

Mostly I Want to be Walking

by Darryl Price

by myself next to just one wide-eyed moment of wild blued out
ocean.

You know the one I mean. I don't want
to have to speak to you, or even- alone- to myself.
I'd like to be left inside

the poem it makes me feel without
having to get up and pee every five minutes,too. If you don't
mind,Mister or Mrs. Universe.

That's a poor metaphor I know. Just let
me be an invisible part
of the color of the sunshine,

the rocks, the guttural gulls,whatever
else paints the next wet sunrise onto the brand new
daily canvas at hand. Sometimes I want
you there with me. It's that simple I'd like to think so anyway.
No surprises there. You're a physical

presence lately and an intense
one. So your own poem would
probably have to go south with
you in the end. If any two
people are somehow born lucky

enough they can fit their new words
for each other together and
make a lasting sentence of incredible
meaning. Here, the home

of now, which I can certainly

appreciate I can tell you
is not quite near enough to that
salt for me but it will have to
do for the lick. I'm an old dreamer by now.
What did I tell you about that saying? But if I did

have to choose I'd choose to live among
a tribe of trees first. Nothing
makes more sense to me than a fine
specimen of that living tree essence.
Give me a hug, a kiss, a quiet

sign that love is manifesting
its spell all over again,
all are dignified next to some
healthy bark. I've never felt the
need to travel too far outside

of my latest home base because of the many
rare clouds I mostly get to see from out of
my own free head space. They are all just so spectacularly
thrilling to listen
to as they grumble about, near as all get out. They're

like these huge building block like monuments
to all earthly forms of life that
can go somehow missing right in
the middle of the bump and grind
or sometimes build and build until

they burst like soggy pinatas.
You don't always notice the construction

going on until you
become aware of the light and
shadow on the ground splashed around

like little scattered rabbits at
your feet, which by the way are sweet
to behold. So here is that shell
I promised you. And that song inside of
its canal. Your bottled note, my dear.

