

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 straightaway through to the tenderest
part of the aching
heart, the one that tumbles you out of your old worn out gut
wrenching way of living
life for the well and 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 on a field of grass. 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 as in a single solitary scoop of ice cream
in a one-time only such heart struggling 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
from constantly spilling wherever and whenever you have to go
someplace else? 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 and peace? 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 and shy smile.

Give you your own gardens
for one sweet recorded note.
Here I stand with nothing more than
my own 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 stick? How

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

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

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

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

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

smile of the evening's satisfied goddess does

nothing to ease my worry that you

will never 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 purpose. And now,
now another poem for

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

Darryl Price

