

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 poem:

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.

