

Lost Clouds

by Darryl Price

This is a nice illusion, here with you. The world
Is meant to fill your eyes. You remind me of
Everything right now. This is a nice illusion, here with
You. It's all morning light. The wind playing with your
Hair lifts my spirits, too. Seagulls seem to be writing

A poem with your face in mind, they are eager
To paint the sky with your presence. I don't mind.
I can't blame them. This is such a nice illusion,
Here with you, knowing that the waves are blocking out
Most of what lies out there, beyond your hands, your

Feet, your eyes. So, let us celebrate the sand as
Our own flirting island. The lazy clouds as our own
Reclining reflection. Here there is laughter between the gushing
silence.

Here there is always something jumping into the wind, turning
Even the smallest bit of something into a swirling circus

Of scarves. This is a nice illusion, here with you,
And that troubles me beyond comprehension. I don't want you
To think of all the inevitable rains, to put on
Shoes because you must, or replace your perfect smile with
A different set of circumstances. I want that park bench

Feeling to stay just a little longer, but I know
It can't. Still this is a great grand illusion, isn't
It? Let's take no photographs. Let's make no diary entries.
The only thing I want to do is be. And
when it's all over I won't say goodbye, just hello. dp

Bonus poem:

Meadow Grass for the Lonely by Darryl Price(a draft)

"In my life
Why do I give valuable time
To people who don't care if I live or die?"--The Smiths

For all the young poets

My broken heart is still alive,
You can't really trust me to just
Sail away. My broken heart is
Still wounded and perpetrators
Of war are still at it like the
Little naked emperors that

They always are. My broken heart
Is still writing and there is more
Death than bees in the friendly skies
These days. I suppose that is to
Be expected. Broken and still
Alive and some persons have been

Shown to be more conforming to
Cultural pressure than others.
Even if my heart's alive you
Don't owe me an explanation,
I don't need to be forgiven.
My broken heart is still around.

So many machines, so little
Kind words. Is there an answer? Gun
Sadness, little gun sanity.
I would never leave you behind,
But I don't need to talk to you
Any more as a matter of

Urgency. I don't want to go.
My broken heart is still alive,
You're still being personified
In your female form as cool, blessed
And tempting. My broken heart is
Still kicking and sometimes I don't

Know what I'm doing here at all.
My sad self's still here and I'm just
A silhouette of strangeness. Each
Broken heart brings a cold ocean.
The disappointment tides on your
Face like a mathematical

Problem. My ruby heart is sunk
In a circle of overgrown
Stones. My broken heart is very
Much alive, sentient as the
Earth itself. My broken heart is
Still active and sometimes I wake

Up in the middle of the night
Lost in moonlight. My broken heart
Has elected to finish this
Song's journey. My broken heart is
Spouting a tiny blue flame. This
Broken heart is still human and

Not a databased illusion.
Still beating, I believe it may
Yet do good if I don't stumble
Sorry-eyed and afraid over
My own words. My broken heart's
Against the loss of any real love.

