

Snow and snow and snow and snow and snow and snow and snow

by Darryl Price

A tough enough signal to read under the best of meteoric
circumstances, this is one maybe I'll keep on thinking about.

I might be able to make something everlasting out

of this crazy price for love after all. I no longer mind the bruises.
Life shambles forth and falls flatly

forward only sometimes. The cold light of day, it isn't so much a

fist inside your head any more. If anything it's the same
handicapped note you weren't missing when you weren't that

aware you were missing any musical heritage of birdsong at all. I
simply meant to deliver it a long long time ago now.

My horse was shot out from under me on the one and only
available wooden

bridge home. I sure miss that horse. I've tried rolling the whole
message over and

up again into one of those sparkling orbs and flicking it away, or
bowling it with real muster

among the pine like stars like a hazy memory on fire. I guess

I've messed up something pretty good now, that's for quite sure,
but it wasn't

enough to change the nature of my own free floating clouds for
you all to see. I tried

to bow low enough then open the cage door of my tricked out top
hat, for instance,
but no misconceived dove dreamed of its sudden freedom

in that emptying emerging space below. I can't believe
I had that much shit written down. Most of the words I know have
come

back to me now one way or the other. Some drenched in mud,
some covered in fallen ash, but most just limping

silently back into my shirt pocket. I guess
you can't pretend to have made the mail delivery

if there's nobody home in a world of sad
constellations. I'm still walking towards that narrow escape hatch
alone

at which time I'll hand over the bleeding letters I promised at
last and be somewhat free from the thought of you, but if I don't
make it,

at least you'll know I tried. Everything else is moondust on the
carpet.

Only the moon considers there's any other way to go home again.

Bonus poems:

Monkey Pause

by Darryl Price

We live upon a star. With a
billion other stars, we are
floating. There are mad coiled things with
lots of poison teeth. There are sweet
sad things with awful broken wings.
We are all made up of tiny

vibrating, speeding balls of light.
We are birthday moons. And we are
rumored mountains. We are postcard
rivers and postcard clouds. We feed
unseen roots and tributaries
with the least flow of our silent

thought. We take action and change the
whole world. We are ill winds that huff
and puff. We are spotlight sails. We
are joyous noise makers. We screech
to a blinding halt. We sing our
stories together. We add our

music to the picnic of life.
It can be a deafening, or
soothing, downright mysterious
thing to behold, but it's almost
always human. Our own sweeping
mistake. Our big blue star is a

most beautiful, swirling bubble
of hopes and fear, of war and peace.
Ancient wisdoms and new young faced
innovations. You and me. Me
and you. We dance on a star. We

trade places with a twist of the

tied tongue. I used to not know why
you had to go. Then it dawned on
me; you are only in motion.
And that's about all there is to
it. There's no senseless spree on love,
Monday's still one bad idea.

Bonus poems

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Why Kill the Moment With Holy Wine
by Darryl Price

I hope your sick dreams are also filled
with the screams of dying trees. You don't
want to grow beautiful cities, you

want to mine uninterrupted beauty
and poison it with fear to make sad
money pour out of the wounds. You don't

have enough guns to stop our love. As
long as one mountain exists, we grow
without end. One tiny flower and

your world is turned upside down and you'd
better know it. We are the fools who
are deemed unwise, but we imagine

something better than your lies. You don't
have enough bombs to wipe out our skies
full of stars, within this lifetime or

any other. As long as the sun
and moon provide even a glimpse of
their simple glory, our care for this

world will never slip away. You don't
have enough armies to stop our love
from happening all over again.

Uh huh
by Darryl Price

"The spirit dance was unfolding."--John Lennon

And still is. Only some people
will deny the very piece of
heaven they are seeing because
they don't like the other guy's own
description of a sparrow. Sounds
pretty petty, doesn't it? You
don't know the half of it, brother.

Uh huh. You don't need more drugs to
produce wonder for you. It's a
given thing. Home. But you get what
you give, wonder and all. Within
you like the ocean and without
you like the ocean, just as George
said. You belong there. Endless. You

exist here. Born lost and born found.
Human. That's our warning lock and
our feeling key. Forever light
and forever shadow. It's all
cold in the one eye and warm out
the other. Look. Breathe light of the
candle sky. Eat the bread. Eat of

the ringing earth. Begin. Again.
Dream. Balance the river and sky.
Against the sky. Upon the sky.
Listening cloud and listening
grass blade. Walk up the hill. Thank you.
Run down the hill. Thank you. One hand
holding one hand clapping. Thank you.

Flowers In Her Room
by Darryl Price

You fold me. I know
what that means. But I
don't care. You folded
me. You may never
be back. But just in

case you are. Flowers
in your room. They burn
like candles. They end
with the light going
out. It's not a wet

metaphor. You fold
me into a flat
tiny square and slide
me between two worn
poetry chapbooks,

instead of two bright
breasts. Let's not play games.
You fold me like it's
all the same. You fold
me like a frozen

lake. You fold under
the shimmering moon.
And all those sad stars
hanging about. But
I don't care. You fold

me; I may never
be found unbroken
again. You fold me.
Am I lost to your
song? You fold me. I

don't care. I am not
hanging my head in
a dark rain no one
else can see. It's just
a flower. Our love.

Ours. You fold me. Don't
forget, open me.
Like I open you.
And never get too

tired to hold me close.

I'd Rather Write You That Kiss

by Darryl Price

that reminds you of our loss
of us. It is what it is.
I don't know if you meant to
harm the world. I only know
I don't want to harm anything ever
anymore. Besides we've
already suffered life enough.

The parts blown out of our
hearts can never be retrieved.
But these holes aren't meant to be
our homes forever. There must
be a new place built where the
walls are trusted again to
protect us from ourselves when

we are feeling angry or
sad or acting stupid. Where
peace is structured into the
ribs like a firm enough handshake. Where
the floors are forgiving and
able to withstand a good
amount of wild dancing. Where you

and you can give each other
the space to grow and heal together
in this world. Where all

are treated fair and kindness
is always to be found in
one's singing voice. Thank you for
the grace of your acceptance.

