

I've Seen Way Too Often

by Darryl Price

how the world is constantly
revolving her mirrored
orbs around the room
looking for someone to
hypnotize, a goddess
hell-bent on catching a

goon to mortal with; and
as you lie from behind
yourself so shall she lie with
you. Now, do you really
want my answer to the
question your face is making against all the dear time we have left,

because some kind of truthful mirror
wants to know? Always it's
starting over again, new eyes just seeing
the true order of things. Must
you actually lust
after a child's miracle

life? You don't need it friend. You don't. You won't ever need it.
Yes I know everyone
thinks at the last minute
they'll just pull their hands away--
but even that small action taken
could harm love's floating about state for a good forever long,
long time. It's just not worth it. Come home to where the love is
brighter. Use your head. Think.

Le Chant des Faune

Notice how she pulls herself along without seeming to imagine
any of it's her own doing?

The sunken stone-squashed sky lets go of itself ever so softly,
The long brown ribbons of water spinning in twists
From behind her like elongated fluted out swimmers. She won't
look up for

Looking down again. Does she not float? Ah yes, yes she does, and
so gracefully.

For all the world I say she is pulling everything around her

Into her sad, forsaken eyes, her bent but not yet breaking open
top to bottom hanging neck, her wounded sullen

Forehead, silent as a hurricane in a canning jar. If there
Are stars they remain stuck below in piles of thick groping
grasses.

She wants to be dragging this tiny,
Dead dream behind her like a peeling and plastic fish toy. If you
should spot her feet then you too
Would see that they are only little red

Leaves stuck to her legs. Instead our poet will be having none
Of this sorry nonsense; soon as he can he dreams up something
stirring in the wake all anew,

See how gently now he blows open
Her feathered, gaping wounds? There, there that's so much better,
he barely

Sings her real given name out loud, then kisses out a gliding twin
bubble in which to

Ripple along with her;she traces but cannot actually

Outrun her own reflection. She's waiting around
Now as new light spreads itself all around her daily sorrows
Like a freshly applied Picasso. And up, up she'll
Take to the hour's edges at last. The dutiful wind breaks down the
torn background,
Furiously filling in what's left
With tree, with cloud, offering nothing but sweetest grapes.

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