

Music and Books

by Darryl Price

You're all I've got to keep me company,
but it's a very fine company. So
familiar, and warm as any cold
digital fireplace. I can tell you've got
more in your story, but it doesn't make
you happy. I really do not feel well
today. Fun I wanted to have eludes
me like an otter. And the purified
drinking water I'm drinking only makes

me thirsty for something else. But you've got
your precious more to lift you out of your
sad easy chair, to move you towards the
always beckoning door. I stay inside
because there's no one outside that I know of.
There are no butterflies any more. No bees.
Not many birds. Mankind saw to that. The
stricken trees look lonely as hell. And
I'm beginning to feel like an old tree

myself, longing for a brand new kind of
miracle wind. But it doesn't matter.
That's why they are shaking their fattening
heads in a unified secret disgust.
More likely looking uncomfortably
the other way. They don't get involved. They
only disapprove of any and all
imperfections. This has always made me
laugh. Things slow down or they fall apart. I

flick my player with my tired fingers and
the gone sound comes back on. Sometimes louder,

sometimes softer. It's a game I play with
all the electronics in my room. We
do what we can to entertain ourselves.
There's a billion words and these are the ones
I grab for you. I wanted to be close to
you. But it doesn't matter. What happens
is anybody's guess. I think of you.

Bonus poems:

Stupid Moon
by Darryl Price

Watercolor on paper. That's all you
are. Stop following me around. Make up
your own words. I don't want to think about
any of that sweet stuff now. Stupid moon.

All the people who said they loved you. Where
are they now? Nothing lasts forever. Leave
me alone. Moonlight. What were you thinking?
You proved your stupid point. We are left here

all alone. Under glass. Framed. Closed in the
hidden under the bed chest. And you, with
your clean getaway, acting like you are
the first and only victim, crying in

your bathtub, the mirror showing you what
you want to see. Moon. Moon. Moon. Moon. Moon. Moon.
You drown my heart. You pollute the middle

of my ocean. Stupid moon. Go away.

Big Idea, Haunted Objects
by Darryl Price

The tiger has always been with us. It's way more than a single story. It looms large in my own pursuit of beauty(ah.), truth(ha!) and kindness(huh?). Alright let's get down to business. There are some

strange things imbued with souls where you might think no souls would go. It's part and parcel of the most ancient magic of everything still turned on, performing everywhere, but we are screwing it up, because

we are(choose just one.) greedy, and selfish or weak-minded. It is nothing new. The same old story begs for the same old answer. What are you going to do about it? The tiger fishes with its

huge muddy paws and eventually catches something wriggly and bright. It has more manners than a bear. More patience than a sleek jaguar. More sense than an owl who fidgets all night in a tree

and doesn't eat until the last
torn moment of moon washes in
the forest creature's wide eyes. The
tiger watches all of it and
licks its stripes. I wish I had that
kind of dharma. I rest my case.

The Lonely People
by Darryl Price

"Isn't he a bit like you and me?"--John Lennon

I can see you. I know it's not much. Just
as I know money isn't the thing you
wanted, but it will do when nothing else
is the only other alternative.

That's the sad jingle of its pathetic
toss aside. I see you. You want to hold
somebody's hands without being put to
the ultimate test each time. You want to
lock into someone's eyes without being
sprayed with disinfectant of the heart. Just
once to be seen as one of us. To be

treated the same. To be believed to be
all there. But you are barely visible
as a leaf among leaves in the wind. And
the rest of us pull our collars up high
on our necks to disguise the rush of our
hidden gait. The bus takes you in, but it
doesn't deliver you some place else. It

only lets you out again. No one knows
your name-- like a familiar sound of
something good about to happen to them.
No one rings your sound in the air like a

charming silver bell. But you hear them ring
everywhere just the same. And it hurts your
sensitive ears like a tripped over thorn
bush. Yeah I'm as guilty as the rest of
them. And you know it. No poem I write
is ever going to keep you safe for
long, but I'm also not going to kill
anyone. These words are said in statement
of witness for you, but they still don't treat
you as a real person with real arms, and
a real head, and a real need to know some

human tenderness, that is without a
dry medical degree. I'm sorry. I'm
sorry I said I'm sorry. I'm sorry
words are just a bristle of words. But that's
what some poets are supposed to do. They
walk between worlds as dreamers and come back
awakened and paint new images of
this sad old world with a wet brush of wild
words and hope for the creative best to
leap forth. But at least they have that honest
hope to be thankful for. I see through glass.

