

Old Beat-Up Trunk (containing a History of Forgotten Paintings)

by Darryl Price

The world can still be viewed as a honey
drop of sparkling rain, but not all washed up
tears can be revealed as such. The stories
swirling inside are constantly shifting
their own gears, searching for the lost highway,
and sometimes actually finding it. There
is plenty of love going on, and a
constant one all around us, I'm told, but
those eternal shining angels can get
very bored with all that, and put down their

heavy feathers and grow long horns just for
the sheer hell of it. People do get caught
in the middle of these petty holy
wars over nothing but newly told lies.
In the meantime all you can do is, well,
whatever you want, hoping that something
someday matters to somebody, in the
bitter or peaceful end. In our youngest
times we made plenty of interesting
rhymes and growled right back at the thunder with

our own pretty versions of a beautiful
noise. If it baffled the many, we
still really believed in doing it. This

is more than a trunk full of old paintings,
my friend, it is a map to the constant
present tense where all the best opportunities
for living an authentic life
are constantly being restored and refurbished.
Look at our cute hats! We wore them
to make each other happy. Look at our

goofy round shoes! We wore them to get you
to grin not exactly smile with teeth. This
whole Earth thing was meant to celebrate with
you in spite of the nefarious gangs
of political thieves terrorizing
the groovy flower scene with their infantile
tantrums of hate and money. Of course
we knew they would criticize us no matter
what we did, or wrote, or sang, or painted
across their skies. Sometimes a perfect

world is more of an imperfect try at
simply bringing something new to the table,
something wild and unpopular, something
deemed impossible, something that just
feels good if you let it, something more fun
than functional. We fit altogether
then. Then we decided we didn't. Someone's
got that missing piece in their hands right
about now. I'm not saying it's you, but
it very well could be. That's up to you.

Bonus stuff:

Look What They've Done To The End of My Song, Maharishi

by Darryl Price

The air is a nice surprise, once you get over
The cold. The first thing I wanted to do was
Turn my palms up to the sun like solar panels
And juice up. After that everything comes back to blossoms
And stems and more leaves. Then the thoughts return to
Their rightful places, resting among your hair like daisy chains,
Or follow the path of your walking feet like ecstatic
Gypsies, tranced-out, making new music out of whatever is
available.

This is the circle of my life, well outside the
Worn away seasons, and it has its own traveling forests
That provide the heart with its many windows. Every branch
Provides enough mystery to keep the skipping splashing water
wheels

Turning in time. I'm as surprised as you, but not
Nearly as turned out. Poems won't allow any dishonest shadows
Cast. And I'm not interested in pursuing half-truths in order
To appear less sad. I've made my bell. I won't

Abandon its one true blessing just because you are tired
Of hearing something I never said. That was just a
Tide. That was a very still shell crunched beneath a
More vigorous lilac wind. The gulls might have heard an
Ache in the newborn grains of sand. I don't know,
But I can guess. Love is always beginning. That's what
Keeps it so much younger than you, not the other
Way around. Sorrow doesn't pass on the chance to speak

Of joy. My path is not your strange rabbits running

Under the apple tree like landlubber bees, but a mystifying
moment

All its own. I give it to you, but not
To keep. I'd like it remain butterfly wild and hummingbird
Free, but those are just the colors I prefer. Once
More we come to the end of my song. I'm
Happy to make it in your name. If I disappear
In a deep, deep sea, I go my own dreamer.

Bonus material:

I Would Kiss You

I would kiss you if I thought
You needed kissing. I would

Touch your hair if I wanted
To feel the wind in my face.

I'd walk holding your hand if
I wanted to listen to it

Rain. I'd write you a song if
I couldn't think of anything

Else to say about the
Beauty that surrounds us. I'd

Embrace you if I sought an
Explanation for what's always in

My heart. Again I'd kiss you

If I thought it might comfort

You, leave you without any regrets,
But I would have to be sure.

I would kiss you because I'd
Want to remember what we

Came here for, to this poem's
House, to the combustible

Planet's inviting window, the time that
Goes on and on shaking the night like a freight train.

Mirror

Take these pretty poetry things before
They are finished, you know you
Want to. Take all the pale
Fingers fluted with rings, the nails
Becoming visible at last like the
Sails of great ships, the bones

Beneath the waves holding the life-force
In its place, ripe with pulsating
Branches of many bells, and eat
Them, drink them, become them. Take
As many tall trees as you
Can and stuff them into the

Cotton bags of clouds like dried
Snakes. Take clouds and float them
Across a mirror. Take a river

Then and pour it on your
Hair like a silk scarf and
Laugh out loud. Throw your head

Back, open up your throat like
Never before and finally light up
The night like a good little
Star. Of course they won't listen.
But put your hands deep into
The fields of stars and pull out

All the moons you are meant
To know, and get to know
Them. Remember this, a garland of
all the roses in all the
world isn't enough. The streaming morning
sun isn't enough. Only love's enough.

