

Poisoned Tea

by Darryl Price

There's something wrong with being so
right, my dear. You turned non-conformity
into conformity.

You used the light in music's presence
to blind the love in their hearts
with freezing coldness. You ran out

of human kindness long before
you sold yourself to bitterness
and white-knuckled hate. Call that what
you will. You chose lying to cheat
and called it individual
freedom. You did not care enough

to be the one to make a major
difference to the sky's smile. I
believe they are only calling you
back home into a trap of more
poisoned tea with we love you, we
love you so much. You remain the

prettiest face I've ever seen.
It's not that funny to me, the
midnight fool says, stepping out at
last. There's something criminal about
hiding your heart from my unspoken
torch all this time. You used

to remind me it's alright. Now
it's a long day of not knowing
how to feel anything beautiful.
I wonder, when can you hear

me? Are you still there, shining, but
like a destructive laser beam,

or a mad miracle in the
hidden middle of a forest?
Take it slower, my dear. That's all
I've got for you. I always miss
you like a singular blossom
in a song's dream I've ever had.

Butterfly
by Darryl Price

A little torn corner
piece of paper,

the color of a
kitchen sponge,

drifting in and out of
sunny winds.

