

# The moon rose up on its tin foil 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 adventure  
is 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

