

The Fake Humility of Stars  
is a Terrible Thing To  
Waste: Three New  
Poems (revised and  
expanded like several feet  
of extra sticky t

*by* Darryl Price

F Bomb

I am coming in like a blackbird. Like I'm going  
to tickle your mud. I am coming in carrying a  
half-sunk message backward. Is that your lovely answer? I am  
coming in to sweep for all saints. Course I didn't

just wake up with that feeling. I am coming in  
like yellow daffodils. I am coming in because I was  
thrown into a ditch. Again I am coming in drunk  
as dust. I am coming in for nothing and naked

at last. I am coming in with swirling feathers punched  
out but will you ever lift a hand for forgiveness?  
Coming in screaming like birch tree branches still burning  
from a huge blast of milky snow. No one knows why.

## Ape Shit

We go to the circus  
to walk a thin cracked line.

Not to climb a hill. We  
go to the moon to raise

a drowning man's fist to  
the seeds of loneliness

but still sleep alone. We  
go to the deep market

to ache and wish for a  
little love then as now.

We go to the garden  
to outrun God's silent

train together as one.  
Then we hammer home the fruit.

## The Giggles

I don't have time to meet your demands. This poem

is the only money I have left that shines. I don't have the time to find myself. This poem has happened. Don't have time to express my love. This poem could have been worse. I don't have time to understand the spinning night sky. This poem is asleep in your soul like any silence. Don't have time to unwind all the lights as they happen to appear. I don't have time for one more cup. This poem is the last hand. This poem wants what it wants out of your spread-out prose.

Bonus poem:

I Don't Know(a first draft)

what you could want from me  
that won't end up hurting  
you. Hours later I can  
still find your body in  
the air as if you were

folded up in my hands  
like a big warm towel.  
The urgent weight of your  
cold feet alone is pressed  
all around me like the

sudden urge to drown in  
a hole in the soft day's  
rainy realities.  
I'm afraid it's what you seem to  
do best. You turn us all into

a strange swirling  
echoing disappearance.  
I'd much rather  
have you laugh at me. I  
know for instance your teeth

are somewhat bad but they're  
original. The same could be  
said about your flour sack of a heart.  
Or your loosely tattooed on  
dress. These things make a life

come into view like a blown up  
splattered creature. But I  
continue to feel like  
humming you in my mind.  
Like reaching for your hair

with just a couple of straightened  
fingers. Like I'm running  
away but somehow still  
arriving back in front  
of you at the faintest false stops to looping starts.

