

# Off We Go Then

*by* Darryl Price

Wish more than ever there was a more perfect way  
to mean everything I say. If I could  
I'd certainly walk all my words right up  
to your face now and give them over, hand to  
hand so to speak. That's the point at which I'd  
very much love to vanish and return  
to my cottage and collect all my cool  
favorite things like books and go out the  
front door forever. But we've got some more  
living in front of us that demands we  
take a few steps back inside the freeway first.  
So all leaving the ground we danced upon  
in flying dreams will have to wait. Meanings shall be  
more thoroughly discussed with a table  
full of dirty strangers. And journeys will  
always be started when they are at the  
beginning. This isn't to say we can't  
be having a good bit of fun with the

current story as it is being told  
through our own small spinning out restless enough sparking  
lives. But  
just remember this: dead friends don't return  
to welcome us to our latest bout of  
sick worry over whether or not we've  
treated the sentences in our bloody  
veins with the real respect that they so lovingly deserve.  
Take all the bees. They can't do their fancy  
jobs unless we do ours. They make the rounds  
only if we will let them, and if we

somehow prevent them, we're slowly ruining ourselves. The box contains all life, not just some. Or then, thousands of whale lives. When we slaughter them we murder whatever souls depend on the chain of events as well. This isn't anything new, nor is greed. But a poet opens his mouth wide and sings, he can't shut the hell up. What he sings about

is what the world sees. Still there may be several ways of seeing that require many more secret sets of words. These we put into your hands like thieves in the night because our business is to do our business, any more is to step over boundaries clearly already established. Yet in these times and ages a true and lasting poet may have to swing the anvil and shoe the new pony as well as plow the field and mow the hay until midnight tomorrow morning. There is no relief from what must be done, and there is no other, better doer of deeds than you are right here and right now, my friend. This should be obvious. However these scars of markings before you are put in timeless good shape and not to thwart your steps at all, but to bid you welcome to the fight.

Sunday, September 29, 2013

Bonus:2 early drafts

A Century of Art(draft version)

Everything in this chummy place talks  
towards you without stopping, turns into  
fruits and grains, filling the room  
with definite color. Each color can  
have a distance to it that  
folds like a household of individual  
hums. I've lived in several of

these exploding rooms myself because I  
was lifted on the tip of  
a possessed brush by someone who  
loved me enough to touch me  
down on their own afternoon canvas.  
These lives we lead are so  
much more than just for ourselves

to enjoy, but the pain and  
problems are real. Still when you  
see yourself represented as wheat or  
clouds or even by invisible winds  
blowing at the harbor you can't  
help but be amazed at the  
fertile mind of the creative life.

It obviously sits all around us  
simply waiting to be turned on  
by the right fingers at the  
right time like the undulating wharves of  
dawn with its many dreams of  
illuminated, gliding fish. It's enough to

get you to the next light.

### A Plea for a Different Color Sky

This one is making me feel particularly  
so numb. It frightens the someone inside  
me who is already a little scared  
of everything going. I know the obvious  
choice is to wait and quietly return,  
to listen and to always enjoy what

is on the present screen. Sometimes I  
can do this with no more pain  
than a small lump in the throat.  
Other times like right now I wish  
for a warm hand to press mine  
to, with nothing more present than that  
one simple act of pure, unselfish human faith.

