

# Our Handsome Whales

*by* Darryl Price

are speaking clear enough, through their open and  
bleeding wounds, for you to at least try and understand. Waving  
their

massive arms like living lighthouses, bobbing in and  
out of the floundering waves, they are splashing

out an urgent, intelligent S.O.S. and it doesn't  
have anything to do with managing sharks. Their ancient  
and eternally beautiful songs are full of courage  
and sadness for more than their own kind.

Slaughtered dolphins are filling the sky coves with  
their own dying prayers for mercy for their  
scared young ones, but the brutal men are dumber  
than their sea cousins and cannot think of

anything else to do with their heavy clubs.  
Money demands a new sacrifice be made every  
hour. The coral reefs have had enough of  
eating nothing but plastic garbage, out of an

incredibly dirty bowl, and are turning harder and  
whiter than cavestone. Is it any wonder the  
lovely little starfish have all lost their legs and  
do nothing but roll between the empty rocks

like lumpy bits of soggy leftover dust and  
dull debris? The poets sweep upon the shore  
between playing their shanty songs to the ears  
of stars, like Christ all alone in the

innocent hanging gardens, and a blind man looking  
for a divine glimpse of something like a  
friendly crack of light in this endless night of earth.  
It's no one else's net. Pull in and

think. We are the ones who control the  
final harvest. We've all the weapons of mass  
destruction. Our hearts are big enough to  
do the right thing and still manage all the gold.

Bonus poems:

Photograph by Darryl Price

Well here we were at the next new beginning of  
Casually looking back over our tired shoulders and I don't  
Mind telling you I don't feel the exact same urgent  
Need to have the window rolled down so much on my side now.

This time to remember how it looks to have everything  
Coloring the sky before us again. The one broken thing  
I've always wondered about is why you took off in  
That waiting red car with the blacked out mirrors when

All you had to do was ask for your own  
Dreaming stars at the night desk. I guess it's really true what  
They say, nothing really matters. We get the perfect journey we're  
On and nobody can change the common sense of that particular  
punch in the stomach.

What's written on the passing pavement is coming off our  
Pressing feet in sticky scribbles. These lifelines sometimes get  
tangled up

With other folk's thirsty searching roots, and another younger  
story

Emerges and demands all our best time and top-most energies.

In the meantime, good friends, we waved goodbye to are  
Left standing still on shrinking away hills, their waving fingers  
seeming

Many speeding miles away. So why does it even matter  
To me? I'm just trying to make something less sad

Out of it all before I lose my way completely

In the years ahead. The shadows will cover up everything. They'll  
Cover us unless I give it a little help, but

That doesn't mean anyone needs to be forgiven. Be you

And I'll be me. I'm still having fun with or

Without much grace to go on, but I'm goofing like Greta Garbo.

Let's

Go for a spin I should have said in a

Much louder voice, maybe this thought will return me to your  
smile.

O Come On, Listen

by Darryl Price

We get on our generation horses and go, man, go  
because we don't know any better, but we do it. It's

very much a manufactured sudden and miraculous parade in the  
making

because we don't want to bore ourselves to death, okay?  
So what? Join the crowds upon crowds of carefully constructed

crushed hedges if you want, it doesn't matter to me.  
The only thing that matters is all of us right  
here and now and you don't have to sign up  
for anything to be an honest witness to the sun's  
rays today. If rain comes you might have another slim

opportunity to make up your once in a lifetime song to nature,  
aren't you lucky? Go tell it on the mountain or  
better yet tell it to the mountains. You never know  
who might be listening down among the wildness of the  
hungry for love bursting bluebells. Come on, show me, shout to

us, this way out of the grave. Well alright, at  
least you had an almost genuine smile upon your face  
for most of the ticking time. More than a lot  
do. Tears and wishes aren't just for children to hold  
up to the inevitable sky like colored balloons. The shadows

won't get their dirty drop on us, we're still awake  
in our magnetic dreams and surely likely to get home  
somewhat together if we try. That's as much a pure way of being  
born as any religion's got going and a lot more  
real to the bone. You choose sticks, I'll choose stories.

