

# My Flying Debris

*by* Darryl Price

a book of 5 poem-like things I made out of silly string and shot your way when you weren't exactly looking

"..kisses are a far better fate/than wisdom."--E.E.Cummings

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The Day's Thin Blue Swim-Suit

has once more been casually tossed aside like  
a cartoon encrusted food wrapper on a worn  
out irrelevant street somewhere in the soulful  
west of a dream. It represents the well ordered  
worlds as we want to see them, with erasable

laughable teeth. And friendly as a ghost our seabird  
goes through the pockets hole by hole looking for  
the meaning of its own ancient hunger. No one  
tries to stop them from coming on as one easily turns  
into half a dozen. I've been standing here

before I guess. This empty feeling is an unfortunate  
home I ran away from a long time  
ago still out looking for your footprints. So why pretend  
leaving everything to chance wasn't all about  
believing in nothing? We only had a pretty

moment alone to live in like any new song.

I'm also sure I've memorized the whole thing, weird  
bit by weird bit, by now, but I don't sing it all  
the time to myself like I used to, I'll admit. Oh and  
let them walk away from the story's sad chapters if they want.  
It's what they do best. They've never cared for anyone who's

not in their shoes. Yeah, our pretty little poetry  
leak is sputtering this time in the early morning's sweet  
hours. Some part of you just becomes wide awake and  
nothing ever seems to happen the same way again.  
But it happens to everyone if they're somewhat  
lucky in this life. The problem of course is that

no one welcomes you back from Paradise. They can  
see you've been severely beaten about the head  
and heart. You could use a touch of the good stuff. You  
think maybe you shouldn't laugh at them as they pull  
their sails closer to shore just as fast as they can.

### The One Who Needed Let In Most

"Living is easy with eyes closed/misunderstanding all you  
see."—John Lennon

was let out, spilling all sandy-like from a dagger's  
split-open money sack, and refused port entry.  
Everyone pretended that this  
was not an indecent gesture at  
all, but merely the way of the world  
in which we all must survive to live.  
Nothing personal about that, why surely  
you must know life's fairness by now. All brought about because

some innocent spoiled little brat of a boy

with the golden catcher's mitt on his  
smartly turned out wrist was also at  
the front door selling homemade lemonade pops  
(so cute!)so he could buy poor shell enclosed  
reptiles a little more flipping  
sand to perhaps lay more of their amazingly  
delicate eggs in holes in before  
they're sent packing back into the big  
bad sea to fend for themselves. Sharks and

who knows what else live out there too you know! One  
has to make difficult choices and  
live with the results. Children are never  
easy but you kind of get used to it.  
But won't each one of you reading this live just fine  
with whatever results you get; won't  
you? All she's ever had to win you  
over with her whole life through are someone  
else's mad mistakes and a twisted-on corkscrew of a

smile. No cold nosed furry face full of  
soft whiskers that tickle at you when she  
shuts her eyes real tight and rubs against your cheeks  
like a favorite bedtime story  
as you giggle down your milk. While all of us have  
already known so many delights in this world.  
Haven't you tasted every flavor  
Moroccan coffee bean ice cream there is? It's  
secret formula having been stored under

your floor boards the whole time you were  
growing up like a free anytime  
vacation ticket to Disneyland

for you and the whole family to take at will. She's  
never been thrilled by simply playing all  
day long in some sunshine. Dig that, Fat Cat?  
She's someone's child, while she remains a child,  
and that someone is you right now because  
she came to you on this summer's day.

I DON'T BUY THE NEED

TO ALWAYS BE BEGGING TO BE  
GRANTED IMMORTALITY. ISN'T IT ENOUGH  
WE GET TO TRY OUT

OUR LOVE ON EACH OTHER? SURELY MOST OF  
US DON'T HAVE WHAT IT  
TAKES TO KNOCK DOWN ALL

THOSE STACKING UP AGAINST US STARS AT ONCE WITH  
JUST ONE KISS. I WAS  
LUCKY YOU WANTED TO BE

WANTED THAT'S ALL. THANK GOD  
IT WASN'T ALL PURE GREED ON MY PART. I WILL  
PREFER THE PASSIONATE LIE OVER

THE SICKEST TRUTH ANYWAY. THAT  
PERMISSION WAS BETTER THAN ANY DANCING  
IN A LOST DREAM WITH A GIRL'S ARMS AROUND ME.

I HOPE THIS POEM STILL  
FINDS YOU ENJOYING BECOMING YOURSELF.  
WHAT MORE CAN I SAY?

MAYBE NEXT TIME I COULD

TRY HANGING ON A LITTLE  
BIT LONGER BEFORE BEING TOSSED

OFF THE BLINDING LIGHTS AND  
HAVING TO HEAR SOMEONE ELSE  
DELIVER MY LINES TO YOUR

PRETTY FACE. OKAY YOU CAN  
GO NOW. THERE'S NOTHING ELSE  
HERE FOR YOU. NOTHING LEFT. JUST AN

EMPTY PAGE. WHATEVER CREATURE THESE  
WORDS ONCE HELD HAS LONG SINCE  
GONE TO HEAVEN. YOU MOVE ALONG, TOO.

The Horse-Shaped Hole  
stands softly in moon-wash  
nibbling on tufts at  
the top of sleeping  
day. Instantly we are  
deputized astronomers bearing silent  
witness. No one knows  
what true colors the  
animal exhibits. None care.

Shaking this great shaggy  
mane back and forth  
he releases an army  
of tiny bright things

that begins floating toward  
that orb like a  
thousand naked canoes. He

lifts a hoof, the

sky flushes itself and  
sequinned as any old  
dancer begins to fold  
upon deeper and deeper

swirls. Wings flutter within  
all the invisible trees  
for miles around. Nothing  
winks out. Instead

everything's neatly lit by  
the mere fact of  
this moment like a  
candle in the clouds.

#### Love Letter from the Last Elephant

We hear all the stories  
coming right up out of  
the dust. We see the same  
sky, the same stars. We've met  
our own deaths forever.  
We know what's happening.  
Because of this some of  
us will come willingly  
to have chains put around  
our feet. Some others must  
never be anything  
but free. This way they can  
still lead with their hearts. We  
cannot save us. You could

not save yours either as  
he was bleached and became  
    a ghost. There is little  
time for this conversation  
before the planet  
can no longer pronounce  
    our names correctly. Then  
there will be no one to  
call us home again by  
trumpet or full foot stomp.

    It may sound funny to  
you but we have tasted  
the rain, flowers, grass;  
it tastes right, we believe.

#### Bonus Poems:

##### In Memory of Lily Burk

I don't know what they want. Anything you give them will never do.  
Most fear pain because they cause it. Hate happens over and

over. As if they have two nostrils but no real experience of air. This is  
beyond sad belief. The apple hits the ground no matter how

many times you drop it. They've failed to connect this in their brains  
and so are heartless like zombies who want but cannot produce life.  
Instead

they attack a young girl on an errand for her mother and force her  
to die like a butterfly pinned to the dirty wheel of sensation.

And for what? To get close to the moon? To lay their heads upon the  
liar's tongue? Apples tremble on tiny stems. Oh Love get here first.

## You Can't Continue

to love him and not  
love me. It will never  
be true. Love doesn't  
run out. It's never  
empty. If anything  
it constantly  
renews itself  
with whatever air  
exists. That's why it  
can't be captured or  
imprisoned. The body  
is not the essence.  
Freedom is the  
essence. You can say you  
understand, but  
in the back of your  
mind you're just getting  
started doubting everything.  
This causes  
love to wait. If it  
waits long enough you  
will be dead. Let's put  
it another way.  
The ancient ones spoke  
of love as invisible  
cities perched  
on a hill under



a mushroom sun. The  
people were calling  
out names but our feet  
were dumb and followed  
a different path  
leading around the  
city walls. Angels  
blasted their trumpets  
in our ears and still  
we sang our own songs  
in a deafening  
wail. Their tears were met  
with scorn and arrows  
and broken rocks. Who  
could blame them for lifting  
the whole thing off  
the earth? Sometimes it  
floats between the light  
and dark like a foaming  
ribbon, and sometimes  
it spins above  
our heads in an endless  
swirl of stars. And  
sometimes it holds itself  
right between our  
two hands and pretends  
to sleep. That's its birth  
right. Please. Say love's name.

dp

