

Lemon Citron

by Darryl Price

Here it comes at long last. We just can't do it
like that again. We don't have the same time. But
something's wanting something more to be more than
this. Here it comes again. But you bailed on me
the last time around. Went silent as a cold

lighthouse out of any kind of bulbs. Why were
you so surprised then when I crashed? It wasn't
intended. Certainly not to let the rocked
ocean step on your sinking toes. Certainly
not to let the stars get inside your flying,
promising hair. Certainly never ever

to forget your voice singing over the moon,
streaking like its own comet. Who am I to
deny the natural phenomena of
your coming and going? But my life as I
have said did hit a few rocks as I was stopped,

staring into the shocking darkness of your
felt presence. Here we go. Now you say you want
to always remember my name. Now you want
to email me a sweet letter like in the
golden days. Oh windy stationary. You
want to give me a lock of your light. As if

I am only lost because I've forgotten
the sound of you whispering your name into
my restless sleep. A buried car radio.
Like a flashlight in the grass. Here it comes down,
down the path, rabbit and all. Looking for a

satisfactory answer to up. Up we
go! Up all night. Embraced against the cave wall,
our hands smearing shadows into animals,
with spears in their hearts, in their heads, in their souls,
for something crying at the heavens, bolts of
lightning thrown against the earth for naked joy!

