

# Maybe Just One More Then

*by* Darryl Price

You don't deserve this poem and I  
don't deserve to write it. Whatever  
time we have left is way better spent  
sitting in a sunny garden with  
a good interesting book and with  
a beautiful golden delicious  
apple to bite into. But apples  
have become the old cell phones of our  
famous time and books have become like

ruined statues. I know you are tired of  
waiting. I am too and I've only  
been waiting a lifetime. Yet I still  
believe in blue clouds and I guess that  
means that I still believe in you. I  
don't know if that will ever help you  
out or not. You've not done anything  
to earn this poem, but that's not the  
way poems work. They like to choose their

own subjects and freeze out a poet's  
imploring mind until they get their  
pouting way. Then it's all kisses and  
squeezing hugs. Makes a poet sick or  
maybe just mad. You don't deserve this.

I don't even know why I'm still here  
at all. There's just something about your  
pretty face that moved a monstrous wall  
outside of my broken heart's window

yesterday and suddenly I could  
see the ocean opening up its  
buttoned down collar into rolling  
waves and could hear the searing seabirds soar  
into refreshing winds, playing sounds  
together like guitar strings. I don't  
like liars so I wasn't going  
to become one for you. Maybe you  
do deserve this poem and I am

just waking up to that fact myself.  
I mean I'm pretty sure you do. I  
just don't think I'm doing it justice.  
Which makes me want to run away. That  
seems like the safer thing to do here.  
Just take off. Leave the thing half buried  
in the paper sands. Walk away. No  
one will ever know the difference.  
You won't even know. But I will. I

must. And so here I am. You do so  
deserve this poem. You don't know you  
do, so I'm knowing that for you. That's  
my job. Problem is, it leaves me with  
another hole in my pocket. So  
to speak. That's also my lot in life.  
I don't mind. This poem is for you.  
There. I've said it out loud. The whole world  
isn't listening. They never do.

Bonus Poems:

The Song the Lorax Taught the Table while We Were Playing Cards  
Late into the Evening One Night by Darryl Price(a Revised Version)

The trees have become afraid of our love song. They  
used to bend forward with all their might, clicking into  
place and building impressive physics. Now they carry their  
frames  
backwards and upward trying to flee something always behind  
us.  
We were not good shepherds. We only wanted something to  
eat and a

place to sleep. You can see it  
in the faces of the colonized leaves. They hate us.  
The trees have become afraid of our love song. It  
used to mystify them and bring them into listening range.  
Then we fired the first shot, we swung the first  
axe, we cleared centuries of their stories and put them  
in toothpick jars.

They used to love our determined broken  
trails through the snow, but now they toss the moon  
high above our heads and weep. Their armor is broken  
all the way through. Even the haunted forests have become  
more abandoned than full of millions of tiny lights. The  
trees have become afraid of our love

song. They are  
shutting their eyes again and ascending to the heavens without

us. Maybe at the top of the world they still  
throw flowers at each other. The trees have become afraid  
of our love song. They hear it now as the  
end. Their march is no longer to reach the center  
of everything, and join in a

beautiful, joyous windy celebration  
of branches and bark. They need a healing circle, but  
it's all in their heads now. Only the saplings have  
the old dreaming heart, but even they are caged and  
kept behind miles of tar and soot. The trees have  
become afraid of our love song. That seems a real  
shame. Where

do we go from here? A butterfly with  
something important to say is still going to have a  
very tough time being heard as anything more than a  
butterfly up to butterfly things. The trees have become afraid  
of our love song. It is printed on their hardened  
faces. They do not agree with the meaning of lots  
of space. The trees

have become afraid of our love  
song. But some of us want to understand again. Some  
of us would like to be part of the healing  
circle without causing any pain to other living beings. Some  
of us will always admire the fierce beauty of their  
construction and join the council in the sky to pledge  
our own individual

devotion to their rooftop safety in this  
craziest of worlds yet. The trees have become afraid of  
our love song. But, this song before you is a  
poet's attempt to make contact and say we are indeed  
friends forever. You will always be included in our thoughts

and prayers. Nothing would be the same without you. Thanks for such a lovely hill.

Some of the Poems You Forgot to Remember by Darryl Price

are starting to feel a little left out of your life at this point. You do remember being asked by them to always keep them in their original origami wrappers? As I

recall one was a seahorse you were particularly fond of calling a sea dragon. Another was a caterpillar you liked to keep in a fruit bowl for laughs with your other less

serious friends. And of course let us not forget your favorite--the typewriter ribbon that also served as a tiny kite on windy days. Some of the poems, short and stumpy robots

meant to stare you down from your high horse. And some were actual wild horses visible for a moment on top of disappearing hills outside your window. Others were raindrops I suppose

playing a sad and lonely song on the soaking heads of certain summer flowers. But that's just another word for dream. I grew them into a garden meant to communicate something that

can't be said with words. But here I

am gathering what remains into sentences like an  
old comedian on a gong show waiting for  
the inevitable missed cue to ring inside my

ears for the last time. The poems you  
forgot wanted me to say goodbye. It's not  
much to offer after such a long trial  
period of mutual creative shennanigans but I do

my best to let you down easy. Some  
you forgot have faded away now to paintings  
of sail boats bobbing in an endless loop  
of sunset and dissolving cloud as you pass by. dp

