

# Opening Your Fiery Eyes

*by* Darryl Price

as I imagine  
only you can  
you're the ocean on fire  
before anyone else has  
broken that ancient seal, or simply  
taken the first icy plunge.

You can eat  
all the bitter  
fruit there is, but that still  
doesn't make the

world a more hateful  
place. Only people can  
do that. Bittersweet  
can be a  
delightful excursion upon the tongue, but  
this doesn't give your  
brain the  
right to declare  
war on all opposites. It's all the more white than the whitest of  
faithful  
sands. I only wish

I could play  
my sweet song into  
your lovely head and that pulse  
would give you  
a purely free thought. Just one. One.  
I should very  
much have liked  
our golden moment

to have turned  
into a major forest in our time.

Bonus poem:

That's Mister Big Guy To You

by Darryl Price

All my life people have referred  
To me as, "Big Guy!"-- from  
The time I was a little kid  
To just recently when I was  
Standing in line to meet Lady GaGa. Well  
That last part's maybe not so true but you get

My meaning's picture. It doesn't matter who,  
It doesn't matter where. Total  
Strangers will call forth that mongrel  
Moniker as easily as  
Sliding weekly foodstuffs into  
A brown paper sack. It's done with

The flick of a wrist and nothing  
More difficult than that. You know  
The Bumblebee bat weighs less than  
A penny? You could hold one on  
The end of your thumb or scoop him  
Up inside a plastic ice cream

Spork and probably still have some  
Room left over for play. Full grown

He's only about 11 mm in  
Length. Yeah I know that's so cute! The  
World's tiniest bird is a hummingbird  
From Cuba that beats its

Wings an estimated 80 times  
Per second. Speaking of bees he's  
Scarcely larger than a honey bee. And  
My own personal favorite big  
Guy happens to be the Western Pygmy Blue  
Butterfly usually found in

Coastal regions throughout the  
Southern United States. My kind  
Of Mr.big that. My kind of breeze if you catch my radar. Flits  
About on a wingspan of just around  
Five to seven millimeters in length ;with  
Little brown wings that become a

Beautiful powdery blue the  
Closer they get to his terrier body.  
And don't even get me started  
On Pygmy Hippos! So from one  
Bee poet to the next, my friends, please be kind  
To the critically endangered

Among us. Yeah I know that was  
A tricky way to get you to  
Think about the molecular  
Arrangement of things; remember,for as long  
As this poem shall last I am only  
Refracting words, reflecting light your way.

