

Return of the Lost Ones

by Darryl Price

I'm working through the rocky pine cones so you don't
have to. I'm stepping over the little
dreaming people in your dreams so we don't
wake them with our loud and coming loose footprints. The
poem passes by like a heartbreaking
train jumping the tracks with the sound off. I
suppose I could tell you where these things come
from, but that would be cheating you out of
your next turn to be the conductor, and
besides there's no good film in it if you

already know what we're all wearing. It's
the sleeves! Oh no you don't get to pretend
any more than the next person. You said
how you wanted in and now here you are,
and just like that you want back out again.
Typical, typical. Really there's no
other place quite like this one. But I think
for someone like you that's the scary part.
For me it's just a skeleton-key that
faithfully turns and reveals a meadow

or a lake where certain clouds are running
in the sky like eggs and all around the
swirling blue plate of stars is waiting for
you to take your first healthy bite of the
glowing fireflies. Don't look back. It's all the
same over there I promise you. They have
squeezed every bit of magic out of each
other like grapes. It's really kind of a

sickening scent if you ask me. Here we
have renegade trees who are not afraid

to open their gnarled eyes and look straight
in at you. There they have cold cut bushes
with long dumb fingernails just waiting to
lemon grab you by the collar and hold
you dangling over a cliff while someone
runs off to call the imagination
cops. It's all a bore I tell you. Trees here
have got the best stories to tell you in
the world. I mean it. They act out all the
most interesting parts themselves, and some

even whistle between breaths like floating
miracle eaves. But what would you know of
such creaky old things? You probably think
it's all a silly bunch of carefully
orchestrated brushstrokes on a piece of
museum paper. A rare book to flip
back and forth, but I'm telling you things are
dropping out of your head that could make you
suddenly remember the names of the
small animals you gave away so long

ago for the comforts of a grand old
home somewhere in the concrete recesses
of the overblown cities. The lost ones
could return to your hands. You could return
the stolen stones. All they do is weigh you
down. So yes this is my attempt to get
you to remember something more to be
important than your addiction to the
pornography of consumption. Something
silent, something missing, something tender.

Bonus poem:

The Waxy Build-Up

I am the one walking with you. I am the one talking with you. I am the one being with you. And all I get from you is my boyfriend this and my boyfriend

that. I may not be your boyfriend, but even I know I love you more than he. I can feel it like an arrow when we're together. I can feel it when we're apart.

It's an absolute perfect knowledge that I have acquired by simply living out loud in the same moments with you. I have to admit I was somewhat

saddened to see that your hair needed washed, that someone so amazing as you are should present herself to the atoms and to me with such a lack of real

enthusiasm for the basics. I get that you are feeling sick. We're all sick with differing degrees of life chopping constantly at our roots, like back hoes, but when we're

together all I want is to give you the right words to make you feel my love is present, so that if you ever need it, you won't have to go far to find it. It is nobody else's.

When you go I start to slide. When you disappeared like that I didn't panic, I just got so lost. I emptied of any real compassion . There's still so much to

say. Please don't go away like that again. I know you are not well. I wish you could look into my eyes and see yourself as pretty forever. Lean on me. Lean on me, come inside.

