

# 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!

Bonus poems:

Trying to Talk My Lost Soul out of It  
by Darryl Price

You won't get into heaven. Isn't that their number  
one? But they're always happy there. They always feel  
good as gold. Right as rain. Sometimes I feel  
so sad. In heaven they're always glad. Sometimes I  
just don't want to care about anything any more.  
I'm sick of it. Anti-social. In heaven the

perfect weather never changes. You'll only hurt the ones  
you love. Isn't that reason enough for you? You'll  
turn out all the lights in the house. On  
the whole block probably. In heaven there is no  
such thing as darkness. Nothing is hidden. Does that  
mean there are no blues players? All the music

sounds the same? I don't think I could take  
that. I don't like it on this planet's elevators  
and I'm pretty sure I wouldn't like it inside  
there. I want to be free to feel everything  
real without guilt. I think I'll hang onto my

imperfect ego. By the way. I don't want to

be boring the clouds. You won't get into heaven!  
I'm not sure I belong. I mean would I  
still be able to hold you? Would you still  
hold me? You won't get into heaven. .What about  
our wildest dreams? Will they be knocked off, turned  
into endless singing hills? (You won't get in.) I

know. I know. But I'd rather keep an open  
mind. In heaven they never cry because there is  
no pain. Help! How will you know they are  
just ordinary folks then? You're definitely not going. Yeah,  
I figured as much. Is John Lennon there? I'm  
going to need somebody to talk with who has

a good bit of bonkers humor in him. Because,  
you know, all poets are somewhat crazy. No one  
in heaven is crazy? Well that settles it then.  
I'm one of those lost souls you read about.  
Heaven doesn't need someone like me to mess things  
up with more questions than answers. Peace to you.

Bonus poems:

Poem On Poem (Pretty Likely)  
by Darryl Price

There is no going back. We are not  
in rehearsal. The show must go on.  
If there's joy, she is somewhere near us.

One star has already started its

journey across the sky. We are lit  
by seeing and by being. There is  
no going back. That which is all around  
us is with us. Some of it's swirling

on the inside. Still there is no going  
back. There is only going. Perhaps  
that is the center of our fears, but sadly  
I don't have an answer. No going

back. No retrieving, so no regret.  
The oceans never stop washing the  
earth with rain water. The rain never  
stops wiping the clouds clean again. Clouds

never stop blowing around in the  
captured light. Light never stops seeking  
the truth. Good or bad. Up or down. There  
is no going back. Does that really

surprise you? We agree. Feel free to  
speak freely to me. I've wondered about  
all the sorrow all my life. Shouldn't  
the love be enough? You don't go back

to the question. The question follows  
you to the table. There's no going  
back. We go until we stop. I hope  
your love is still going. I am not

the sponge for someone's anger. I only  
wanted to give away words in a  
moment of truthful invitation.

I know they are not much more than beans;

I've got nothing else more beautiful.  
There is no going back. What we make  
of this is what we take from it. And  
what we take must be let go to float.

