick mind
warped by sex and TV. Haters hate
the rest of us. Yeah I know

TV is an inanimate object, it swims
around and around the world looking for
fools because it can and doesn't think twice
of going anywhere else but where to
bite them all through their wasted lives. We do need to
travel a bit outside of its influence
because if we don't we will shrink and die.

Die of boredom, shrink of no close personal
dancing, die of too much time on our
hands, shrink of not ever seeing a different sky
somewhere. I want to go everywhere, deep inside cavernous
flowers and well outside of familiar stars. Walk on clouds--
like spongy lily pads of light-- bounce on sea floors
next to many starfish, glass seahorses. Fly through impossible

tree branches, even through solid brick walls if I must. Through
sad-eyed

dreams and through miles of books with their rows of neatly trimmed pages, through sheets of timeless tickling musics and through softly-waking leaves with moments wet with various winds. Top down, top up. Poem opens, poems close. Minds thinking for themselves. Eagerly anticipating ideas.

And so forth. But instead as you can see I've still got the nothings, so that's about all I'm giving you here for now. We're almost there anyway. So it's goodbye to you and hello to me again. The towering pages close their ambitious gates with a forlorn clang of fantastic stinging smarts. Ouch.

Bonus poem:

How a Poet Went to the Grocery Store to Get a Can of Tuna and Came Back With a Plum and a Pear by Darryl Price

"I don't need your love. I don't need you to understand. I just need you to listen."—Perfume Genius

I was caught up in a bloody, territorial poetry war, flushed out into a prose strewn battlefield, left on my own to die in the traditional sun or the millennial ranting rain by everyone I loved. It was cold in my body like a cup of ice sitting on a clump of in-between squashed aground grasses. I didn't know which of the overgrown, bombed out houses of literature were warm to my kind of wounds on the inside. So I

built a fire, slowly, from all the feelings I'd been
able to hide away in the holes in my heart.
I kept it going on, cooling off and blazing up,
until I was able to lift my head, until I

started to glow and could see a little bit in
front of me. This is how things happen. It wasn't
some overnight success that worked. It was a sad enough
series of shell shocked scenarios where someone always ends up
floating face down in an alphabetical river of tears. I
should know. I've struggled in those foul, foolish waters for

far too long like so many of you. The shoreline
is obviously no better, but at least it's got more
of a possible road to roads than the brown dishwashing
waves ever had. I wasn't beat up over sex, I
was beat up over politics, or I should say over
the fear of a different political dreaming. You can call

it free expression. The older generation of young writers turned
on us with a sickening vengeance. Their murderous reviews
performed

acts of unspeakable cruelty that played out daily on the
nightly encoded news feeds like rotating ducks with targets
painted

on their smiling, puffed out chests. There was only one
thing to do, the same thing there always is, the

same thing that has to happen each and every time
you wake up to the horror again and that is
to write, to create something that isn't bought and sold.
In terms of authenticity, some things never change, but all
things do, a mystery that only a creative answer can
solve. In time, you'll learn to swim on your own.

Darryl Price 10/02/2014

