

I've Seen You Naked

by Darryl Price

and watched you grinning
from your opulent spinning
cages and although you
were never less than
always remarkably perfumed, to

appeal I'm guessing to
the sniffing about masses,
to me they've simply,
carelessly, shrunk your body
to fit inside their

paper windows like smooth and jumbled
beans in a slowly shining off the window jar.
They're quite barbaric like
that. But the wild
instantaneous perfection that remains

on display is your
presence alone. Like a simple
shooting star in the
sky, it never fails. Because
it belongs right out

there being miraculous where
it's at and easily
gives its own proof
to the jaundiced jury
at hand without the

slightest hesitation or even
play trying. See? Already

you've stepped foot in
my secret heart and
I'm a million more

miles away from feeding
you anything fresh having
to do with this
kind of rubber life.
Sure I'd like to

kiss your fur and
maybe trust your mouth
to mine. But honestly
is that all we
can hope to glean

from this kind of
modest eye contact during
these our latest and
greatest parade of days?
I accept those cold sweet

terms, but lay out
the poem first in
a solid, plump protest--
like an unknown doormat in the road
makes the whole world into a sudden swollen pothole . So watch
your step.

Bonus material:

People Love Their Machines Now

more than they love each other. I want to know
where the real fun is in that. Yeah you get
to sit in a room all by yourself and push every button.

Yeah you get to control everything. But when it's all
over will you get that stolen kiss? Will you recognize anyone's soft
lovely silhouette anymore? Will you make a play for a beautiful
new

heart string? Will you remember her name? Now you've got this
plastic hole growing inside. It seems to be growing bigger than
the

furniture at a most alarming rate. Man, you've got to
shrink it down again and quit taking on so much water. She's
just about out the door. The machine's going to leave
you, too, brother, in time, but that's not going to

hurt as much. She's also got a battery life to her illumined
feed. Yeah we need to make a best choice scenario happen
right now. What have you done? Plug into some solid
ground, dude. Let go of the stick and gain control of your hands.
They're not going anywhere but you are, you are, yes you
are. Every story worth a dime is a love story.

Darryl Price

I Can't Help It If Angels Like to Talk

with me. We must have something going on in common, but
for the life of me I can't think of what

that might be. I'm beginning to die. They
probably last forever like machines made out of light--at least
when

compared to us. I wonder, are they trying
to escape heaven like we try to

escape our debt to the earth? They went back to the
source before
us. They'll last. It's been a painful ride as far as I can remember. If

I were you I wouldn't give it another
thought. Go outside and deeply smell the changes that are
happening.

