

No One Will Ever Give You This Poem

by Darryl Price

and say did you know it was written just for
you? But I will. No one will walk up to
you on the busy street one day and say did
you know he loved you this much? But I'm telling you
now. What good

would a pyramid be or a hanging
garden or a starry night without your delightful creases capturing
the ripening songs in their own wondrous folds? I want
to be where you are. Not to travel not to
stand

before a charming place nor to be present where
you are not but always exactly where you are. What
good would it do flying in a car or on
the back of a horse or sleeping under an arousal
of spread leaves if

there was not your arm to
touch your hair to sift next to mine your face
to press up against? I get it now. That song.
Nothing Compares.

How'd I ever come so close to this falling off the
edge of a clearly unfocused notion of just one heart beating? A
little
bit more and I'll be buzzing

to flying pieces like
the moment already gone then I'll be becoming your poet from

a completely different angle and you'll still be living in
the same world as my love. Somebody please find her
and give her her poem. Do this for me. She
is the only true reason I still want to believe
in this dream of a world. Anyone can view our story for its sorry
truth. I was once with her and without her. There
was no other way I could function. I know she
deserves only best love. Crack open this heart then and

eat what's left together. But that's for later. Right now
I just want you to know that these feelings still
exist in our time. May I never utter a false
word again but always keep her name where I am going.

original version

No One Will Ever Give You This Poem

and say did you know it was written for
you? But I will. No one will walk up to
you on the street some day and say he loved
you so. But I'm telling you now. What good

would a pyramid be or a hanging
garden or a starry night without your
delightful creases capturing the songs
in their own wondrous folds? I want to be
where you are. Not to travel not to stand

before a charming place nor to be present
where you are not but always where you are.
What good would it do flying in a car
or on the back of a horse or sleeping

under an arousal of spread leaves if

there was not your arm to touch your hair to
sift next to me your face to press against?
I get it now. That song. Nothing Compares.
How'd I come up to this edge of notions?
A little bit more and I'll be buzzing

to pieces like a moment then I'll be
becoming from a completely different
angle and you'll be living still in
the same world as my love. Somebody please
find her and give her her poem. Do this

for me. She is the only reason I
believe in this world. Anyone can view
this story. I was once with her without
her. There was no other way. I know she
deserves real truth. Crack open this heart then

eat what's left together. But that's for later.
Right now I just want you to know that
these feelings exist in our time. May I
never utter a false dream again but
always keep your name where I am going.

(an original draft of many)
and say did you know it was written just for
you? But I will. No one will walk up to
you on the busy street one day and say did you know he loved
you so. But I'm telling you now. What good

would a pyramid be or a hanging
garden or a starry night without your

delightful creases capturing the ripening songs
in their own wondrous folds? I want to be
where you are. Not to travel not to stand

before a charming place nor to be present
where you are not but always exactly where you are.
What good would it do flying in a car
or on the back of a horse or sleeping
under an arousal of spread leaves if

there was not your arm to touch your hair to
sift next to mine your face to press up against?
I get it now. That song. Nothing Compares.
How'd I ever come so close to this edge of
a clearly unfocused notion of one?
A little bit more and I'll be buzzing

to flying pieces like a moment gone then I'll be
becoming your poet from a completely different
angle and you'll still be living in
the same world as my love. Somebody please
find her and give her her poem. Do this

for me. She is the only true reason I still want to
believe in the world. Anyone can view
this story for its truth. I was once with her and without
her. There was no other way I could function. I know she
deserves only best love. Crack open this heart then and

eat what's left together. But that's for later.
Right now I just want you to know that
these feelings still exist in our time. May I
never utter a false dream again but
always keep her name where I am going.

Bonus stuff:

Something's in Progress/ The Lonely
by Darryl Price

Tomorrow will you not remember so many good and interesting people? But they will probably have affected your life anyway. These words seem like a pretty good idea now, but who knows if they are strong enough to matter when you might really need them for whatever reason you'll need them? I get the feeling I won't be wanting them. But you may. For your own picture of a human being. For your own story to continue. To

simply replace the holes in your heart with. That would be useful. And it's not even what's being said here. It's more about what's being felt. That's our common place of glad origins. A place where we may once more gather and just be our imperfect selves. It's not really a secret, because it's out in the open, but it still might not be able to be heard. You alone make that miracle happen with your own film crew in your own head. It's all in your head.

All I'm doing is inviting a new interpretation along. You might ask, hey, what for? What do you get out of this?

The answer is I don't really know much more than you about all this stuff. I think every act of poetry is a pure leap of faith. I guess that's why I like to do it this way. It feels good to believe in something like a mountain you've never seen. I've got a garden in here somewhere. Feel free to visit whenever you wish.

The Lonely by Darryl Price

Where does it go? Flowers
used to be all the rage.
Now rage is all that's left
of those flowers. You slide

away, you slide away,
la la la la la. Fear's
a misunderstanding
I can't subscribe to with

any sane reasoning
right now. Hope is a fear
that somehow belongs to
the lonely. And still you

slide away, slide away,
la la la la la, as
easily as ancient

ice with too much smog on

its mind. I'm not looking
for you. You know that, right?
You are never alone
because I'm always with

you. That's how the mystery
of the universe plays
it out. You slide away,
you slide away, away.

Bonus Poems:

Mercy by Darryl Price

Animals remind
us to be human.

Our Times by Darryl Price

Think: when was the last
time you saw children being
killed with impunity in history?

