

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

