

# My Words

*by* Darryl Price

I wanted to know, but the subject was something I seem to have lost. That feeling never found. You never even waved a goodbye when you had the chance, to make it uncomplicated I mean, I don't care.

I wanted to see, but the one thing I wanted to say to you was like having the direct sun in my face. Those lonely ashes made such a fool out of me. Could have said goodbye, instead you took my words

away. I wanted to feel something real, but it was hard enough to inhale and exhale without losing balance. Sometimes that's all that can be said about a wind full of disillusion. I wanted to

be somewhere besides stuck in between the roaring mountain and the vast silent seas with you. I wanted to sing, the tune came out so slowly, like a leaf unfurling over time you didn't have; I couldn't

stop its inevitable souvenir from arriving too late to keep you from driving in a deep black car with a dream diver at the wheel. The poem scraped up the fallen pieces and blew them into

floating curtains again, into the high dense grasses. Little kites, now asleep, all

alone. I wanted to think I could wait  
for something more than sadness, but darkness  
was the only kindness for many years.

All my love letters are still there being written.  
I wanted to carry on, and to lead myself  
to the better days ahead. Lover, that  
turning around wave would have meant so much  
to my state of mind. Your tide has left me

and here I'll stay. I wanted to make more  
than just shadows on the wall, but others  
seem satisfied with this captured outcome  
of our story. I wanted to let you  
own their truth, if you want it, but now I

have made a grape out of you doing it  
that way for them; love's battleground surely  
must be blessed: I'll be there with you when you  
decide to believe in it. Draw your laugh  
and be strong. Turn around and look. Don't keep

them waiting. Don't want to wonder any  
longer, but all I've got is something so  
unconditional, somewhere in the whole  
unconventional stars above. See, it  
wasn't the moon. I'm grateful for some light.

