

Our Beautiful Sadly Revolving Broken Wheel of a Heart is Sleeping in a Ditch Somewhere

by Darryl Price

The planet looks so peaceful from space doesn't it? Want a blue Gumball? Like a pancake batter with bluish dye mixed into Its big yellow bowl and carried out by a winking Victorian Butler. Like a bowling ball with just the right Weight for your clumsy fingers. Like a silent psychedelic Movie playing in your private head. Like an indulgent rock Opera performed by a band of rogue angels. Like A lost hubcap. Like a political button for a Nonexistent green candidate. Like a drop of blue dripped

Paint on an ancient drop cloth floor. Like a Hole in your favorite sweater. Like the inside of A circus lion's gaping mouth. Like a free balloon Far enough away from the wires of civilization to Make a good strong break for it. Like a Seashell sitting on the sands of time. Like a constantly Ringing telephone. Like a blossom opening its shop for morning's kind of Business. Like a newly silk screened tee shirt advertising Either a band or a restaurant, maybe a hip young bank,

Maybe a national park. Like a corroded penny found

In the grass or in your pocket change. Like if
The road was a revolving wheel that you were
Standing on in a dream of leaving and you
Kept having a hard time keeping your inner balance. A lost
Frisbee sitting in a garage in a little red
Wagon next to a pair of hedge clippers. Like
Something coming right at you at full speed, like
An arrow, like a tree branch, like an open

Mouthed river snake. Like a leaf floating around in a
Pond of scum, like a sailboat without a paper driver to its name.
Like a
Popping off sound. Like a painted pony. Like a dangling fake
Bracelet. Like a pair of dancing feet wearing nothing
But painted toes. Like a lonely bike ride through
A laughing Autumn woods. Like the moon holding a sign up
That says, make up your mind, choose your celestial
Tea, and always pay the Gypsy at the door before she invites you
To sit down at her table. Like the lie that

You have somehow given up on love for good, my truest love,
Fading in the west of your sinking sun heart, I don't
Buy it now, or ever, no matter how Eastern
Your lovers get. Like a poem that sounded like
A science show, but really is all about a
Certain comedic feeling one gets when the stars align on top of
you.

Like a jackpot machine puking out its phony stream
Of metal happiness, you're still barely alive in there. Like a fuzzy
Note from an electrified base player behind a curtain, I'm just as

Bored as ever over the dirty looks from your
Mad trajectory. Like a blue whale, a stone left
Atop your grave marker by a total stranger. Like
A lesson book scribbled upon with many strange and

Wonderful faces of aliens. Like a mysterious rhinoceros, I wish I
Had the strength. Like a tree planted by the
Passed over clouds, counting all the cracks in the painted and
fading
Sky. Like a Merriam-Webster dictionary dropped into the bath
with the bubble-making soap beads, what we're probably all
about, here.

Bonus poems:

Your Stewardship by Darryl Price

I like how you want to pretend you are above
The pettiness of others, but they are you and you
Are not alone, no matter how many times you stamp
Your feet and cry. We've seen it all before. There

Are those in real pain, with hearts that resemble nothing
More than broken cups. Maybe their emptiness upsets you, it
Should, but you cannot take it from them and replace
Their ache with good deeds. What they want is a

Total reboot of the universe, one where they get to
Place their love in the proper arms and walk away first,
But even that hope brings about another crack in the
Eggshell. To take it all away from them is to

Reduce them to nothing. The phoenix rises from its own
Ashes, not the ones tossed upon it by Saints or
Housewives, but the ones it is consumed by in its
Own desires to be free and whole again. You want

Them to know that you care. They know or they don't
know. It is not up to you to define their grief
Or their healing. There can be no reward for mischief. There is
Only love in its fully blessed kindness or something sneaking

About in the dark corners of otherwise mindful giving. You can't
Have it both ways, and they can't receive it without
It being presented freely. No strings, no applause, no
acknowledgement,
No tax. Only doing, only being. You want the world

To know it can't escape your criticism, but you are
Aiming your spell finger at the wrong mirror like always,
Causing more pain to yourself than even you might deserve. You
Can only save us if you save you, the rest

Will follow naturally. Do what you must, but do no
Harm first, means don't assume knowledge when it's wisdom you
Are after, when it's only the grace of mercy that
Will allow you to be fully human in your actions

Towards all beings. You want to say you are good?
Act your stewardship, but I tell you this, we can
Only move the rocks in our way from where we
Are, one at a time, and no one can judge

our progress like ourselves—because we alone preside over the
Brutal trials in our own heads. If you really want to
Do the right thing, do it because it's in everyone's best
Right thing interest and not because it fits the easy definition. dp

Two Flowers Thrown Into a Vase
by Darryl Price

For Emily Dickinson

Home is gone. I'm an orphan too now, meaning I wasn't
Always so alone on this earth. Everyone I see is running from
something invisible.

But they still sail their candles to the moon, hoping
To someday awaken someone on the other side of this glory
Who might just send them back a kind thought or give

A smile in the form of some spelling out birds. I've never received
A feather from the heavens with my name on it. yet
You and I are not alike in our choice of dogs, but
I still like to think of you walking the quiet night time streets
Alone with yours, breathing in the soft pelting raindrops

With an intensity unlike any other person. That was your gift
More than your red hair, more than your refusal to
Give up your name or your fight with God and
The devil, believing both of them to be inadequate to
The task of being near enough to you to break

Your heart more than it already was. Instead you broke
Your own heart, and mine with it I might add. Who knew you
Had such power that could wait for centuries to explode like that
into

A sudden hurricane? Did the little flowers know this? Did the
Irish?

Perhaps the good children playing in the garden? All I know

Is what's here, we are together again, not in a dream,

But in a sense of the world, getting near the
End of something terribly unimaginable about to happen and I
only wish I

Had your hand to hold. I suppose that is very
Selfish of me. You let your hand go where it

Wanted to go and nowhere else. You gave it the
Most important task of all, to put your cruel abandonment
Into a letter, without asking for any such forgiveness, without a
twirl

Of singled out regret. You telegraphed that pain to the stars above
and

Dared them to respond, all the while knowing full well

How they laughed behind your back. But the dog was
Faithful, the writing desk was faithful, the flowers were never
Going to go anywhere alone without you again, even the rain
throwing itself

On the windows was a companion you could count on
To see you as you truly were, a warrior with

A sewn booklet of original coded words, meant to open emotional
Locks, meant to join clouds of butterflies together. Your home now
Is everywhere, mine is still somewhere hazy in the distance.
I don't know why it means so much to me
To speak to you in this bolded way. I'm not looking

For an answer to your being. As Paul said to John, you'd probably
Say that we were worlds apart, but I feel something
Different today. I would have liked to see you smile
With some more teeth put into it, or the back of your head tied
In a power ponytail instead of an acceptable practical bun. I think
you

would have breathed a sigh of fantastic relief in a pair

of old lived in bluejeans and some comfortable open-toed shoes.
You got a message to my blockhead somehow.

I'm not talking about all the others who also may hear your voice
here. This is

As much as I can hope to do for you, but I'm

So glad for the chance. It's an honor. Thank you, oh singing wind.

Author's Note

"..unless we become as Rogues, we cannot enter the Kingdom of
Heaven."

E.D.

I like this astonishing impossible person so much. She is unlike
anyone else. And yet her life was as full of spiders in the corners as
anyone else's. But she was able to spark her poetry against the
circumstances of her life and times in such a way that even today we
still thrill to hear its originality. It's an amazing feat. I'm sure she
had her doubts--how could she not? But her art has survived and has
managed to speak to us in an urgent and tender way that resonates
with even our postmodern gone-to-the-moon sensibilities. Pretty
cool, Emily.

