

So Little

by Darryl Price

I must apologize for only having words to bring today
with me. They seem so little to give and not much to
offer you. All their silly little hats seem to
have been around with us now for quite some
time. Others before me have certainly worn them far
better than I have this time. This makes me sort of sad,
because sadness is not what you deserve, or should ever want,
and

because what I'd like to give you
is a kind of freedom from sadness, of knowledge of joy,
about the feelings you deliver to
me just by being around somewhere in the known shared
world. Even that sounds less than sincere. Let me try again.
I wouldn't accept that open of an offer either from just anyone.

Flowers like

that just don't belong in this conversation between us,

not yet anyway. Not by a long, hanging upside down shot.

I'm trying to give you something you
can accept without regret or debt, something
you'll recognize and remember, something we alone can
share in our own small midst, a thing that
exists solely because of our presences being put together
and not out of any mere circumstance of distance. A fine

tempered

belief that is at once a beautiful
truth and a ringing bell, that does
not fall over into thorn bushes if
it rains too hard. Not a plucked
sun, but a celebration of all suns everywhere.
Words don't fail as much as fizzle, there's just not enough
of them to write your name properly between

these so few stars. It's impossible to
align our planets. This I know. I
am not asking for that kind of lit-up on stage kind of
miracle from you. We grant what we can out
of our own beneficence in this life.
I only want the chance to say it
into your ears, the best words that may come
naturally from the well within my core-self.
To not be a liar with you.
To not be a coward in the
face of a world of doom. To
give the gift that belongs in the entire room. To
say that, in spite of the frost
that accompanies you in your stocking feet,

I will gladly meet you there. That being
said I don't know if these words, or any words,
are good enough to bring you this lonely of a
message. I bless them as best as I
can and set them between all the bars on this life's window
ledge, waiting
like my own tiny doves to fly to you and return. They know
their own hearts. That's all I can
ask of them. But of you I will
ask nothing. You are enough. And when
they read this to you do not
hate them for their ignorance about the major
dance, but teach them the steps that
made you laugh, that let you finally cry,
that lifted your eyes again and again, and caused your smile to
just happen.

Bonus poem:

What Did You Expect?

by Darryl Price

I admit to you, and most freely do I say so, without even the tiniest bit of fainted faulty regret, that at first I too thought as the same old easy lined street of trees as before they came into the harbor of our souls with their many long and terrible boats, that surely there would be peace, but floating like arrows being thrown at you instead of shot, we were purged of free at last, free at last, but nothing's so purely free from you just being the present being inside the place of all holy trees as this; so you mean to tell me you think just because you don't see it in its purest percolating performing painful smiling self, it doesn't wake up and walk all around you looking for some ounce of truth or joy to somehow behold instead of the doom of so much celebrated gloom? Jesus, it's the same utter ugly blindness wherever you go. People waiting around and around and around the bush again like dizzy little children, many more times than even that for some kind of messiah to take them sweetly up by the trembling hands and kiss their good little exposed foreheads with all the love the cardboard universe has to offer, instead of just simply rising up off their aching knees for once in their shaking to pieces rattling glass self lives and saying, no, no thank you, I ain't your kind. I am no man's or monster's slave.

I like my secret cache of urgent dreams as much as the next guy. I just don't need your permission to write this poem. I don't have to clear it with you first before I break all the rules in search of some new kind of authenticity of my own making. The only reasons they teach you that way is to keep their jobs from crumbling before their bodies do, and of course to keep

a false wall between themselves and all the incoming hordes of
thick skulled barbarians foaming at the clattering gate. The funny
thing is they're the ones most likely to stick
a germ infested sword into
your overeager faces over some imagined slight they know is a
damnable lie. You could just be the one. But let's have some
sympathy here, you're going to have to recognize
yourself, sooner or later, as the one who is fast coming after you,
but that's all semantics isn't it, where's the right one, the true
love? Isn't that always the underlying thing? Those who don't care
are satisfied with buying whatever looks good. It's still
a plucked leaf against some very huge rain clouds. Stars will
explode and you will explode with them all over the proverbial
windshield. This does
not now nor
did it ever in a million years satisfy us. We want the ultimate
experience or nothing. That's the drive-in, right there, buddy
boy, that keeps us coming back
for more movie, and I'm more than okay with all that mushy stuff
in between because I like to see the out of control fires set in those
great big
beautiful eyes of yours too. But why can't there be a pile of good
enough words for that simple of an observation to light up the
dragging through the corrupt streets at night survivors of the
resistance? It's an emotional pull, too. You know what I
mean a thousand times over, but, even now, you just won't let
yourself care for its presence in the room we share not unless I can
say it to you and for only you and for you for the first time ever again
on this very same day and every day thereafter. Okay, okay, okay
well, I'm trying.
Sad, moon child, eyelids painted sea shocked green. I see it and it
hurts a lot. I'm not just lost on your face, my dear satellite! Candles
throwing their melted circles like burning nets made out of nothing
but the ghosts of blazing fires whipping all around the clammy
flickering walls like ghost dancers in love. No, naming the

special thing we made between us, but a snotty questioning of its deepest intentions instead. I get it. We are not always going to be around to play this thing fully out, right here, but what about in the right now of the now we somehow shared way back then? I say we're only lost in the moment's tree bark parking lot because we stubbornly refuse to be found out

by anyone else who doesn't fit the familiar story mold from a childhood fantasy guessing board game. It's not supposed to feel any one particular way, that's what I'm told and tend to believe. Okay. You

don't need any special training to know the relief in hearing your own heart's desire coming through that front door night after night. Also good. The din doesn't fool you. It never did. It never could. I liked that about you once upon a long time ago.

Oh, what's the absolute use of this written over nonsense coming into view between us? I don't know. But, I think, for me it's always been about your sly behind the scenes smile behind the rainbow's practical sheen like a secret stare into a more permanent view of a possible real world love where happiness happens. In other words

I have to, my brothers, oh sisters, before it's over and done with and way, way too late to vote for making a fool out of oneself for the sake of it all.

