

It'll Be Okay/revised version

by Darryl Price

It's not that there's nothing
new, it's all new. That blue
color is not the one
you remember, but the
one you are experiencing,

and at the same
time, you bring everything you are, crushing into dust,
with you. Green becomes something
more than a new miraculous dream when
you decide to touch someone
with your love. You know

this to be true. How often
do we dare the universe
to show us again, and again
that we are here, made of
the same sorrows as before, please
open that window please?

All knowledge is left on
the nun's doorstep in a
desperate basket that
can either be a casket
or a bed for awakening
after sunrise.

Bonus poem:

Fly by Darryl Price

Love, how can I
Be you if I
Can't even see you?
Who is buried in
Your grave. Love, I
Don't belong to your
Generation any more. Love,
Don't you recognize me?

Love, stop talking your
Fascist nonsense, you're scaring baby
Jesus. Tell me what
You want. Love, why,
Must you always get
Me into more trouble? Love,
You've been such a
Bad judge of character,

Mine and everyone else's.
Love, let me give
You my new address.
Love, I can no
Longer feel your hand
Beneath my heart. Love,
We were very young
Once. Love, you are

A fraud and I am

Your proud fool once more like
No other. Love, I
Am not worthy to
Hear another useless apology from you.
Love, I can't find
My way home. Love,
I am from the lonely

Planet Earth. I have
Not come in any kind of peace.
Love, don't you understand—
Your spell is always
Killing me where I
Stand. Love, I brought the
Music you asked for, what happened?
Love, take these words away. dp

