

The moon rose up on its tinfoil bed

by Darryl Price

and floated along with
us like it was attached
with a string. I thought that
meant we had a boat in
case of emergencies
but she said it was sad

to see it following
in our wake like a cork.
I still think it looked every
bit the stylish silver-
capped swimmer doing
the backhanded tango.

There was no noticeable
splash, ever, but it
did come apart in several
glowing pieces
whenever it hit the
tallest trees, only to

pull itself back into
an almost perfect circle,
albeit a mostly
wobbly one, instantly,
upon clearing
the branches. By midnight

we were the ones dangling

beneath magnetized toes
and being borne along
like a couple of hair
pins. I had to laugh. Your
scarf was covered in dust.

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Bonus Poems:

Parts Unknown/ Mix Off and On

by Darryl Price

"Think for yourself"--The Beatles

It seems like years. Our adventures
are long past your bedtime

now. It has no real timeline
for me. Maybe someday. Is
that pain enough for you? You
only become aware of

it as you go, if you go.

We were eager strangers to
explore it together once.

That's the shame of living. Our
skeleton keys were so much
braver to turn then. We just
didn't see every little

thing as being the enemy

in secret disguise. We
watched as so many of our

good friends became members of
another race. I used to
ask them constantly how they
could wait, when the song was right

there, inside, wanting to be

let out to play? Why would you
ever want to keep your love

a sad, hungry prisoner?
I'm just trying to feel, to
understand. Either you lied,
or I did, and I didn't.

Go ahead. Walk away. It's

been no different. Maybe
someday. It used to be so

easy. The hard part is that
you think love has an end if
you no longer believe it
to be real. That's just running

away, it's not running out.

Like I said, maybe someday.
We decide some crazy shit,

but that one is beyond our
selfish scope. I'm waiting for
the end of the poem, just
like you, but timeless things do

not ever die. That's what I've

found out all these years later.
That's why I want you to have

this. Remember me or don't.
We'll see each other again
in the infinite changes.
Some part of me will be glad,

and in that knowledge, I'll smile.

Only You Can See Me
by Darryl Price

Words sent to you are nothing more than sticks
found on the ground. They don't spell out any

thing in particular or point in the
right or wrong direction. I don't know how
to talk to you. You must think me mad. There's

a wind in my face, licking me like a
friendly dog, whenever you're around. But
that's just the half of it. The other half
is like being bowled over constantly
by unseen things in the sunlight. It makes

you catch your breath and sigh like a painter
unaware of anything else but the
busy wet canvas of all life. How did
this happen? I have been silent towards you.
I have gathered all my favorite things

around me. They now all have holes in them
as if they are past proclaiming something
to be dear and have become lonesome and
unfamiliar. I am left without
a home in my heart. I don't know where I

am. Except in the middle of all these
words trying desperately to get out
and make a run for it. There is nowhere
to go except where you are--a place I
don't belong. That leaves me without a moon

to stand on. The stars hang and ripen but
they do not invite me to stay the night
anymore. They know I am ladderless
without you. Words don't seem to be able
to reach your ear with a kiss. I'll send them

anyway. Maybe there is a joy in

just making an authentic noise unto
the void. I will not tell you a lie. You
have made me whole again in a way that
cannot be forsaken or tossed aside.

Maybe One

by Darryl Price

You don't deserve this poem and I
don't deserve to write it. Whatever
time we have left is way better spent
sitting in a sunny garden with
a good interesting book and with
a beautiful golden delicious
apple to bite into. But apples
have become the old cell phones of our
famous time and books have become like

ruined statues. I know you are tired of
waiting. I am too and I've only
been waiting a lifetime. Yet I still
believe in blue skies and I guess that
means that I still believe in you. I
don't know if that will ever help you
out or not. You've not done anything
to earn this poem, but that's not the
way poems work. They like to choose their

own subjects and freeze out a poet's
imploring mind until they get their
pouting way. Then it's all kisses and
squeezing hugs. Makes a poet sick or
maybe just mad. You don't deserve this.
I don't even know why I'm still here
at all. There's just something about your
pretty face that moved a monstrous wall
outside of my heart's broken window

yesterday and suddenly I could
see the ocean opening up its
buttoned down collar into rolling
waves and could hear searing seabirds soar
in the refreshing winds, playing sounds
together like guitar strings. I don't
like liars so I wasn't going
to become one for you. Maybe you
do deserve this poem and I am

just waking up to that fact myself.
I mean I'm pretty sure you do. I
just don't think I'm doing it justice.
Which makes me want to run away. That
seems like the safer thing to do here.
Just take off. Leave the thing half buried
in the paper sands. Walk away. No
one will ever know the difference.
You won't even know. But I will. I

must. And so here I am. You do so
deserve this poem. You don't know you
do, so I'm knowing that for you. That's
my job. Problem is, it leaves me with
another hole in my pocket. So

to speak. That's also my lot in life.
I don't mind. This poem is for you.
There. I've said it out loud. The whole world
isn't listening. They never do.

Someday

by Darryl Price

It's not near the end. It never is. This
moment is just what we know now. They are
always running a monstrous war against
the very stars. How far do you think they
can take that evil prejudice? The stars
have never lost a battle. Someday they

just might. Someday we might remember what
it is that we liked so much about each
other. Someday we won't be living our
fresh new story with all the beautiful
possibilities at our disposal.
I've never been a big fan of equal lies.

They may get you something you don't really
deserve, but like little devils they may
also eat a part of your soul, which could
be lost forever. I could go on. Like
someday we'll have to get rid of you know
everything. It won't matter anymore.

Someday our true and false words will be dried

on the page. All the poets will have gone
home to their tomorrow beds. I get a
weird prickling in my head when I think of
living life fearing life. I reject the
culture of a Fascist Christ. How dare you?

A weird prickling for the poor Japanese-
American citizens rounded up
into concentration camps, for profiled
African-American citizens
shot with their empty hands flung in the air,
female-American citizens told

by old white men in gated suits their peer
health care counseling is a crime, gentle,
misunderstood lovely children whose tough
gender identity issues make them
a target for dumb bullies, immigrant
families torn apart by war behind

them and official cruelty in front. I
suppose I could go on. Well then, let me
condemn the actual paranoia of
hate. In machinegun hands. Your mad campaign
to outlaw compassion, misrepresent
kindness. Your mad threat to kill us all. Your

equally mad campaign to deny all
further understanding, misrepresent
hope. Your mad campaign to outlaw peace on
earth, misrepresent masculinity,
dreamers, anything you disagree with.
Your literal love of death over an

organic, flexible way. Your love of

death over humanity. Your love of
death over poetry. Your love of death
over joy. I reject your offer. I
stand by all good men and women as much
as I can, long as luck and grace allow.

Sudden Window
by Darryl Price

There is someone looking for you
for him or herself. I don't know if they'll
keep on looking forever when
we live our present lives so far
apart from each other. You might
as well be behind a glass at
all times. But I still would want that

lucky person to somehow reach
you and get consent to hold you.
That would make the whole world worth it.
Even if I can never see
that feeling or feel that sighting
myself. There's someone who completes
your chemical composition

as himself, but he may not be
that unselfish. He may refuse
to know you as you are, and that
would break my heart for you. Coming
close to being almost complete
is not the best way to walk through
this ticking down life. But maybe

he'll feel the inevitable
pull, break the glass, or maybe the
spirit of the glass'll recognize
him and open itself up like
a sudden window or a door
inside the air. That's a moment
I wish for you. That's all I'll say.

Bonus poem:

Days by Darryl Price

I don't have anything for you. Maybe
I did. If you say so. I wanted to.
The rules are nothing I can obey as
I always write what I want. I say what
I mean. And the days go by. The things we
cared about are disappearing, making
their lightways up to heaven. What we are
left with doesn't feel all that good to me.
I don't know about you. I can't live on
the things that once made us glad to just be

alive when we were the brave young and free
dancers. It seems so historically
alone and pathetic now, thinking that
we could stop the world, shake out
all that terrible greed, planting more and
more beautiful trees, learn to talk with the
ambassador dolphins, whatever. The

days go by. And the bombs are still laid like
eggs, in the dozens, collected and sold
by the awful basketfuls. The eyes of

the garden sun people are no longer
blazing but growing dimmer. And I still
don't hate you for missing out on the time
of reflective dreaming. It's not your fault.
And the days go by. Everything sounds the
same everywhere. Only the crying of
the poor wretched earth is being drowned out.
She was our childhood friend. She believed in
each one of us. We had no idea
what we were becoming. Again the rules

are not being posted around here. Days
go by. I can now make my poems out
of anything I encounter. I leave
them on the ground for insects to carry
away. I toss them into the air for
the white zooming birds to catch and gulp down.
I grab some sticks and write them in the dirt.
If it rains I let the rain wash them off
my face like so many tears. And the days
continue. It's hard to fight, but I do.

Want my Heartbeat
by Darryl Price

to return to its joyful center with a new thumpity thump.
I want all robots off my back. I want the

empire to forget my name ever happened in their calculating way.

I

want this emptiness to fall like scales from all our eyes.

I want the poem to always matter more than the bags full of

money. I want us off of our knees. I want

to unplug. I want to feel your soft connection. I want

to know your connection as my own. Want to open petals all on

my own time. I want to enjoy everything. I want both

the sun and the moon in my window. I want the greed behind

the guns to be melted into the ground all over

the world today. I want peace made with the animals. I

want those who dirty our minds to be stripped of

their power to influence our level of violence. I want

freedom to be obvious to all. I want the electric

hoses to be turned off. I want the love for

one another to be turned back on. I want you.

I want the oceans to stop being used as an

outdoor toilet. I want to bring back the idea of

a bookstore where everything is represented together. I want to

paint

my masterpiece. I want to make good common sense. I want God

to either go away or join the fight. I want

to amaze you and your friends into helping to tear

down the walls that keep us prisoners of our own

fear of one another. I want to make you laugh.

I want to laugh with you. I want you to

take me seriously. I want you to help me to

lighten up. I want to express my love in a

way that also expresses your love, too. I want to

be brave in my own unsure fashion. I want to

be for something good not against anything bad. I want

to see the poem through to the bitter end. I

want to go on to the next thing. I want

to get unstuck. I want to be here now. I

want us to understand the need for compassion. I want

to vote with my life. I want to live on
purpose. I want to dream big or go home. I
want to be your fool. I want to reappear. I
want to leave an interesting noise inside your head. I
want to shake your cold houses to the ground. I
want to be in an original boat. Want to be
glad at least in all my best dreams. I want to ride out
one last moment. I want to stop being so tired.
I want to untie all the fucking ropes and knots. I want
to make a new world for you to change. I
want to fly again in your eyes. I want to
set things free. I want friendship's charity to be the
order of the tenderest day. Want always to be
on your side. I want to say hello. I want
to say yes. I want you to take this hat. Here.

Big Escape

Oh nothing's wrong. Everything
walks its own immanent brand
of magic through each new day's
front doors. But that doesn't mean

a heart isn't sliced down the
middle by some remembered
sunset. We're all clothes inside
the washing machine. And still

you see people acting like
sharks, just like animals with
poisonous barbs for fingers
looking for something to spear

just for the hell of it. They

take the most beautiful thing
they can find and break it. So,
no, nothing's wrong. Amidst all

this idiot carnage I
have you pretending to have
all the time in the world to
find and give love. You think that

those stars don't ever lie, but
of course they are becoming
the bells that will toll your sleep.
There you go again turning

me out, living a life while
I'm breaking down in my strides
becoming nothing more than
a vanishing cloud of dreams.

DP

Wisdom's Just the Choice You Make to

not be the asshole in any given situation. I practice
stillness. It works. Three reasons. I believe in love in

spite of the pain and horror of the howling tormented
souls all around us even right now. I still think they

should be treated with kindness at every turn in the hideous
road. Their violence should be met with pity for their

awful long sadness, but with courage to resist their best recruitment
offerings. One should not let others die because of being

afraid to engage the enemy with respect. This doesn't mean
you don't fight. It simply means you have chosen to

believe what's worth fighting for is good being instead of
always being good. Nice insults truly nice. Thirdly, I just like to

have some fun. Bet you didn't see that one coming. But
it's the truth. I only listen to music because it's

fun for instance. I collect things. For fun. I go for walks. For fun.
I watch it rain. I listen to cars at night. All for fun.

Whatever. I leave you this letter in a hole in a tree. Watch for our
lights.

Wait to behold your monstrous animal mythologies turning like keys.

DP

