

Not Everything's Supposed to Make You Think

by Darryl Price

you are on a missing boat in the middle
Of a fogged out notion of some sort.
A no nonsense paddle could be made out
Of something as intangible as an
Incoming wave. This could also be a

Floating thought up map, man. In that sense ghosts
Are very real I suppose. But I get
Cranky and tired of hearing how we went
Racing off to the moon and stole some rocks,
But how we couldn't figure out where to
Safely land on the sun's frying face and

Steal us some ultimately synergistic
Rays to play Zeus with. We're like ants in
That sense, if it hits the ground, oh Danny boy, the pipes the
pipes, we

Come running with our forks lifting up to
Our already chewing mouths. No, the thing
About the sun is it's nobody's mere

Plaything, but the moon is constantly getting
Felt up by everyone from poets
To politicians. Stars just twinkle dumbly
And wonder why nobody wants to
Build a castle on their undulating
Bellies like that. Ah, romance. It's not dead.

All boats end up in the churning graveyard
Of life until someone else has the bright
Idea to go sailing again and
Makes love to the design of that desire
In their head and heart. Then things change. People
Change. Ghosts come back to life. The moon's cheeks turn
swollen and red.

Bonus poems:

Moth
by Darryl Price

You did this. We only reacted
poorly to your cheesy performance.
Everything happened out of your hard
leaving. We were only trying to
maybe feel something better, and not
so bitter, about the world's lack of

love in the only way we knew how.
It had nothing sad to do with you,
except for you were invited, to
be always included in the slow
impossible dance. The ragged storms
turned into sky people. Everything

starts and ends with people waving. None
of us thought of doing such wretched
harm to your good feelings. You even
knew this wasn't any imparted

darkness on our part, but went for the
exposed jugular anyway. I

think you liked the smell of fresh stains on
the next new conversations. Never
wanted to add one more thing to the
sorry list of things to just try and
forget. But nothing gets forgotten
without forgiveness. And you hid the

only forgiveness where no one would
ever find it. And it began to
rot. To smell. To pass. You created
another sad ghost dragging itself
around in circles looking for its
lost tears. You did this. I felt sorry

for the beastly thing crawling through the
tunnel of thorns growing far and wide
between us. And still I am drawn, drawn,
drawn to your presence, like a moth, dumb
with musty luck. Looking for the words
to shade my eyes from the blinding face.

An Arrow from Another World by Darryl Price

You think our paths crossed all because life is
a random trek across time and space. We
should be so lucky. Do you know someone
who hasn't made a complete fool out of

himself? I don't know what we are doing
here. All the facts don't add up to much, but

I've always been interested in the
funny way your teeth seem to rotate in

your mouth. It makes me smile and feel glad to
be alive. I'm not looking for explanations.
There's no reason I can think of
that's not going to seem like illusions.

But if you were in my shoes, and sometimes
you are, you wouldn't think it was so bad
to be enamored with the way you walk
across a street. But I've never seen anything

more disturbing. It charms the shit
out of me. I also don't care. It is
what it is. I accept it. As an arrow
suddenly and always through me. As

a light on the wall that is quickly disappearing
with my life. I have no choice
but to pay attention to my own demise
at your adorable hands. You think

these words make no sense. They don't. I wouldn't
pretend otherwise. But they are genuine.
That's all I can give you in this world.
You are heading away from me at speeds

I can only imagine and yet here
you are in my room, in my head, in my
words. Again, I can only accept it.
And I do if it means you exist, at

least for now. The rest is up to our brains
I guess to figure out how to make it

more than a waste of time. I take it either
way because I absolutely would rather

know you from afar than not at all.
That's as true as I can make it. The sun
will shine. To me, you are as essential
to all life as we know it. Thanks for that.

Bonus: This poem,below, was written for PROTECT, the National
Association to Protect Children, but was ultimately rejected for their
money raising campaign.

If Only I Were a Kitten

Some famous singer would write a
nifty song on my behalf all
about my broken face and beg
for a nice new set of whiskers,
some warm bedding. Haven't tasted
any milk in so long I can't

even think what it should feel like
going down. Sometimes I dream of
owning my very own water
cooler. I Could fill up everyone's
cups all day long for free and

nobody could say a thing to
stop me. Something I've noticed, no
one ever really wants to talk.

This hurts for a long time after.

They give their coins like I'm going
to reach out and grab them by the

throat and force them to swallow down
a grubby handful of mutant
germs. Only want to say, "hello".

Don't know what else to say, what I'd
possibly give them in return.

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