

On a Black and White Photography Tour with a Sweetheart of a Ghost on My Arm

by Darryl Price

Suppose you should bend your whole body backwards you know
like a powerful bow and push the rest of
your true self forward in my face just like Georgia O'Keeffe in
nineteen-nineteen, push it all over in my general direction? My
gaze would

certainly be more than just the official poetic
curiosity at work, posing the question of authority
at another wondrous natural landscape, to be framed
in the matter-of-fact context of a newly crystallized

awareness-- cloud-shaped or not. And yet she loved
this man, what she saw in him, more
than the urge to cover what he so
desired her to be. When Picasso turned his
young muses into a stained glass cartoon of
sexist beauty, collapsing even the brutish sun's rays
into a junk pile of entangled light, did
he in his wildest imagination notice the tears

shed for his own lost sympathies? When Cynthia
Lennon missed that transcendental train to the new meditation on

a

future without fear and hate because no one was watching out for her specifically, did the antique glass orb in her chest tinkle to pieces as it fell out and smashed onto its own black and white paper street like so much trash? I'm telling you now, in nineteen-nineteen Georgia was in the beautiful nude all

right, but she was the one setting up the shot, youthful, secure, possible, primitive, weather or no weather. So let me pose the question to you again, are you willing to watch the waves, knowing that your poet is preparing to sail towards all desire for you, that shipwrecked or not he will crawl on hands and knees to bury his face in yours.

Bonus poems:

Poem for The Outside by Darryl Price

Lately I've been using a heavily opened upside down book for a new shell called home, unwilling to entertain even the very nice idea that maybe I should go swimming out there once in awhile. I'd rather look out from my own back pages, thank you, just surrounded by a tight swirl of folding around free floating words. I've still got a pretty good view of enticing pretty

seaweed dancing in the changing daylight, because

of that I'm aware of the strong sway of
the latest currents. But those huge angry
dark shadows, still here after thousands of
jagged years, that sometimes speed by at such
incredible speeds and depths really make
me want to add a few more volumes to
my already collapsing roof until
I'm looking like my own strange standing up

coral, not looking for any trouble
really, just being my floating part in
the swirling about universe. What would
happen if we all lowered our weapons
at exactly the same moment in time? Lately we've
all got so much dried blood on our hands. Lately
we've all got too much permanent sadness inside
of our still hurting heads. It's as if every
window to the healing truth is fastened

together with thick mucky blue paint and
will not budge open. We see the outside
possibilities, but no one's going
to break the safety glass first. So here we
are again. Lately I've been reading the
found notes from my own crying mind, like a
mad scientist, like a folk singer, to
find the quiet answer to so much gathered stuff,
restless sleep invading my sun lover's dreams of soaking up a
good life. dp

Flowers On the Table

I've got to find my own way to shake it off, that's what they keep telling me,

but, really, I don't know what it is. All the ways seem made for someone else's dance

party system. That's the only thing I can write here down for sure. The rest is only

me pretending to be taking a serious nap, but it feels pretty empty, searching somewhere on the

inside of looking at my closed eyelids for what we lost when we were just beginning. And you still stand there on

the other side of my radio demanding some kind of perfect payment from my least awakened thought.

I know it. You know it. But I'm still flabbergasted at the distance to the sun and

back every day just to maybe find a poem among the poison mushrooms growing by the side

of the road to make you smile again. I thought this was supposed to make you feel

like crowing like you can never get enough, but, look, it makes me feel so tired, all

this trying to be something, I mean, whatever happened to loving the moment, instead of waiting for the right time to arrive?

It gets lonely. It all seems like a hideous crime that no one wants to say out

loud has happened. I can't stand having to play a game just to get you to share what's in

your head with what's in my heart. There's your poem, at least for now. My suggestion is

to use it to get into your dreams this very night. Oh, what have we done? Oh. Oh.Oh.

Happy(an early draft)
by Darryl Price

Are we happy yet? Life without sorrow is not life. Try again. Are we happy yet? Killing yourself for pleasure after pleasure turns out to be the opposite

thing altogether, but you already knew that. Try some more. Are we happy yet? Love is not all you need, unless you turn everything and that includes

everyone everywhere into love. Are you willing? Why should I be the only one, when I'm not the only one? Are we happy yet? My choice is true hope

I hope for everyone here, but you'll say it's another con game made out of pictures of hands because you can't please them all. If it did I wouldn't be

doing it right. They want a back flipping poet who is always on their silly sides. I don't want to be anyone's golden vampire. Check it out. Are we happy

yet? We've given the children's keys to the kingdom to the cloud people to hold until we get back from the Crusades with our bloody survivor stories to

tell. Are we happy yet? I smile into the mirror of your eyes, but it doesn't work out at all that way for me. Are we happy yet? It's all good. Try turning it off

and on again. I mean you've given everything you've wanted to hide away to these unfeeling soul sucking machines and now you want their eternal thanks

tattooed forever on your bank statements like Christmas cards?
No thanks. Are we happy yet? Oh the magnificent bombs didn't
change a thing. Oh the carnival
ride is over. Oh there's a big shark in the river. Oh I think
we just may have misread the tea leaf vibes after all. Oh there's a
feeling we seem to be missing
in the backs of our minds. Oh I don't feel so good. But you
said. Are we happy yet? Oh you don't love me anymore. I'll put
my pants back on. Oh she
was the most beautiful woman I ever played hooky with. Oh
you're kidnapping my laugh. Oh catch me if you can. Are. We.
Happy. Yet? Oh give

