

# Okay I'm In

*by* Darryl Price

I get what you want done, from me. You want the old one  
two sucker punch that goes straightway through to the tenderest  
part of the aching  
heart, the one that wrenches you out of your old worn out gut way of  
living  
life for the well and only for the good. Well let me tell you you don't  
have to worry. It  
will come to you like a bee sting to an innocent child's resting open  
palm. And it will break your heart like  
a cracker. It will consume you like nothing  
else ever could or ever will again. Because something  
burning this brightly can only last in the purest fields of  
imagination for so long before it becomes a  
kind of amnesia in and of itself. All  
else that matters is wiped out of existence except for  
that funny core feeling of losing one's central  
bearing to a dream, no matter where one  
is left standing. Is that what you want? Of  
course it is. But the price is so very much higher than the empire  
state building.  
Very. Very. Very High. High. High. It will take your whole heart's breath  
in a single solitary scoop  
in a one-time only such payment and leave you with just the one  
square piece of cheesecloth draped over a bucket  
of moon water. How will you keep it safe now my lovelies  
from constantly spilling wherever and whenever you have to go?  
How will you protect it from all  
the other foul elements storming around out there in the windy  
hollows? How will you ever carry its heavy load  
around with you for the rest of your weary

days alone without one day giving it all up for a moment's much  
deserved bit of rest? I know I know I know. You still want  
to give it a try. Just because it's  
impossible doesn't mean it's impossible. That's what I  
like about you young people. You don't believe  
in history as being the last word, the  
last world. Raise the flag then, because here we come. It's all of us  
or nothing.

Darryl Price 052810

Fog

I miss you in the pizza box  
and in the paper plates.  
I miss you in the silverware  
that sits alone and waits.

I miss you in that flour moon  
so spilled upon the gates.  
I miss you in the stars tonight  
that spell out hope and fates.

I miss you in the mirror round.  
I miss our sheets unfurled.  
I miss you in that Beatle sound  
that used to save the world.

It is who I am, what I do.  
I miss you as before  
like rain that splatters through the peephole  
and scatters on the floor.

Darryl Price 2003-2010

Goodbye, Mrs. Lusby

Like an angel in my  
memory, she's a shell  
stuck in my sand, like  
a foam horse rising  
up to birds; I'll be  
her mirror if I can.

Darryl Price 2004-2010

Goodbye It Means

This won't find you at home  
before they do.  
They'll buy you a  
house for one pretty shy smile.

Give you your own gardens  
for your sweet recorded song.  
Here I stand with nothing more than  
my paper heart.

How could you want  
to taste their food?  
Can you say you  
enjoy their chairs?

This won't save you  
before you fall.  
They'll remember

all your birthdays.

You'll never know  
what alone means  
but I'm there now.  
I'm there right now.

Darryl Price 2004-2010

Tell Me How Am I supposed

to write you when all I've got  
for words are broken pieces of sticks? How

am I going to speak to just your heart alone  
when every sound is churned

over in waves by more waves? I've tried  
sending you seabirds but they

only break up in the distance and become more thinning out  
sky. I've placed one dream after

another inside a trapped cloud's gasping throat  
and gently tapped it on its weary

way only to find the sun  
has eaten it down whole somewhere in the night. The wan

smile of the evening's satisfied goddess does  
nothing to ease my worry that you

will not ever get my full message. The

fact that the message is you

does little to change the meaning  
of this impossible quest set before me. I've written

your name between countless grains  
of sand but your buried toes only

seem to want to provide no shade for that grand of a purpose. And  
now  
now another poem for

sweet countenance, one more star  
shaped shell for your bell heaven.

Darryl Price

