

# Oh, Little Bird

*by* Darryl Price

Who are all these rough people hanging over me itching at me with their shaggy grapevines? Like twisting, dangling down Gargoyles on a coming apart rope?

It's always been the same old perch. You wanted to know what I am always laughing about. About all these people hanging over me like twisted animal limbs blowing in the air like jostling for the only updraft

balloons. Let's get serious. All these people with their greasy French fry fingers, like

wet spiders in a flimsy paper cup. Like the next train. Like spies in love with

swimming pools. I don't want to leave you here without taking you with me. That's always

been my big to do plan of action. I'll even take your blunt haircut home with me.

But these people hanging over me have to get their own ride home.

Let's find a nice quiet

place under the half lights. These people hanging over me are like

too many teeth. All these people hanging over me like clouds thick with

sleeping crouching bats. A row of silent horse riders on a squiggly hill waiting for a smoke signal. Sometimes I feel alone in my pain loving you. Who

are all these people supposed to be? Crossed over rivers or hidden figures in the trees? These people hanging over

me make me want to walk into a wall or a river. All these people hanging

over me like a bush of plastic bags. With their cigarettes falling out  
of

their pores like ashen worms. These wine soaked people hanging  
over me like  
too much pasta on a plate. Like a tripwire pushing against my  
tongue. A tear stained  
crumpled red picnic napkin balled on the ruined grass like a strange

lost marble. All these people hanging over me look like a bath of  
candle  
wax. A flight of expensive shuttered doors all competing for a slice  
of the same endless trunk of blue sky. Let's get out of here. Let me  
be the impossible

one who finds you smiling pretty in all the wreckage of the hours  
after all. All these  
people can have their enormous beds of oyster shells to sleep it off  
in. There's nothing we need here to be happy. A little bird told me  
so. It only takes you.

Bonus poems:

It

wasn't as far for you to fall from the enormous blue  
sky. It took me a little longer to  
find my center of gravity. I was already

scared. I needed to concentrate to let  
go. Already, you were walking further away.

Hello Is All There Is  
by Darryl Price

to honestly say to you now. Once I would have maybe  
written a single limited edition book

on a whole forest full of leaves about the uncertain stars  
shifting above and around you just to prove that

these were the only ones I looked at real close and  
personal in my life. But that has become too

lonely of a profession even for me to  
endure. But those same perfect clouds now hang drooling

in tatters out of the basement's banished corners  
in forgotten boxes like dead paper fish kites,

folded into frozen statues like dropped clocks. But  
I have never agreed with you about any of this, any,

I never will. I'll see you is as good a new  
grown greeting as you're likely to get from me. But I

remember opening the gates and you standing

there firm in the dirt, toothily smiling like a

skeleton key about to turn on all the charm  
in the universe, only it was my world, my

room, my heart, my stars, even if I didn't know  
it, in danger of becoming a mostly flooded path, a bloody bath.

There's no return engagement. But I've finally  
put my hand back in my photograph. But that's all.

But I'm going. But you weren't supposed to forget.  
But this is where we mean goodbye. But I dream on.

