

# Meet Your Happy-Go-Lucky Poet

*by* Darryl Price

"Time is an ocean, but it ends at the shore. You may not see me tomorrow."--Bob Dylan

They're writing poems, but not for me. Guess I'll write one of my own. For nobody that I know now. It's a pretty lonely world for someone who sings, not you, not with the easier life you know. You're Saturday night. Hey, I don't know what day I am, but it's probably a working day. Yeah I'm between breathing something and something else.

All the good things we do are just for a quick moment, like being shut in my own room, inside of a dream. All the bad things seem to linger and rot. It's not that fair, but nothing is or maybe everything is and we just don't like being put all together here in the draining pool. It makes me want to shout, too. That's what we're thrown

up against: a long sad mirror and an even shorter set of butterfly-shaped memories. One is an always changing fleeting thing, the other's a ravenous monster of fire, feeding on the ripest stars in the cloud packed sky. I don't want to play, the world is a heart-breaking place, with the universal spinning top, that's what

lovers do. I am no longer a fool  
gambling everything on tenderness and  
a little affection. They're writing their  
poems, must have pissed someone off,  
same people, just different people that  
seem to live inside those grandest wishes  
available to humankind. Writing  
poems. I don't know what I'm doing here

with you. I don't belong to them, but it  
still hurts. You deserve better than me as  
your passing poet. I told you this was  
not going to last. But I would love a  
love like you. But I'm sick of empty arms.  
But they're writing poems, just not my kind.  
But I've got nothing to say. But I'm still  
falling apart. But I hope there is more.

Bonus poems:

How to Wear a Paper Mache Salmon on Your Head  
by Darryl Price

I meant to do  
something, like anything  
at all, but I  
ended up doing squat.  
I could sing  
up a storm when I wanted

to. You could say  
I couldn't help myself  
because waters were  
cascading down a  
a rainbow colored hill  
of pearl handled

dreaming rocks and  
I joined on in like a  
madly in love salmon,  
happy to just  
be alive, swimming hard  
against the odds.

A Million and One Ways  
by Darryl Price

The problem is there's always so much more  
to see when you open up your sleepy  
eyes to the night now withdrawn. And any  
one thing you pick out first becomes only  
another sad illusion whenever

you consider the rest of the lost and  
banished crowds pushed out to the margins like  
so much squashed grass. Oh it's good to scan the  
universal parking lot every now  
and then with your own deepest feeling I

believe. You'll learn a lot about the at  
best slippery nature of a truly  
mysterious light. I reported on  
what I saw with my own alone freedoms

because I wanted to share whatever

I got out of it with you. It seemed like  
the right thing. I don't regret any of  
it. I'd do it all again. It's just that  
shared love has a million ways to become  
a worn and vanishing photograph of

a dream that didn't come true. Why say more  
about the sorrow that accompanies  
our brief earthly lives without each other?  
Because whatever they say, it matters  
to me to tell you I'll always love you.

My Sister by Darryl Price

My sister died today. I used to  
lie on her couch late at night  
and watch detective show reruns until I  
fell asleep. Sometimes I would turn off  
the TV and listen to police sirens.  
In the morning birds would be singing..

