

The Meaning of our Light

by Darryl Price

The pencil pushes the
paper deeper into

itself because a blank
landscape provides the secrets

to everything at
once. Ninety-nine percent

of the people don't care
about your seeking justice

for the murdered circus
animals. You know

who I am. I've never
been just tomorrow's light

rain today. The pencil
tattoos everything in

its path with a skull, flowers
between its missing

teeth. I'm still going to
miss you. The pencil's not

the unkind one acting
out here. My love will last.

