

Remember to Sing

by Darryl Price

“Not all the birds are to be trusted, and there are other spies more evil than they are.” —J.R.R.Tolkien

This may well be our own about time, time
to walk out that comfortable front
door forever into danger. Nothing will ever

be the familiar same again.
The soft heartbreak is that all fellow-
ships even good ones have an arc and

turn back on themselves as they are
ending. There is a permanently
ugly danger now that is rising

in front of you and one more and more
pronounced coming up behind you like
a crawling and hissing predator arrow. That

is only the facts, they are not the
rightful answers you seek. Any way
let's say peace is a bit of luck for

anyone only lasting for the
moment, but there will always be this
romance; the adventure is always

better for a touch of merriment.
Remember to sing the songs you love
and share them with the stars. This the dark

enemy cannot fathom in its
bolted down fields of sharp ended painful fits of sleep.
Never forget what you are living

one more tired and hungry day for or
the most beautiful and important
faces you can remember seeing

like shining bright windows on top of
the world. Help is ever there in the
true nature of all things. As your poet,

this time around, I want to be with
you constantly in these few words. Take me with you
and take care, friends. I believe in you

as I believe in the quest for more thirst quenching love.
We are bound together to the end
Of all actions and all dreams as well.

Bonus poems:

Soft Shoulder Work Ahead

by Darryl Price

We've already messed it up. I could have
told you, but you would only take it and
use it against someone softer than you.
We've already messed up, but that sad
fact doesn't mean we're done trying. That's what

they want you to think. Because then they can always charge you as much as they want, and you die alone. Basically. Love is

rare even when it doesn't match all your favorite childhood perceptions. You've been forced to swallow down a bunch of utter nonsensical junk, so naturally your body wants to get rid of it in any way possible, because it's as bone-tired of your full-time grumpiness as everyone else, and as we all know, the

possibilities are endless. We've messed it up, already forgotten how it goes. It's like trying to remember an incredible dream. You can hum bits and small pieces of it, but you've forgotten most of the best words. Like, I need you. I love you. I'm a fool. Still doesn't matter. It becomes sad comedy. Some folks are

still out there daily marching in the freak parade because they refuse to accept that day is gone a long time now. They think it would never leave without them. Are you one of them? We've already messed it up--royally. I'm still falling. Falling. My heart is fallen in two. We've messed it up, and a lark says more than we ever could.

Art Department (an Early Draft)by Darryl Price

It's all about seeing what you can do
with what you are given. Take as much time
as you need. Construct something that looks like
something you'd like to see constructed. Don't

worry about what the other guys might
think. This is yours for the entire time it
takes to be complete, finished to your
satisfaction—something only you will

know. None of us can say when, we only
know what your attempt makes us feel like, and
that may be colored over by our own
desire to create something out of what

is already there in our heads. But if
you are true to yourself then it should speak
a familiar sounding language
we all understand like music, laughing,

like food, like fun, like dancing but with your
unique signature on it. Tell us a
story, we are listening. Show us a
sign, we are looking for another way.

Leave us a handprint, we will know you were
here. Beam us a signal, we will read the
cloud's faces with great interest. Use all
color and shape to bring us deeper, and

into your images, if the texture
feels right we will respond with our own dreams
and ideas, we will release our hearts
from their self-imposed cages. We'll thank you. dp

Filling a Hole by Darryl Price(an unfinished draft)

You have no idea what the angel said to me. She made high promises

She had no right to keep those to herself. She locked me in the Eyes and said, "Why are you so sad?" I don't know. I didn't know then either. It doesn't matter anyway. She has always been silent on

any other subject since. The angel spoke to me and many people thought

I was talking to myself. I took it for granted that everyone saw her, too.

What I saw. A young vision in a brown overcoat with brown caring eyes

And a kind of memorable even voice like a telephone. You have no idea the feeling of

Miserable loss I experienced. I didn't ask for her visit. She spoke to me out

Of the blue canvas uninvited. I trusted her quiet sincerity like one believes in

A beloved love apple. It makes no difference now. No poem ever brought me to

Her face again. Look, I said to a friend, she gave me her

Phone number, so how could she be a phantom when there's a piece

Of proving paper lying here in my hand? Don't cry, he said. There's nothing there.

Only a fool remembers such a waking dream all his life. Who would

Play such a blinding game on someone, I beseech him? Love can't see itself.

