

My Book of Frozen Ponds

by Darryl Price

We broke our hearts rather than sit in your reversible seats with
the plain brown paper packages tied on our laps, we did so
together. You don't want
to hear about that. It gets too close to the actual murder of love. I
get
you. But how do you think that makes us feel? We broke
our hearts in order to shine your shoes with our purple bruises.
We broke our hearts
in order to not forget who got lost and when. We broke our hearts

so that you might experience something raw-tasting on your
broken tongues before the
end of all our bitter dinner battles, even those yet to come.
Everything's a real mess I guess,
but maybe, just maybe, it's still beautiful if you're lucky enough to
believe the love is working
in spite of such monumentally dull haters being in charge in the
world's politics. That's what it takes. That
and brave dreaming. We broke our hearts like cups of broken ice.
Broke
heads and we fed the poor among you with our deserted dreams.
We broke our hearts

and it broke our hearts to do so. We broke our hearts to shoo off
the
shrill ravens from the top of the bedroom closet door, confess, and
be naked in front of the old white guys in white shirts
tribunal of fools. We broke our hearts like little nervous flames.
Like the map of

a need. Like the latest small children in like with each other that we once genuinely were.

We broke our hearts to smash their sourly played marching machines to pieces, and get them back to keeping the flame in real time. We broke

our hearts with a softer smile than yours pretends to be. We put flowers in all their abandoned

chimneys. We sang songs in their covered-up kitchens. We drove the drowned

cars back out of the weeping ponds. We wept ourselves silly over that one. Broke

our hearts like sprinklers, like a line of pine trees going down a sloping hill breaks a cloud gathering in two. We broke our

hearts at super-sonic speed. We broke

our hearts until it was far easier to accept our failures and have open-air

heart attacks than to fake dumb loyalty. You don't want to play with us anymore. But we

still see you standing around in the smoking fields. We broke our hearts, shouting at

the sun, the moon and the stars. We broke our hearts believing in something, anything. We broke our hearts like so many grains of tiny leaking

sand. Like light pouring around straight soft edges, stashed beneath a closed door. Like screaming

jet fighters, falling overhead. Like faraway banged shut screened doors, emeshed with laughter. An out of control

hologram of an ocean's winding, wandering staircase, in need of a nail. We broke our hearts like

a subpoena. Or a hijacked love letter. Or suddenly missing mushrooms from the human refrigerator of decaying time itself.

Broke our hearts again and again 'til you finally started showing
up
for the work. And now we're the last shards of that lasting peace
that was
scattered like plastic lids and bent straws across the parking lots
of youth, like leftover Easter bunnies,
made of indecipherable chunks of wool now, stuck to the paper
wheels and shoes of all modern commerce, and held abay.

Bonus poem:

Anything could be typed here and it wouldn't matter

because words are only smoke signals right now. Because
if words could reach you they would have already
been in your life like light or air. What

I mean is nothing really needs to be said
other than what is being said. So however many
words it takes that is the number. Anything less

is a lie and we are way past lying
to each other. Our lines have been spoken and
this makes me glad. It is not a terrible

burden. If anything it is a perfect fit. The
here I inhabit thanks you for the one you
are. This poem has no other meaning. It flowered

for you. It will fade with your name on

its lips. That is its whole season and for
this you cannot be sorry. Hope it's your color

or can become it. The anything became the something
only because you deserve the living facts of my
art, not that I deserve or ask for anything more.

dp

