

Sudden Window

by Darryl Price

There is someone looking for you
for him or herself. I don't know if they'll
keep on looking forever when
we live our present lives so far
apart from each other. You might
as well be behind a glass at
all times. But I still would want that

lucky person to somehow reach
you and get consent to hold you.
That would make the whole world worth it.
Even if I can never see
that feeling or feel that sighting
myself. There's someone who completes
your chemical composition

as himself, but he may not be
that unselfish. He may refuse
to know you as you are, and that
would break my heart for you. Coming
close to being almost complete
is not the best way to walk through
this ticking down life. But maybe

he'll feel the inevitable
pull, break the glass, or maybe the
spirit of the glass'll recognize
him and open itself up like
a sudden window or a door
inside the air. That's a moment
I wish for you. That's all I'll say.

Bonus poem:

Days by Darryl Price

I don't have anything for you. Maybe
I did. If you say so. I wanted to.
The rules are nothing I can obey as
I always write what I want. I say what
I mean. And the days go by. The things we
cared about are disappearing, making
their lightways up to heaven. What we are
left with doesn't feel all that good to me.
I don't know about you. I can't live on
the things that once made us glad to just be

alive when we were the brave young and free
dancers. It seems so historically
alone and pathetic now, thinking that
we could stop the world, shake out
all that terrible greed, planting more and
more beautiful trees, learn to talk with the
ambassador dolphins, whatever. The
days go by. And the bombs are still laid like
eggs, in the dozens, collected and sold
by the awful basketfuls. The eyes of

the garden sun people are no longer
blazing but growing dimmer. And I still
don't hate you for missing out on the time
of reflective dreaming. It's not your fault.
And the days go by. Everything sounds the

same everywhere. Only the crying of
the poor wretched earth is being drowned out.
She was our childhood friend. She believed in
each one of us. We had no idea
what we were becoming. Again the rules

are not being posted around here. Days
go by. I can now make my poems out
of anything I encounter. I leave
them on the ground for insects to carry
away. I toss them into the air for
the white zooming birds to catch and gulp down.
I grab some sticks and write them in the dirt.
If it rains I let the rain wash them off
my face like so many tears. And the days
continue. It's hard to fight, but we do.

