

That Particular Diamond

by Darryl Price

looking space packed right in up there
like a sunbleached kite stuck between
 the several bluish colors
of the sky today has its own
amazing heartbeat. I can see
it clearly from here. Oh I can feel it
 reverberating for miles and
miles. If I look away it waits
on my returning gaze like a
 silent yet good-natured friend. I dedicate
its honeyed song to you today. No one
else will ever write this down nor
remember the one short time in

summer's fire that it showed itself
like an omen to only me. It's
about all I have now that's not
 already gone to the birds of
sad time and schoolboy circumstance
like so many crumbs of a once
delicious favorite slice

of remembered bread. It's fed me
like a cake one more time to be
believing in something I can't
 actually see coming and
moved on and I've given the rest
of its quietly fluttering
breath to the poem in your hands .

070510

Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/darryl-price/that-particular-diamond>»*

Copyright © 2010 Darryl Price. All rights reserved.

They Boil Roses Alive(umpteenth draft version)

for pleasure not for making
soup. They scrape the stinky mash
onto old newspapers
and toss'em right away.
They'll start their annoying engines
and soon branches will
have mouths, eye sockets
and broken noses.
No speech is ever needed but the noise.

Bugs will speak as for words,
thorns will gnash for teeth,
cold winds will flap like
hair, and all this is
done for nothing more
than to give boredom
its proper hooligan name. Someone to
play outside with. The harm done
seeps to the roots. The
harm done warps the spin cycle

of galaxies still
unnamed. The harm done
is fed into the
womb like a cold beer.
The harm done wiggles
its oozing black way
up the splitting dead stalks.
The harm done gums
up the light which gums
up the color. The

harm done grinds the
oldest living creatures
on earth to careless tooth
picks. The harm done turns
the ocean's middle
into a snowman's
plastic belly. The
harm done stuffs the nostrils
of the tiger
with cement. Let's dance!

D.P. 09/19/09

The SoAp In ThE sInK

Hello ghosts. I'm not ready yet to become
part of your toothless frothing singing group but I
thank you for the bubbling foamy offer. At
least you care. But really you look just
fine the way you are all meshed together

in silent wail and unfreezing moan. And I'm
sure on some level that it's a most
wonderful music you make that creates just the
right imbalance between the swaying and the swinging
note, the glowing imperfect atmosphere for such ghosting

together activities. It's just that well you see
I've a few more activities myself such as
the writing of more poems among the bacterium
to perform before I could be called anywhere
near complete and ready to change so picture

significantly. So although I do certainly appreciate the dear trouble you must have gone through to present yourselves in such an amusing and creative way to me I have to decline. I want to live. It's ever so much more fun in the right now.

dp

