

It Always Comes So Close & Then Disappears

by Darryl Price

It's all down to you. To every new morning's baby crying.

Down to your blank notebook, all sides opening at once, hands
like an ocean of birds. You standing
there looking back at me from behind
your chosen wall of love's newly made flesh. Your smile like blood
on a blade of grass. That's
such a lonely thing to do. You
never fully believed in sending silly

hand puppets to the ancient citizen
stars like I did, maybe once but not anymore. And I never
pretended you're
not really all there all the time. The damage
gets quietly done. We make no
best attempt to break the fragile
peace into holy wafers. To shatter the cold illusion

that we are only worlds apart, into laughter that flickers on the
faces of onlookers.

I hear your earrings for instance
and I wonder what that might
feel like in a cave. It's nothing false. That kind
of damned longing takes all of my patience and then some. That
kind of hapless wondering around
for its own simple sake makes me crazy with bottomless grief.
That puzzling of a faroff mystery bell calls me to many ancient tears.
Sometimes

I think to myself I am

only a mirror you can comb
your hair in. Check your teeth for misapplied lipstick.
What if I came around? Met
you on the other side of this overgrown forest of
glass and sharp-eyed splinters? Would we simply walk away, free
at last,

hand in hand, or would you disappear
the moment I stepped into
your personal sunshine? It's a tender trap,
as they say, but the shock is a
very real looking for some real found light upon only your face.
You paraded by like remembered

visitors at a shadowy all-night
zoo. All of you. One by one. The only thing
I see on your stranger faces now
is the hidden lunch schedules in
your shut down heads. Still I tape my poems
to the wind as I run out

of fresh lemonade and sweet dreaming and the ticking
timebombs that jingle in my pocket. I thought you were my
most beautiful
dreaming thing to ever happen. Something's always running
out on our friendship I suppose. Nothing
new here. The sun goes down. And away it goes. Someday
we'll walk alone together again. Private rain flares up and
suddenly I'm soaked and spitting out real leaves.

