

# The Goodbye Meets the Hello

*by* Darryl Price

"You come to nature with all your theories, and she knocks them out flat."--Renoir

"Dreaming is free."--Blondie

"I can't vouch for my ability to avoid dullness..the odd position in which poets find themselves explains their often-sentimental identification with the disempowered(with whom they identify by virtue of experiencing themselves as outside..)"--Robert Archambeau

for Charlotte

I could right now so much gather up all the proper words  
said throughout time and  
even up to this exact moment and place them all

banded together into your one small upturned hand like a sweet  
little  
baby bird and still not have the prescribed feelings I

want to say to you about your path today. You've pressed  
yourself on through me like  
a full-body current and my life once glowing with the

extraordinary ability to see how to live off just one lonely shaded  
dream awakens  
because of your presence, now as dark as a thirsty

petal no longer a part of its original stem. In comparison they ache  
my thoughts like a pair of silly legs. When  
I see you laughing about in a crowded room I find you are the

music the music listens to when it wants to be  
inspired to continue to break new ground. And when you

look into my eyes at last I swear I am  
only able to praise every questionable atom in the whole universe

with another one: "How can anything so perfectly attuned to  
the moment where all possibilities flourish in infinite rolling fields

of calm move among us and not be felled by our lying,  
our ignorance, our greed, our vanity, our own stubborn inability

to live on as gracefully?" A part of me wishes you would  
just knock me off now. Your life living out its fully found and  
beautiful arc

will do the job just fine eventually I'm sure. But you have  
actually managed to make me care more about you being

okay in this world than anything else in this room of gloom and  
doom right now. And  
so my dear. We come to the here of the always now. You are leaving  
me forever because

you are gone already in courageous spirit beyond this old day's  
many recycled  
stories and the new life can't start without you. May

I always be the first one to welcome you there and  
never waver in my duty to embrace your many wonderful freedoms  
as my own personal best dream.

Darryl Price 041510

To the Little Brown Faun Skipping Around the Old Wooden Park  
Bench at Sunset On a Friday Afternoon in The Late To Summer  
Sprinkling Rain

Big deal, okay so I see you too. I feel it. I feel you there. That  
inevitable sad  
stop at the station that's always coming in for your last punched  
ticket. It's the non-transferable loneliness of

the unfathomable punched ticket's jaw's stepping off point that's  
always bugged me like some  
kind of kamikaze gnat. But I think hey you know what  
maybe old Mister

Charlie Chaplin had it just about right about the personal power of  
just smiling anyway because it feels so good when you do. I assume  
you might agree if you're alive right about  
say now, next to this sentence perhaps? Because

that's what we like to do. We live right up into the  
face of it, front seat roller coaster riders. You bet your bottom dollar  
we do. Your ghosts will  
have to speak

up for themselves later on I'm afraid if that's what they want from  
their afterlife. Much later on if you don't mind. Oh yeah. Unless  
they're  
already attached to the spark and go just like another freaking wire  
to  
the ticking clock of doom

or the tightly knotted puppet strings already choking our  
independence daily--only invisible-- I suppose somewhat like you are  
forever being, and not so much like me.How is that fair? So  
it would seem every day I'm walking into a disappearance of my  
own making.I hesitate

to say it's all of my own making-- through and through-- because  
there still  
seem to be a lot more energies at work and play than  
just me on

this poor old forsaken and taken for granted body of mine.The mind  
the  
brain the wind the sun the moon and the stars the hand  
the leg the

smell the taste the touch the blah blah blah blah.  
The living world has seen it all before somewhere else anyhow. How  
beauty goes  
on but we,

we must stop being beautiful. For how long I don't know.  
I've heard all the big and very (very,indeed) small minded ideas.The  
fabulous  
lies. The golden

dreams. The feathery hopes.The eternal licking you in the  
nether regions lakes of ferocious fire. The blissful and splashing  
about covered in roses naked

gardens. The celestial sex with angels. None of them makes  
any real sense to me that I'm all that comfortable with.I'm  
just a man.

If life is one big-ass wheel and we are whatever catches

on that wheel and then eventually falls off into the road... I  
don't know. That

sounds to me like just some sort of another medieval  
torture device for fools and idiots. What's the point? If life is just  
wiping your feet  
at the doorstep

to some miracle marble mansion in the sky--I'll pass. And  
if it's all a test I want to know the scores of  
those grading the

papers because somewhere on the horizon it's got to flatten  
out into the one hand clapping scenario, right? See what I mean?  
Where's that leave

us with our hands full of poems, with our lips  
red from kissing, with our pungent necklines sinking breathlessly  
down below even  
the ocean's deepest

hidden crevices to live and continue living large as whales? You  
know there's got to be something living down  
there where it suits them just fine thank you very much. You're  
still a bit

of a nowhere man my man. But you don't have to be all  
bitter about it. You're at least that free of a person all  
the way to

the finish line. You grab up your suitcases then, if you've even got  
them packed and ready, and you go go go go go. You've got another  
train to catch after this one I'm sure. One more after this one.

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## There Are Things Here

Simple things. I  
could name them for you, but  
my desire for  
linguistic mastery

over  
them by squeezing  
the mystery  
through the tube of

such mundane aluminum  
siding  
doesn't thrill  
me right now. I'm looking

for the stuff no  
one pays that close of attention  
to anymore,  
but even

that's just an excuse  
not to write  
another love  
poem. Look they're ready

to push me  
up against the  
wall without even the last  
cigarette or a

blindfold. So let  
me say right here and now that there  
is a certain  
kind of light swirling

around on the top of  
my desk being  
created by  
the ceiling fan I assume

while the spongy sun's been washing  
itself up soapily up against  
the front windows all morning long, hey  
that reminds

me, quietly  
now, of your own particular  
shade of green in the pretty eye regions. Uh oh. They're  
cocking their hammers

in a frightening row after row kind of way.  
I fear this may  
be our last spitball  
since that's all

I've got left. Still  
I shall aim it in  
your general  
direction in

hopes that the bullets  
are just superstitious  
enough  
to run from such

fascinating if futile  
spectacle all on my lost behalf. Oh will you  
look at that! They suddenly  
are gone home. Hitting

their hands down into  
nothing in  
disgust and leaving  
me with yet another

carved plant on a caved in wall  
in my pants like  
our beautiful own beautiful song spinning down  
deep into the brain's woven mat like a whirlpool of  
delightful dizziness to come.

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Bonus:Wire on a Bird

Jesus the bombs  
are still spilling out, all over the place like loosened logs.  
Like spring rain they  
have not stopped, not

for even one micro-  
second, and you, you  
want me to wait here  
while you sit around  
and decide

if my poems  
are any good, or just enough?  
I can tell you

they are not. They  
can never be

good enough. Some  
are making twisted  
metal sculptures  
out of once loved in  
bedrooms. Children

with no extra  
body fat to leave  
behind craft their  
dinosaurs out  
of spent bullet

casings. Dolls are  
missing more than  
just arms and legs  
and still they hug  
their small audiences

to sleep at night.  
I just wish with  
all my heart that  
it would make some  
kind of real difference,

all these  
scratched off words, this  
juicing of the  
soul. Instead you'll  
go quietly

back to your window,  
that cycloptic

bunker, and  
pick up your favorite  
colors

and paint, while I  
dissipate on  
the broken road  
like a heatwave,  
a lost letter.

Darryl 03/31/09

Mammal Teeth

Remember the single best feeling you've got to  
remember, when everything else is lost to the  
pains of selfish cruelty. And call home with that hidden joy, even  
if it's only words to begin with that  
have already been squeezed dry of their precious laughter for the  
day. Let there be

peace among all the beings everywhere. Use the top  
most kindest ones that you've always got sitting at the ready gate,  
those left riding  
along inside with you in the center's center. Trust yourself. May all  
beings be happy right now. All. Life can never be  
completely erased because it is the meaning of  
being and the being of meaning. A little

light some water and it will speak to  
you again of new hopes for something better, later on, down the  
green growing road. Something  
more generous. Less restrictive. More fun. Less harsh.  
Listen to those young words that keep coming and growing and keep

them in your timeless heart of hearts. They

are at their truest when you give your  
own deepest self to the workings of their best  
soil. It doesn't matter where you are or  
what the ground is made of. You are  
in it and it is our one love gathered with yours. And so  
are you always in our arms. Give us your bounty true. Here's  
mine. Use it if you need to, at any time, for any purpose you may  
want on this earth.

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