

# Pterodactyls

*by* Darryl Price

In his head thinks he whenever I wake  
I shall have a very fine discussion with  
Someone, oh but finding meaning in anything that's  
Just too much rich flattery, isn't it? Inside

His head he thinks I am writing like  
A New York genius, but really he is  
A bore, specific, comatose, delicate and ordinary, dull  
As an unpublished art book. In his headspace

He thinks this time as I open the  
Door and step out I won't forget to  
Watch for pterodactyls. To himself he sounds strangely  
Lecherous. In his mind the crumbs of madness,

A bitter disappointment built up over time, he's  
Almost sure he will maintain a safe distance  
From now on. In his head, he thinks  
When did this happen to me? In his

Head, a big thirst, unquenchable. In his head  
He thinks why should I be such a  
Damned fool? In his head, he meant to  
Photograph the birds-like flowers. In his head, he

Could see what the children said coming true.  
In his head-ache he thinks what art can  
Possibly wash away unhappiness this deep and wide?  
In his head, behind his eyes, he sees

The dense dark trees making their case against  
All the doves in his heart. He wasn't  
Entirely innocent. In his heart, good fellow, he  
marvels at the capacity to not completely disappear.

Bonus poems:

Cartooning for The High-Brow Beginner by Darryl Price

"Climb in the back with your head in the clouds, and you're gone"  
The Beatles

It's a laugh. Can't you take that small fact, run  
With it? You must start somewhere. You don't just  
Finish at the lead. The adventure is  
Inherent in all things, but the central  
Button may be hidden in plain sight. That's

Part of the fun. Draw what you like. No one  
Is holding a gun to your head, but you;  
And if they are, you know where you belong.  
It's a laugh. But the danger, but the pain,  
But the sorrow, but the trains, the silence,

The nuclear towns, on your knees, on your face.  
It's a laugh. Start digging, peel away the  
Wall paper, the clouds, the stars Your fist is  
The spoon, your forehead the fork. The regime  
Just repeats itself. It's a laugh. Look for

Yourself. Everything is a two-edged sword  
Waiting for the next throat, to drink the blood,

To drop the moon. Take your time to taste it.  
It's a laugh. It's a good-bye. Not always  
A lullaby. Maybe you'll be one of

the lucky ones. It's a laugh. The color  
of the sky. The color of a flower.  
The color of a voice. I was here and  
Now I'm not, but we're still having this same  
Color together like we are possessed.

#### The Little Jokes by Darryl Price

They come into your room when  
you are sleeping. They tell you  
how much they love you when you  
are all alone and just not  
listening. They sit at your  
forgone writing table with  
their fragile empty cups of  
childhood tea. They glide down the  
ever glorious moonbeams  
and tumble on the buttoned  
down enemy grass for hours.  
You may or may not reach for  
a sad drink of water. The  
gray windows are gaping like  
warped carnival mouths, but that  
doesn't say you must go in

to the party. Everything  
is an invitation to

a knife fight. They start gently  
tapping on the quiet walls  
like ectoplasmic drummers  
looking for the start of a  
brand new kind of river song.  
It is being alone with  
someone that makes all the real  
difference any way. It  
always has. That's what we look  
to heaven for—that thrilling  
notorious moment of  
pure escape for two. It's not  
the stolen kiss, it's the kiss  
in that place where no one is

watching and no one's afraid,  
crying over memories.  
No wonder the glad lovers  
piss us off so much, spooning  
each other in the sun, and  
singing sweetly to the sore  
oozing world around them with  
each step forward. It makes the  
rest of us look like we are  
made of crumbling manure  
and not much more. They come and  
they multiply. They fill each directional space  
like wild horses on a hot  
trail of hormonal rampage.  
I take my place willingly.  
I once burned on that same hill.

