

My Great Sensitivity

by Darryl Price

I'm mucked now for sure. No one's going to discover my difficult poems

in a locked away desk drawer somewhere after the dying fact. I remember how it feels

to be knocked out by someone standing next to me in a simple white dress. This isn't anything you can do anything

about, not in this lifetime. You can always pretend to be in love because you're bored or it's the next dot to connect, but the real thing is like a huge magnet that works only on your entire center, it captures

all the moments in your life, every minute that's any good. Here let me put

it another way for you—you can't be glad to be alive without sharing that feeling in the presence of the one you want to want. Sharing's the happy result. It comes

and you can't stop it, you need to feel it all the way home again to the end of all endings--that is forever. But back onto the poetry thing. I now

realize that I've been speaking directly to Children to come, who'll pick up on the hum inside these words like nothing else.

They'll make good sense of it, know how to use it without being told a fucking fairy tale. They'll use it to construct their own new mythologies. To make it rain. Walk over to the moon on balloons for shoes.

To bring all poems roaring back to life. To eat the dripping fruit.

Go Tell the Ghost

in the little yellow
rain coat to knock
it off. You might
not be heard tonight,
but you will be
seen. I promise you that.
Or don't. Each adventure
comes with its own particular
doors and windows. That's
the nature of any
man-eating flower, and
when it comes down
to it, they all
are, this doesn't stop
anything from happening, but
maybe that's my point--
you'll still welcome dreams
in you, I'll still
write you many poem-infused postcards.

