

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,
heard myself implore the cosmic stuffing we're

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

befriend you beyond 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,
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 destiny, but
before I do, 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.

