

The Beast Remembers Its Broken Promise and Starts to Cry

by Darryl Price

It's a good thing too—because
Of the way that feeling
Made her even more beautiful than usual.
You shouldn't doubt such an obvious
Feeling. It's a good thing—
Because frankly you have

Been informed before. When Beauty
Loses her way, even
The tiniest bird will
No longer eat out of
The cupped palms of a Saint
Of the sacred forests.

When Beauty loses her
Way, all the world is sand
And snakes. It's a good thing though—
Because she will also
Put her fingers on your
Neck and massage your dreams

Into reality.
She will tilt your skull to
The stars without letting
You forget where the ground is. It's

A good thing—because she
Represents both, and

Knows you must learn to navigate those seas
With honor. It's a good
Thing—because without her
Skin to kiss you'd become only
Fiery again, spewing
Your anger like scalding lava

All over the plants and innocent
Animals. It's no use
Denying it. Without
Her smile no sun would dare
To brighten the hours and
Days. Dirt would be our tent for a thousand years.

Bonus poems:

Yours Truly by Darryl Price

This is the sound I make. I don't know what I'm doing other than
being me. You can shut the door if you like. I'm making my art out of
something that already feels pretty done inside. It's not always sad
to me. I don't

want you to be sad either. It's more like taking a picture of the
impossible ocean. It's useless. Really, it doesn't change anything.
Facts may be true but they don't necessarily tell you the truth. I wish
I had something more

interesting to say to you, just for fun, but you've heard it all
before—we all have. Why take another familiar seat in the shadow of

the audience? You're on the other side of the story here from someone else's

foreign perspective. I don't want you to stumble around quietly in the dark for me. There's only one reason to settle for things the way they are. Either you want to be free there or you don't feel it in your soul. I don't like

dividing things up into opposing camps. It's just another way to lie to yourself. I don't envy people their spectacular speeding lives on cash. But I wouldn't wish mine upon anyone else. Not that it's so bad. It's nice enough,

but I still want to see if you can imagine an action that would make you genuinely happy all the time. If you want to go out and dance you don't need my permission to let go of yourself. If you want to be a kind person

no one is stopping you. Get started. We don't have that luxury, nor do we need it, nor do we want it. You're the forgiver or else there is no forgiveness. You've got the power within you now or there is no time. I can't say what your

actions will bring to the table, even if they are done with a lot of deep love. You can't think in terms of rainbow colored physics all the time. It's too cold when you can't touch another human being. That's all I know. We

all want to get somewhere far away very badly, but we are somewhere all the time. Everywhere is somewhere real. You are here. Still in the garden. Staring at the gate. Home is a bigger concept than you remember in your absence of

daydreams. Welcome. I've thought of all the big questions for you. But I don't want to die in a philosophical hell just because I wouldn't let go of the memory argument. It's stupid. What isn't stupid to me is making a

kind of music as you go. That's the best I can say it. So, I say it. That's my choice. I like it. I really do. And I seem to care about you for some reason. That's why I make this sharing thing for you. To cheer you up and not let

down. Making a funny face. Tipping my hat. Walking away.
Walking away. Turning around. Grinning a grin. Waving a wave. It's
not much, but it's not meant to end that way. It's meant to return
hello with a simple smile.

Green Eyes by Darryl Price

The road is bigger than a white whale. We
started out with such pure confidence. The
sparkling stars looked like flags waved by unseen
hands. We were close enough to touch fingers.
That's what made me feel something so deep. It

wasn't the shocking amount of noticed
space behind the burning moon. It was you
being near enough to unwrap that ache
over and over. Then of course you chose
to suddenly run down into the thick

stinging brush without me to visit the
rising fireflies or the water lilies
or the blue flowers that bloomed there like rugs
forever. I don't blame you. They were so
plentiful and beautiful enough to

make even a young man's mind sigh without
knowing it, but so were you. That's the truth.
There are other truths not so simple, some
more violent. When you returned to the
open road years later I'm told your sad

uneven stinking hair was a wild mess
and your simple dress had been replaced by

knee-high boots and a wrap-around shawl. The
lonely roses in its tattered pattern
were all the faded same, full of stitched holes.

Maybe that says something about life, well
maybe it doesn't. But here I am still
wandering around the journey, but much
without the wild look once seeping into
my own wide green eyes. By the way, the road

never once taught me how to pronounce its
true name. I was hoping I could save you,
bargain the name for your release, something
ridiculous like that. All I know now
is that it appears to have no real end.

I myself have seen the end of many
fair things. Good men have come and gone. While great
eternal songs have fizzled out like the
end of a favorite candle inside
a battered heart. That's as close as we got. dp

