

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

