

The Green Light

by Darryl Price

Like Aurora, my favorite color is moss green.
Anything else is a lie told to throw
you off the scent. You will abandon her.
Just like you will abandon me. Green. We
were walking through the thick leaves, looking for
the way in. That kind of silence. We
disturbed nothing, only because we had no harm
in our hearts. It's you we are trying

to get away from, you we are trying
to reach. You will abandon this message. You
will abandon the one true gift as it
is being given. It's only a matter of
time. Green. We touched somehow. I liked the
end tips of her fingers more than almost
anything else on this planet. She may have
smiled, but only because she felt home. You

will abandon her lovely eyes. You will call
her lovely skin nothing but mushrooms. You will
abandon me to the wolves, which is what
you were planning to do all along. We
were hoping to fall through the earth and
be swallowed together. Alone would have been alright,
too. She's good at being alone, because she
cares so much to be small. Green has

to have its own sacred place where it
can read books, paint if it likes and
write music. Isn't that what she said? She
wasn't talking about books. She was talking about

light. She didn't mean paint, she meant dance
and make light. Play in light. Play with
light. Notice light. Be the light. Welcome it
to your home and heart. Magnetism is magnetism,

but it is also communion, telling yourself that
you have not forgotten any living thing. Of
course she is scared you will find her
out and cause harm. That's why she wants
to find you first. To offer you peace.
Instead you will abandon all prospects for peace
once you get to know her voice, because
you are just that greedy. You will not

abandon your guns however. Even if she gets
you to stop and listen. But what you
don't know is how she is creating something
beyond listening and beyond all the guns that
ever were or ever will be. Beyond Green.
It's an ancient story within a story being
told by a dreamer, a thinker, for the
first time again. We are being called upon.

Bonus poems:

That One Trick
by Darryl Price

You've fallen for it, too. Thinking there
is only one path to saying or

hearing I'm in love. Gathering all

the clues you know nothing about, please
open your eyes. If it were only
that easy, everyone would simply

go home, collect their box of shit and
stop being a fool and wake. I was
always the last to know, I know, but

not in what I always am, believe
me. See, it's the same. Some people can
only see those they can define as

sitting there being quiet. I was
never one of those standing in the
dirty sad ocean, waiting to be

taken under by a terrible
dark mystery. I want to know the
truth, what is pure. Meet it head on. I

don't think I'm sorry. You pushed me. Pushed
me. Some of us can walk around in
our bedtime dreams. It's where we belong.

You can't come in if you can't stay more
awake than broken. That's the rule. Put
your head down. Grab an arm. Come my way.

When You Say There Is Very Little Magic
by Darryl Price

left in the world, I know you are lying. Priests
of old used it against the wrong citizens.
Nailed them to trees and left them there to die. When
you say there is very little magic left
in the world, I know you are pretending, to

be brave. To be asleep. Things will hunt you down,
you say. But what once things have you hunted down?
Magic isn't careful. It's wild. When you say
there is very little magic left in the
whole world, I know you are hoping to not get
caught in the act. When you say there is very

little magic left in the world, I know you
have not grown a garden from scratch and seed.
You have not walked into a forest alone
and unarmed. You have not met a new rain on
the lonely road on your way home from work. When

you say there is very little magic left
in the world, I know you have not listened. It
really doesn't matter to what. That's just some
awful squeezing device they use to get you
to say you are afraid. It doesn't matter
of what. When you say there is very little

magic left in the world, I know you are full
of hidden tears that need to be released. When
you say there is very little magic left
in the world, I know you are refusing to
look me in the eyes. I know you are choosing

to be full of doubt. When you say there's very
little magic left in the world, I know you

are warning me to stay far away. You are mad. You are pulling your lips back to reveal your gums. You are showing me your longest teeth. You have now forgotten how to smile without

biting. It's okay. Because you don't mean it when you do. Your faith is in nothing. Except for hollow breath. The possessed hole. The end. But you do know a better conversation. When you say there is very little magic left

in the world, I know you don't mean it. When we were just children we played together because it was the honest thing to do. It was an uncorrupted apple we touched, tenderly to share in a holy circle. Because we wanted to trust someone in a dream. It's like

that. When you say there is very little of the old magic left in the world, I know you have been seriously hit on the head by monsters in a ramshackle cave somewhere. The clamped down neighborhoods can hide a lot of pain

in your chest. But your pain is not your master. When you say there is very little magic left in the world, I know you have forgotten flowers. I'm still your friend. You're still my friend. When you say there is very little magic left in the world, I know you have embraced regret.

