Look into my Face

by Darryl Price

I'm only a man far from home. You
turn your eyes downward. It might be catching.
It might disturb your sun getting in, to
illuminate your labor. Cruelty is necessary to avoid

internal wars. You do not feed the hungry.
You must not shelter such thoughts. That a
man in need of human comfort is your
own brother. If only he was a kitten.

That starving would be less easier to ignore?
All things are hard for us, living on
a stone and a star. Who has the
milk for that? Should we then feed the

animals before our own children? I'm only a
man, weary of siren dreams, calling from across
the seas of now lost horizons. Look into
my growing face, that I might see another

living soul's bud or drooping blossom, looking back,
before I return to the arms of the
thickening trees, and pass forever into your history
of these uncertain days. Look into my face.

I lived once here among you. I do
not hold it against you now or ever.
Life is already a too long goodbye that
never gets properly said. Here I walk mine.

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