

Lucky Faces

by Darryl Price

The people with the lucky faces
Are always sneaking out more credit
For everything than they deserve. Maybe
They are right, maybe it's our fault
For buying into the myths of the
Land of mirrors. The people with the

Lucky faces haven't started as
Many wars as the people with the
Unlucky faces, but that's playing
With semantics. The people with the
Lucky faces are already at
The beach, are already drunk, are sure

They will make sunset—no matter what
The sea may say about changing its
Mind. The people with the lucky faces
Pretend to be only half awake
At any given time. The people
With the lucky faces will never

Make promises before three in
The afternoon. It's just not done. It's
Not that they have no problems to solve.
The people with the lucky faces
Look beautiful worshipping the sand.
I think we need to accept their devotion

As gifted grit. The people
With the lucky faces like machetes
Arrive safely across any

Packed room with practiced aplomb. I can't
Help it if they do. The people with
Lucky faces always stand next to

The intended target with big smiles.
The people with the lucky faces
Become bored again and again. The
People with the lucky faces are
No luckier than you and me on
Their appointed day, but feel smaller nonetheless.

Small Offering

for A. J.

I've been putting off trying to write you something because
I don't know any words that could even come close

To saying the pain that I'm in over you. You don't
Deserve some poet's feeble attempt to make you smile. That's

Lame. I'm lame. Words are lame. They only skirt around
The issue like falling leaves. They only blow the rain

Against the house without gaining true entrance. Oh I'd make
Rainbows dance in swirling figure eights across your floor,

But I doubt you would be impressed. Your own presence
Is enough to cause countless stars to illuminate your strides

For free, with a proud sense of truest duty. So how
Is any poet to equal your gaze? You don't need

Flowers, but I'll bet every field is dreaming right now of achieving
That crown. All a poet can do is to hold

His happy leaping mouth and hope that no lesser words
Leak out and spoil the sound the universe makes as

It adjusts itself around you in a perfectly natural fit.
No, I know my place. These words are only a

Small offering of passing thanks to someone who brought into
My brain a remembrance of all the things that matter

And always will do so on this earth simply by being
Herself. That is no small thing, or if it is

This is where all joyfulness lies waiting to happen to
Itself in the moment of transcendent fulfillment of such dreams.

Bonus poem:

Flying Around A Happy Mountain Top

by Darryl Price

All that gut joy was finally reduced
To a date on a cheap piece of paper,
Left to dry, left to burn, to fade away—
Joy that once smiled in a very real way.
Here. Let me try. Just let me. All that joy

Like gunpowder residue on our souls.
All that joy with its own burning bright sun.
After that all that sticky joy went dark
As any surrender to any form
Of destruction of any future fun.

All that cutting joy left us tattooed for
Life. All that meaningless joy was turned off
By the powers that be, from some childish
Need for revenge for the innocently
Run cartoon of your life. Can't you see them

Pushing back their chairs in disgust—oh it's
All over now. All that free joy, please say
You remember me. I refuse to feel
Guilty about not wanting to kiss you
Politely. All that joy was a laugh from

The inside out. All that joy was a great
Place to be, a lustful look square into
The eyes of all life proceeding everywhere. All that
Wild joy kicked you in the head and you thanked
Your lucky stars for it. That joy was us

Making something terribly delicious
Out of a happy mountain of sad lies,
And it worked beautifully. All that joy
Breaking down walls. Yammering on and on
Like school children. All that joy doomed to fail.

