

# (melody) floating inside an f

*by* Darryl Price

Like the miserable sledgehammer I am, with  
no adjective in place to praise your moon, you are  
a hole well-worn into my favorite rock. I have only been  
able to reinvent this wronged language, in which

being moved by your beauty leaves me as gunned down as  
an unpublished photograph, full of too much gossip right now.

Your

silence is louder to me than the latest undying fires of  
your violin shaped lips. Your silence for me is much harsher than

the cheapest whiskey I could find. Your silence is  
louder than a rainbow-slicked puddle at gray dusk, a warren  
of the youngest, brightest shining shapes sinking within, like  
water

carried home in a threadbare pocket, the hope that everything  
does somehow

work out, for you. Not for me. Your silence spoken, like slurred,  
melted snowy words in my frozen head,

like the proverbial bird that has finally flown itself into its foreign  
land.

Like grains of sand, like fractal winds, that takes me by  
surprise, your silence has whispered my name unto itself for a  
very, very long time now, and it still hurts under my skin.

Bonus poems:

The Tiger by The Tail by Darryl Price

This isn't going to make the world a better place. This isn't going to save you. This is only me. I make poems the way trees make leaves. It just happens. I'm walking around and, suddenly, the wind blows in my face and I'm off chasing a phantom girl over an unknown hill. The girl turns into some rain maybe or if you're lucky a rare moment of sun and flower, cloud and bird, branch and bells of laughter. But it all

dissipates. That's nothing to be sad about. Just whistle another tune and wait for the echo to reach your deepest part. It's your lot in life now. Some piece of you must have chosen this path. See where it goes. This isn't going to make much sense forever. The words will surely curl back on themselves and write an entirely different daydream for you. You can't expect wonderful things to stay the same. If they did, they

would turn to stone, and you can't dance with a statue without getting crushed. This isn't going to pronounce your real name to the universe and get you to do my bidding. It doesn't work that way. It's a tap on the shoulder, a kiss on the cheek, a sweet note in the strange faraway forest landscape that lets you know something familiar you already know. This isn't going to make the bad guys go away and leave

us all alone. But it might make you laugh at times. And if it makes you cry, that's alright, too. It is what it is. This isn't going to make the world a kinder place. Only people can do that. And that's why

people are more important than poems. If you are saved by anything it will be your reaction to the times you live in. If you are confronted by a tiger, the tiger already knows what he is going to do. What he doesn't know is

what you are going to do. I'm just saying. The world is a mysterious place, full of teeth, but also full of surprising courage. This is only me looking for my own courage I suppose. Still I wish it were more of a magic elixir I could pass around. I don't regret it. I made my choice. Me and the tiger are friends now, but I still wouldn't want to turn my back on him and run. This isn't going to make you a more aware

individual. It's just a drawing stuck in your mailbox from an unknown admirer. Ink and paper to represent blood and bone to represent thought and meaning to represent a hand signal for hello, and goodbye. And hello again, as many times as you need it . That's the secret I came here to tell you. I hope it makes you glad in the long run. Until we meet face to face and feet to feet, shake it up, baby. Twist and shout.

Oh Crap

I only meant to write this because I didn't know what else to do. If I haven't reached you by now there seems little hope left. So it's not spring or anything like that that is being made here for you.

There is no promise to save. If there was one it has passed. This is only a finger drawing in some sand. It's meant to be washed away. If the sun comes up and still finds it it won't

last for that much longer. The time for forever is gone by. I only wanted to see you again, to be in your presence and smile at you. I know how that sounds. I've always been goofy that way. And now

I find I'm still completely washed out to sea, as if nothing real has ever happened to anyone, as if there is no earth any more, no shore to return to, only wave after wave of some joking, crashing cosmic

emptiness. Any sea bird calls it out correctly across the bleary watery lights of home.

