

# Our Love Is Enough

*by* Darryl Price

To stop the world from exploding  
Like Krypton. It has to be.  
Like purple flowers we're there on  
Burnt battlefields. It raises its flag,

Too, and continues the march toward  
The dreaming sun in spite of  
All the smoke and ash this  
World has to offer. Our Love

Is enough to weather the ice  
Cold precipitation of all loud hateful  
Partiers above and below the radar  
Of Kind thinking. It has to

Be. Our Love is enough to  
Set free the zoo animals. Our  
Love is enough to protect the  
Creature that contains all sea creatures

From irreparable harm. It has to  
Be. Our love is enough to  
Filter the smog into breathable air  
Again. Our love is enough to

Write the poems that witness the  
Whole truth and not just some  
Of the lies that are bought  
And sold on the nightly news

Like used cars. It must be.  
Our love is enough to turn  
Back the four horsemen and their  
Spaceships, turn them back into constellations,

Back into fireflies. Our love is  
Enough to ensure that walls and  
Bridges are there to welcome strangers  
And not to incite greedy tendencies.

It has to be. Our love  
Is there to remind us to  
Always be creative givers. Our love  
Is enough. Our love is enough.dp

Bonus poem:

You by Darryl Price

You are here. You've been away. The door  
Is always open. The bed is always made.  
And you. You have seen the wave. You  
Of the hand, you of the giant wave  
In the middle of the lonely night, weighed  
Down like a top heavy branch of apples.  
And you with your skinny legs trying desperately  
To fill out your stride. You with your

Blazing mane full of sparklers. You with a  
Sad fist full of musical instruments. You on  
A bicycle in the park in the rain.  
We were lighter than air, riders zooming in

And out of the trees like swooping birds,  
Scooping up more wind than air. Those were  
Such foolish days. Our eyes were painted with  
All our dreams. It didn't matter what they

Called us. Some words cut so deeply they  
Can never be removed again. I never wanted  
To be a part of their hate, even  
The high hate that never forgets a thing.  
It still reeked of something inevitably cold to  
The core. You are gone. You are somewhere  
In your life. The wall between us is  
Quite a masterful work of art. I don't

Care. It doesn't make me feel anything. You  
Might as well be snoring. You were such  
A beautiful dancer. You are there I suppose.  
I don't think I could ever forget your  
Squeal that came out of the sides of  
Your pouting mouth like a playful dolphin asking  
For its fish reward. And you with the  
Falling hair like a small abandoned voting booth dp

