

# Sparrow

*by* Darryl Price

I don't care what my reincarnated  
self thinks about today. I'm already  
aware that everything stinks in the end.  
Well. It's supposed to. But all things must seek  
travel while they can. Dance while they can. Dream  
while they can. Laugh while they can. Nothing fair  
remains the same or it solidifies

where it steps and simply falls apart. Yet  
everything is still here. In some new form.  
People make religions out of this shit.  
I just don't know. If you were the one and  
only Cleopatra in another  
lifetime, you haven't learned anything else  
from it. I bet she wishes she were you.

The grass is always greener in someone  
else's innocent stare. But don't look too  
deeply. You'll only see the same sad lines  
looking knowingly back at you. They just  
want you to believe in something so you  
won't feel so alone when you get lonely.  
There's your cosmic mystery. How can you

be that alone when you are constantly  
being surrounded by all this life? You  
are still being born. That's the only thing  
that makes any sense. Not everything has  
to be where you find yourself on the path.  
That would become very boring very  
fast. And a boring parade's an insult

to all intelligence, an unkind smear  
on imagination. As a being  
with a soul, you have opportunity  
to turn base metal into the light of  
wisdom--Alchemy anyone? There  
are as many ways as there are stars and there  
is only one true way--and you are it.

Bonus poems:

Love Was Here  
by Darryl Price

Of that I am sure. It stood where I am  
standing now. Love was here. Just a little too late  
I suppose. Love was here. Did I do EVERYTHING wrong?  
Love was here. It happened so fast. Love was here.  
Don't be a cry baby, Love was here. But haven't  
we met so many times? Love was...ah? The Goddamned  
joyousness of it! Love was here. The sentry at the  
dry back of my throat must have fallen asleep again.  
Love was here. Riding up and down my spine like

a bolt of lightning on a rollercoaster. Love was here.  
It was the wind mocking the wind out of me.  
Love was here. Sniffing like a cat through a garden.  
Love was here. How did it find me? Love, all  
that is dangerous, was here. Love was here. What do  
you know of truth? Love was here. It showed no  
signs of abating, should you ask. Love was here. To  
kidnap all who lie naked and dare to whisper the

impossible. Love was here. The perfect dream shape. The perfect

sun and with the perfect moonlit shoes to go with  
the perfect stars above. Love was here. With fingers refusing  
to unbend from the steering wheel. Love was here. Saying,  
so glad you could make it, I was just thinking  
about you. Love was here. Don't you get what I  
mean? Love was here. I'm not saying sorry. Love was  
here, Darling, demanding as hell: sign here! I will. I  
will not. Yes, you will. Yes, of course. Yes. No.  
Love was waiting here. Why should I give in to

an angel, voice like a laughing snow, talking softly in  
her gentle way? Love was right here once. Hi. Hello.  
Help me. Help! Love was here. Should I come? Am  
I to be meeting a friend? May I leap into  
your arms, too? I'm going to wait and see. Love  
was here. It's a sad world. Love was here. I  
get tongue-tied. Love was here. If I could I'd lower  
my face into its fountain and sleep. Would you like  
to hear something funny? Don't you know me? Get in.

The Sorrow  
by Darryl Price

You feel it, too. That should be enough,  
but it's not. Just because you walked, ran,  
tripped, fell where you walked, you think you don't  
have to say anything that just might  
incriminate you to me. That's the  
cold kind of utter bullshit that makes

a good person feel lonely inside--

because then even you don't want to  
be hanging out with that dishonest  
of a person, even if it's you.  
Look, I wasn't trying to find you.  
I wasn't hiding from you either.

I just happened to find you where I  
was standing once upon a time. It  
made me feel glad for the pain. You feel  
it. I know you do. I know you curse  
me for the fresh discovery of  
feeling. It's not my fault. I made my

own way in the world's hungry grip and  
squeezed out alive and in one piece right  
there in front of you somehow. A sad  
different tree in a same forest.  
A barely noticeable flower  
in a rolling field. A musty moth

on the moonlit bark. An anxiously  
awakened lightning bug on the grass  
blade, about to rise like a twinkling  
star again. These are windy stories  
to tell, but they both end up with the  
two of us being together long

enough to establish the fact. So  
now I am to be an incomplete  
song in this time and I know it like  
I know my own breath on the chill air  
before me. You know it, too. All I  
can do is leave you these words and smile.

moon

by Darryl Price

I am the unremarkable moon,  
not the one that explodes and becomes your  
favorite playmate. That was just a joke  
some of us said when we thought the adults

were sleeping standing up. You've got to do  
something to improve the air quality  
of your life--before it is all sucked out  
by cars passing by on the highway a

million miles away. The little thorn bush  
gleaming in a butterfly's eye can turn  
you easily to stone if you are not  
careful, and everything likes to be touched.

Isn't that so damned funny? We deny  
ourselves the one small thing that would make us  
truly happy just because we messed up  
love the first time around, and probably

every single time since, too. It makes no  
difference. Only liars cheat and so  
cheaters are not the only liars. The  
brazen schools are full of them. Look, we've all

bought a dream, only to get home and, oops,  
realize it was a bag of air, Yes,  
pretty or not, the ghost sitting on a  
spooky log in the middle of the dark

spooky woods expects you to come over  
and have a seat. You might as well take your  
fright and burn it. You will be expected  
to dream walk. To look into the fire's head.

I didn't say it would be easy. I  
didn't say anything. You are the one  
looking for a way out of here without  
getting caught. I only came to watch you.

