

# Plant Me

*by* Darryl Price

If you find the place they forgot to bomb send me a  
hot pink postcard. The planet is only so big. We're already dipping  
our heels into the waters without wanting to become true  
believers, miserable  
followers. The bedtime stories will have to change their heroes  
into fish,  
their fish into men, their men into mists. And hope for rain.  
And hope for the storm to end all storms. To bring the

purple dawn. To be a light peeking through the swollen blocking  
rocks.

Look what's the point of being quiet? Anything they shoot will  
have  
been us. It's easy to see yourself as something moving in a  
lit cloud, but, really, we all want to be held and allowed  
to openly weep for the young victims. Choose your weapon. If you  
find that place they forgot to mow down plant me a tree.

If you find a place they have forgotten about please destroy the  
map. If you find the peace you deserve tell your love I  
am thankful for her tower. If you find a place they forgot  
to bomb don't let on. Don't do anything different. They are looking  
for war with their one revolving fiery mad eye. War is on  
their sick snarling snake lips. You can see their diets hanging  
from

their teeth in tattered bloody strings. But keep a cool head. Laugh  
but let it go. Cry but let it go. Bury your dead  
but let them go. Keep dreaming. Fill the world. Smile but let  
them go. We are not the innocent ghosts here. Not yet. We

are the beacons, talking our beauty into the dark places. We are  
trying  
to figure out what it means to care after all care is

wiped out of the air and off the ground. That's where you  
come in for me. You are an outlaw song I can remember.  
I love that song as much now as the first time I  
heard it. No world should be turning and twirling without it. No  
new bird should attempt to sing a bud to life without it.  
That's as much of an explanation as I can offer. If you

find a place they forgot to remember, then celebrate the chosen  
days  
that are left with everyone you meet, regardless of their animal  
nature.

If you find a place they forgot to bomb try to stay  
there for me. The flood is not going to care if you  
are beloved or not, if you are one of them or not.  
But remain vigilant. But keep trying out new things. If you find

a place they don't believe is magic, don't forget what you see  
with your eyes closed to the money. But keep your head open.  
But keep your heart awake. This is no time to pretend you  
don't love poetry. If you find a place they forgot to bomb  
make a joyful noise and release it into the shadows. Heal it.  
But keep trying out more ways. Remember where you heard this  
first. dp

Bonus poem:

A Place for Us by Darryl Price

I want to talk to you for a  
minute. I don't care about the  
effing weather. Idol banter  
seems so far beneath you, but I'm

sure, it has its ordinary  
place of honor. Let's dance. Not on  
the conscripted floor, maybe out  
in the street, in the highest trees

among the shaking leaves, oh this  
feeling is like holding something  
alive and wiggling to escape.  
Is that too obvious? I don't

care. In all directions, they are  
always telling us to just hold  
on, survive, but what does that mean,  
if for instance together we

cannot even lightly touch a  
blowing blade of grass without some  
harsh governmental restrictions  
being forcefully imposed on

our most sacred dreams? You know what  
I mean. These people hate to see  
any kind of love set free. It  
makes them mad as hell. They lose all

their diseased marbles. They mow down  
peaceful flowers in protest. Cocked  
guns come out of every window.  
Car. House. All loaded. Doesn't much

matter. I'm tired of it, aren't you?  
That's why this poem exists, it's  
a place for us. We accept your  
heartache. Forget them. Make some noise. dp

