

# Safety First

*by* Darryl Price

I am not a gun, but I think I may have  
pulled a plastic movie trigger in some kind of real world way before,  
activated, pivotal scene one way or another before, this new frame  
came into its paranoid view. You? I am not a plastic water bottle,  
but I might have already bought into the snobby notion of it's

somehow being so much better for you than a soda  
pop, and therefor a pointy badge worthy of being pinned on a crisply  
ironed new shirt or just  
carried around to show how civilized we are in our own little painted  
in the corner of the glued together universe place we share, the one  
we all seem to rent in fear and out of sure remorse or boredom.  
Why do we make these heavy lies so often so comically

transparent? Show of hands. Today I saw  
the most beautiful weeds, I mean it,  
growing up through the cracks in the rough and tumble  
median as I was slowing down trying to

get onto the free way. Beautifully formed  
leaves of such exquisite craftsmanship and symmetry  
that it took my breath away to be  
made aware of their tiny presences there. I'm sure

workmen will eventually cut them down before  
their prime--whatever that is. Will they  
have time to flower in more than  
my imagination a mere few hours or weeks of time later? Here's a  
strange

thought I bet you didn't see coming: whenever  
someone says that they like my stuff I

immediately feel like a failure. Like is for  
ice cream I'm thinking. Like is for sex and

walks in the park. Where's the love? It's the downfall  
of my house of poems. One more thing: even your  
most creative impulses should be about your freedom of expression.  
Water flowing, describing everything it sees in a timeless, winding  
off the grid grin of real painterly perfection.

Bonus poem:

Unseen Impulse #2

I pray for you to just hold  
on. Saying that right now  
seems rather more childish  
than I would want it to. Oh

but isn't that just the  
fear that's attracted to  
anything that's brand new? I  
know that whatever God

is it's not a wishing  
well. I still want this to  
be said, that's all and said  
by me. I ask mercy

and forgiveness for you,  
that your time have meanings  
full of both grace and joy  
even without my hand.

