

New Lovers

by Darryl Price

An apple is a fine luxury. Remember
that. It is important. A man
was arrested and murdered for writing
a poem about a blue Spring flower

during a foreign occupation. The
evil that men do is covered in roses.
It's all there. In their books, their buildings,
to the sky and beyond, their signed and sealed

and sadly approved paper promises,
and whatever else you might want to steal
a glance at, to read with your heads bowed. Throw
your tied hands up in the air. It's trending.

New lovers is what we need to see happening in
the real world. They are our only hope for a
renewed sense of jump and search for something
a bit better. More than man's inhumanity.

New lovers as research scientists.
Intrepid explorers of the unknown.
Pranksters, masters at the art of brave
joy, and unforgotten sorrow. Wildflower

field doctors of the heart and mind for
the many sick days ahead. New lovers
engaged with old love and new love and all
love. It's in the music of the spheres between

your ears, and all ears everywhere. New
lovers as the opposite of shaking

with fear. A ray of light. As when the bell
rings. As forgiveness for the deceitful.

But, most of all, new lovers hailing angels
beholding the sun blossoming and
blessing the Earth another day. Eat your
apple ripe. Breathe. Enjoy your blue flowers.

