

# 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 a 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.

