

Rising

by Darryl Price

The coin, so little, the watch chain, the youth, the fading
softening speech, each hand and finger, the panic modeled on
your own eyes,
the ashtray, certain stumps along the way, the long distance, the
odd feather, the
jazz rope gone, the radiant shadow, the spine in gold letters,

the arches, the circumstances, the broke off mirrors, held up to
crumbling
stones, bracing us together like shields and swords, the collective
grasses, being brutally torn away, the
nouns, the aesthetics, the city limits, the next year and the one
after that, the
correct use of the young money's predicament, the bomb's electric
ticking voice

deafening the haunting of the obvious relevance, of this
objectively written wizard song, for
only you , these boys, the light from those lamps, the bonkers
world, the baseball cap, the old pine tree, the flapping
din, by contrast then, the most maddening thing, the apartment's
darkening torch, soon to be

warm to the touch, the red bricks, the chill outside, the window's
diffusion, the paint-smell of last summer, the screen
door's swearing at God, the slam in the face, the fireside ceramic
animals, that strange smell, that
endless appetite, beneath, biting the inside of my mouth, the
small lie, if you insist, the puzzled exaltation of rising.

* * *note. Just because others have done their best to define poetry, you don't have to believe in them. You can undefine it-- anytime you want. Set it free.

Bonus poems:

Bat Cave Gift Shop

by Darryl Price

Alice and I went into the bat cave,
but we didn't see any bats. Trees don't
come rooting around in there. Water comes.
Because water goes wherever it wants.
When it wants. I wanted so much to hold
Alice's hand. Know I should've wanted
more. It was probably expected. I
felt alone, apart from reality.

She was my reality. The guide told
us to put on our sweatshirts and to watch
out where we were going. Things could get kind
of slippery real fast. Alice stamped her
feet twice and grabbed my hand and squeezed. I felt
right then I should do everything I could
to protect her from everything in that
strange cave world. It made me dizzy. It made

me sick. It made me bats. And still no bats
rotated down from the ceiling to get
stuck in her auburn hair. Just let them try

I thought. We moved into room after room
of stuffy invisible damp curtains,
but our hands stayed in one room together.
That was perfect. I felt so happy I
just wanted to stay there forever with

Alice, hidden away in the pale dark
from all the ordinary things of this
mad world, like all the watching and waiting
anxious bats somewhere above us. Make no
sudden moves. We began to breathe more fresh
tasting air, to climb, to see more lightbulbs.
And then we were led back into the gift
shop where I bought Alice a red tee shirt

that showed a bunch of black bats flooding out
a cave entrance at dusk, disappearing
over her one shoulder. It looked better
on her than me and went quite well with her
clear blue eyes. Ice cream with chocolate bat
sprinkles. Alice smiling but showing no
teeth. Car lights on. At last a chance to kiss.
An Alice kiss. Ice cream kiss. The best kind.

As Long As These Words

Are here I won't stop them from coming,
But if I'm already
Gone from your heart, then
At least let them serve
For paper lanterns somewhere in the future

That once I thankfully strung there.

Silence like snowflakes
Hits the ground, covers
Up many things. Roads
Have taken us nowhere.
Yours was the one

I chose to wander through
The most, always hoping
To find you, and
Instead wound up lost,
Alone somewhere in
The middle of my starving life. You can't ever

Change this but I will
Remember your name came
Like rain, sadly singing to itself this one last Autumn song, like a
set of
Tranquility arms set
Around my mind, like
Sudden bells, like endless

Bright weeds on a
Summer's worn trail, and when
Another dawn has
Disappeared into
Another line of
Cars, fat grunting trucks, I'll throw

A handful of pulverized
Dreams atop the story's
Submerged lips and bow
Once more to the notion
Of one star in
A hundred billion.

