

Teardrops (Starting to Run Out)

by Darryl Price

Should I talk freely, or do you prefer
decorum? To kill a butterfly is
not honorable. Everything should stop
there, but it won't. It never does. I hope

you're happy now doesn't mean I don't give
a damn what happens to you. I talk freely
because that's what poetry is when
it's a promise they can't keep from the lie.

I get sick of the excuses people
cough up as soon as they wake. Talk freely,
there's nobody listening to us. They'll
do anything to stay alive except

confess: killing a butterfly is murder,
but is it plain to see and simple
as a movie seat? Who's not bought a ticket
yet? Will it make you feel like another

kind of sincere person when it's over?
Talk, it's going around, everywhere,
you're all responsible for the lights going
out at the dance. Any butterfly

performs a necessary part of the
perfect steps. I wanted to show you my
own part, with my wings still somewhat intact.
Why is that so hard for you to believe?

Meanwhile, the poem travels on with or
without us. Do you understand? Don't kill
anything unless you absolutely
have to, turn around, look, those are your antennae!

Go ahead, talk freely, everybody's
high on some televised fountain
of youth pill. Talk to me. Just talk to me.
That's all I need. That's all I want. Bing, bang.

I should talk freely. I'll be going down.
It's the way. I want to kiss you slowly,
but not be without you. Isn't that a
fine meadow to be caught in? You don't have

to worry about me. You'll be fine. It's
only once upon a time, a goodbye.
I didn't know how else to tell you. Talk
is how we live. Your presence shook me good.

So I Can Say, Wild, Free
by Darryl Price

You say love, but it isn't,
is it? You say love,
but it's just business.
Transaction. You say love,
but somehow it's not a
very pretty view. You

say love, but it's a pendulum
for sleep, sleep. You
say it's a trumpeter
swan, sweetest, but it's your
painted eyes as your face
nears mine. You say love, but

when will this rain ever
quit? You say love, but you
just haven't uttered the
snuffing punchline yet. You
say love, but what are you
thinking of as magic

shadows fall out of sight?
You say love, like a burning
fire, well, okay, but
that's still only one way
to put it. You say love,
the wide open door, the

ride of your life, but please
drop all pretense. Don't stone
me. You say love, breathe in
the wild air, but I am
tongue-tied by the painfully
obvious. You say

love, I shouldn't care, but
there are holes in the harsh
world that need mending more
than I need take anyone's
name in vain. I'd rather
hold you. You say love, and

I say you're always in
my heart, nothing else matters,
but I've just been waiting
for a sign. You say
love, I already say
yes, so why send me this

heart blowing mine field? It's
way over my head. Makes
me feel lost and alone.
You say love, but I say,
hard to tell, but for orphans,
the moment's notice.

