

The Melody

by Darryl Price

They have their own homes. Their babies. The world
is big enough to have more layers than
you can imagine. The light will show you.
But it can't do anything for you. You
are the mad scientist who controls your
robot feet. You are the artist who puts
the brush into the wet paint and makes the
invisible visible. You are the
gardener who sees the bent sunflower
towering over the countryside. It's
all just sweetness, but

maybe not your own
current turn at the table. No need to
get mad. There's poetry in waiting, so
many things to become aware of, so
many interesting faces to find.
They have their own names. Their names have stories.
They are not blank. I mean it doesn't mean
they are enemies of your state of you.
A friend is a friend wherever you know
them. We all watch the stars. We all burn with
the sun. The oceans are sloshing

on each
shore. They have their own towns. Their cities. It's
an old tomahawk legend, but it works
like a glittering dragon in the sky.
Even though you may not speak the language
you understand the feeling. The smile. The
cry. The laugh. The weeping, the weeping and

the sorrow for those who can no longer
do these things with us. You may not think this
is a love poem for you, but it is.
You may not think this love is enough, but
it is

all I've got. When you are cold, let
me warm you in the places they don't know.
This is no secret, but it doesn't have
to be hidden either to be said and
meant. They have their own highs, their lows. The days
are not for us to count. Here in this life
you and I are still able to huddle
together. Walk together. Distance is
not such a long time. But misunderstand-
ing is. Not trusting another is. I
wish we didn't have to go it

alone.

It seems like such a waste. When we could be
holding clouds in our hands. They have their own
clothes. Their hats for special occasions. Their
favorite shoes. Old companions. But
the train comes. It comes right up to your face,
snorting, boiling and singing its new formed
generation song. You might recognize
the melody as something you've heard said
somewhere before. If you do it's your time
to go. Good luck. Good-

bye. Don't lose me. Don't ever lose us. Stand
by. There is more. From me to you. There is
this. Always this. Remember. I don't know
how long it means to go on from here. And
perhaps other hands are meant to better

bring it to you. For as long as you will
receive it. Please. Pass it on. That's the much
that we can do for each other. I'm all
for any kind that works. Seems the body
has its seasons, but to me I see this
as a

clear bright window through which we are
able to watch another dimension
of the garden—one where other busy
beings are being just as playful. I
don't know if they can see us, if they are
aware of us, but the here of us seems
to also belong to them, to there. This
is no Shakespeare's tragedy—it's a time-
less funky miracle. And I'm the more
to be ever glad for it. That's all. It
doesn't erase the pain entirely. No.

Nothing will. Let our songs be heard today.
Let our voices carry on right now. Let
bells be merry when they can for every
living thing. For mercy. They have their own
reasons. Their signs. But the road itself is
neither good nor bad. It comes. It goes. Who
is to say where the dream edges its way
into the life and where the life feels its
way into the dream? Again, this is just
a painting. But so is a white seabird
floating

against all the colors of blue.
I can say it takes me away. And I'm
so thankful, despite mistakes, the build up,
inevitable wrong of disasters,

the lost colliding chances to explain
my strange poet's behavior to someone,
anyone. Now go on your way. We've done
what we could. I'm sure that other poet
you've got waiting in the wings can't wait for
his chance to come on. Oh, yes, I've seen the
polished feet below

the curtains, sticking
out like curved knives, all smiles and shaven hopes.
That's just not my style. See, I told you this
was another sickening love poem.
It certainly smells like one. Let the good
times roll. My words now are falling apart.
They are nothing more than bits and pieces.
Like what's left over after a recent
car crash. It still doesn't change things. Light through
green leaves is lovelier by the minute.

Bonus poem:

I'm Sick by Darryl Price

Even though I'm sick of the love you
are for me in everything I do, think
or feel, I still want to kiss you
alone. There's no confusion in that statement. I

used to love to get wasted, but you
were only a poem. Now you are whatever
you want to be, a cloud, a rain
drop, a wind for a moment, a passerby

in a blue dress. What am I supposed
to do? I did what I said I
would do. You disappeared into all things surrounding
my lake of the world. It seems unfair.

I'm sick of the love I must always
carry for you. If Shakespeare didn't say that
he should have. This is not disillusionment. I'm
just sick of the love that keeps me

alive. It won't let me stop writing poems.
I'm not allowed to get too disgusted with
running into the world's wall over and over.
Your love picks me up again and I'm

never going to be one of them. But
you're allowed because you can shape shift at
any time. I rise but rarely shine. That's
your job or at least your prerogative. I'm
sick with the love you mean to me.
You think I understand, but I feel lost
in your smile. I feel buried under your
laugh and I don't know if I can

cope. I am what I can be. But
this love has carried me so far away
from all the other drivers that the road
is nothing but something mute under my feet.

