

# Snow and snow and snow snow snow

*by* Darryl Price

A tough enough signal to read under the best of meteoric  
circumstances, this is. Maybe I'll keep on thinking  
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 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 at all. I  
simply meant to deliver it a long long time ago.

My horse was shot out from under me on the one and only  
available  
bridge. I sure miss that horse. I've tried rolling the whole  
message over and

up again into one sparkling orb and flicking it away, or bowling it  
with real muster  
among the pine stars like a hazy memory on fire. I guess

I've messed up something now for quite sure, but it wasn't  
enough to change the nature of my own free floating clouds for  
you to see. I tried

to bow low enough then open the cage door of my tricky top hat,  
for instance,

but no misconceived dove dreamed of 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,  
some covered in falling 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 promise at  
last and be somewhat free from all of you, but if I don't make it,

at least you'll know I tried. Everything else is moon.  
Only the moot considers there's any other way to go home.

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.

