The Gate Before

by Darryl Price

You were always going
to connect the dots.
I was always going
to overfill a bucket

with poems. You would
eventually drive off waving
your hand like a
star on a spring. I'd

shoulder up another notebook
for the walk. My
hand would rather hold
a pencil. Yours would

accept a kiss from
a perfect stranger. You
were invited to walk
in gardens. I was

given the gate before
we even arrived. You
somehow managed to change
into a diamond, but

in a golden glued-down
seat. I was more
or less a ruby
in a skull's eye-socket

and yet we found
a way to laugh.

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That's all I know
of this thing. Now

you sit somewhere outside
the wild feelings blowing
around in my heart,
the photograph of an

ocean entering a dark
green tunnel of another
new amazing day. There's
nothing more to say

that wouldn't take away
its real voice and
replace it with something
less worth listening to.

Bonus poems:

This isn't just another perfectly wasted day

To me. From here for instance it's
Still bursting full of little yellow flowers
Growing out and over the rocky walls

And with wild zooming honey bees barely
Missing your face as they chase the
Alluring fragrance to its central sticky source.
The soft sky is like a long

Silk covered road leading somewhere into a
Faraway dream. I breathe it all in
And smile. And in the middle of
All that free wondering I'm striding all

Alone down a leaf strewn bike path
Listening to a bunch of noisy insect
Camps talking over each other about the
End of this particular Summer's time on

The yearly Autumn stage. A few butterflies spark
And wave as they tumble past on
Their somersaulting way, hurrying to the secret
Mystic summit of their ancient societies. Perhaps

They'll come up with a clever butterfly
Way to save the planet from disappearing
Before I'm no longer able to participate.
One can always hope. There's no smoke

In the air today. I don't know
If that's a good thing or a
Bad, but I'm taking it as a
Sign for now of many miracles to come.

These

things are yours to avoid
answering. Although you hear me
well enough to assume any
action taken is to mean
something's spoken, our connection doesn't

have to get any deeper
than it already is, that'd
only be deceptive. I've reached
you, I haven't found you.
These are buds to awaken.

Whatever happens after that is
a harvest as old as
time. You shall be given
a glimpse into the heart
of a color, a memory

will be made into a
journey. But don't spend too
much dream power on talking
with ghosts. They'll only want
to haunt you in the

end, that's their nature, yours
is to finish going through
without finishing yourself in the
progress. These are yours to
float away now. I won't

do it. You are my
last attempt at modernism any
way. These are yours because
I am yours and because
we've come so very far from home.