

# Poem for Amy Winehouse

*by Darryl Price*

Last night I spoke to the universe  
on your behalf. I don't know if  
anyone understood my plea, but I did, I knew what I meant,  
heard myself implore the cosmic stuffing we're

all fluffed out of to please give  
you a second chance at life's happiness, even  
if that's impossible, the sad self invoking  
the power of my own being to

befriend you beyond the mortal, so much so  
that whatever you are now, wherever you  
exist, it can be felt as real,  
a gift from a flower, as Donovan

put it, to a garden. It's mine  
to give. Last night I spoke your  
name to the universe, in a kind  
of prayer, for you to find your

way to the place where love lives  
in all of us for always. If  
it doesn't matter one bit I don't  
care. It makes a difference to me.

Last night I spoke to the years  
gone by on your behalf. Bless you,  
I say, Amy. That's all I can say,  
but I say it with my whole

person in agreement. And now I leave  
you for my own journey to continue

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its own path through my destiny, but  
before I do, I thank you so much.

Bonus poems:

### Damaged UFO

Came to a full stop. This is  
a jarring realization to a pilot as  
you can imagine. Flying by the seat  
of your pants is not really an  
option. It's over pretty quickly. I could  
see through the slits for my eyes  
you were already walking your way home

without me. This hurt more than a  
broken heart. It would take some time  
to get up and get out of  
there before your men in their white  
uniforms showed up. You hear the pocketful  
of keys first, like a rattlesnake under  
a wooden stoop, then the helicopter blades,

then the cocking of rifles. Better to  
disappear than be snagged by one of  
your so-called friends for examination or experimentation.  
I limped off as best as I  
could, but the broken heart wouldn't stop  
buzzing inside my chest. Still somehow I  
made it away from the crash site

without being detected. My ship was ruined  
beyond repair, but something of me lived,  
wished to smile again, in spite of  
the incredible pain. That's all I can  
manage here. There is no magic or  
science involved. It's been a day by  
day operation. Here's that kiss I borrowed.

The inside hanging universe

Is busy thudding its hardnosed blind  
Little digits on my swinging  
Out of the way muted hat-less  
Head. I know this means something. It's  
All part of my sitting here on  
This particular red chair I  
Suppose. It's always amazed me

How the poems will find your space  
Even when you're deep inside your  
Own mind. I'm not waiting for that  
Sign from anyone anymore.  
I'm just hanging out with Beirut  
And waiting for it to snow like  
It means it. When I was in the  
Car before it started to sweep

A little miniature snow  
Across the warm windshield like a  
Needy little shake of salt, but  
That quickly turned into a soft  
Cold walking rain instead. Why this

Observation should matter to  
These particular words before  
Us now I don't know. Like I said

It means something, but I'm not sure  
I want to know the exact what  
Involved. Does everything have to  
Always be defined? Why can't some  
Things just be felt? I don't need an  
Explanation for loneliness.  
Oh I'm sure that you've already  
Figured that ancient clue out by

Now. Life is a much better place  
With someone there to hold. Still a  
Cave is a cave and mine is as  
Empty as an abandoned nest  
Jammed between the naked forks in  
A frozen tree's forgotten stiff  
Upper branches. There's sun somewhere,  
But not much light. That about sums it.

