

# On Global Warming

*by* Darryl Price

You think I don't know, that's your  
whole stupid problem. You don't  
believe in anyone. You  
must enjoy living in a  
dark lonely universe. I  
don't know if you know or not  
about the lights that live in  
your own head, but I believe  
you probably will one day,  
and I also believe it

doesn't matter. I'm making  
some new music here where I  
can. I'm just painting pictures  
of paragraphs with reeds on  
their trilling faces, but it  
might as well be butterflies,  
who live to see just how high  
things will grow. The world's a big  
kitchen sink kind of place, I  
like to walk around, see the

goofy galleries all for  
myself. Yeah, sometimes I even trip  
over the mess in the far  
stairs corner, but then I usually  
find it's just the  
next changing of the seasons.  
I don't want to hang a sign  
on a sad beautiful old

tree for you, well maybe some  
other time, you know. Because

I'd rather spend this rainy  
Saturday afternoon at  
my local bookshop looking  
through the poetry books for  
nothing but a little fun. So yes, I'm  
glad I'm alive and bouncing.  
You think your knowledge is all  
there is to flying a kite,  
but that's just what a closed mind  
looks like on global warming.

Bonus poem:

The Fuck-up by Darryl Price

We're all trying to get to someplace safe. If that's an illusion at  
least we once shared the dream. Not you, all the others. Kids mostly.  
You don't like the million to one odds. I get it. You'd rather hedge  
your

bets with a little emotional blackmail on the side. If I only had  
your cold-hearted stare as you walk away from the crying fires again  
and again. But I made my only sane choice for me a long, long time  
ago. You and I

were never meant to be smiling at each other friends. We could be  
lovers, if you got to dress up for the part where you walk away with  
your middle finger stuck high up in the air. Such a swaddled in the  
dark with scarves martyr. It had nothing to

do with being you. Being lost, all me. Being lonely, me as well.  
You've never had to be lonely and walk through it alone. You've

never looked at a familiar street and wondered how to get home again before being

cruelly captured by all the menacing many-eyed trees. Must be nice. I don't know. Maybe it's just as boring to a long-nailed soul that won't stop spinning in its own self-made bed. Karma may well have been the

third party to our apartment in paradise, but she still wouldn't leave until we kicked her out and swallowed the only spare key. I don't remember when I fell from grace because you wrapped your blindfold around my eyes so many times

so quickly, and so neatly. The bruises just began to appear out of nowhere and I felt myself slipping away. Then I did the only thing possible. I opened the door to one of my best poems and disappeared down the

unknown sinkhole of song looking for the authentic lost wishes I must have dropped into the well with the rest of my change. I came out poorer, but clearer, and I'm still making my way back to a physical reality holding onto a familiar enough hope.

