

The Most Beautiful Truth

by Darryl Price

I still believe in the very slim chance
I might say something lucky
enough to reach your truest insides, your at home
spirit, that you will hear
and understand as
care on my part, even
if you can never quite
identify me as
its secret sender, that warm wind's
exact direction being mine, that
particular sun's position
in the mind's endless sky,

that pinprick of that obvious
of a star, the odd
color of that flower's
burst of smells, the meaning
of that happy enough to
smile without needing to know exactly why page of poetry.
If only there were words
clever enough to fly
all that over to you--right now--
zooming in like a kite coming
in for a nice big slice
of freshly dyed in the wool blue blue bluest sky. I'm the simple type
of

string disappearing in mid air,I'm
the knotted fraying tail,snapping and glistening in the morning sun,
I'm the triangle of
fragile diving paper swooshing
above your wonderfully wasted

Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/darryl-price/the-most-beautiful-truth>»*

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heads, at least in all my best dreams so far, but I don't
want to be the hero who
hands it all quietly over to you, watches
your lips moving in mock thanks, who shares
that special movement within
your smile with no other space
to want to be falling into, but all things in

their places starting to go
around only two persons
like banded magnetized
rings of pure delight, still I know the actual
hour for me is getting pretty late.
I'm older than you'll ever willingly stretch
yourself into now to know,
and younger than the one
you're since becoming. That's the
crack in our mirror, which means
there can never be
a clear enough picture for the both of us to inhabit in one space
together.

Oh, you'll know it alright when you've got
your hand on the hand that
shoves the knife in. I've only
ever wanted mine
to say I am home in
your fact. I close my eyes
and see your face looking
into mine. That's a light
for me that drives away
every darkness there is. Even
on this blank page I'll seek
that most beautiful revelation
every single time I'm up

to the minute for a bat with an incoming flaming ball of rosey fire.

Bonus poems:

If the World's Still Turning Around

then I must have already
been dropped off somewhere in a certain space and time
but I've no idea
which way is home from here. A field
is its own person. Even
I can see that. You
bring out the many wild horses
in me. Not sure if
that's considered a good sign or a bad sin. Don't think so either way.
Don't really care. It could be a
kind of gross joke I guess.
I wouldn't be so crass.

One day I'll spend the rest
of my life trying to
get at its sad meaning for me. Do you wonder who
else might be viewing this side
of this particularly shaded off to the one side moon and also who
feels lost
like a piece of drifting
star drowning in a greenish brown bath
tub? Probably the dream's own

air will become a most
cherished memory,too.
As you might have witnessed I'm
not so very good with all these words floating around in my brain
here

that are supposed to somehow matter.As foolish
as that sounds I've been trying my best
to tell you something true about my real feelings,
something very deep having to do
with my being here and obviously also aware
of your presence here too. Nothing
masks the fact you're a
good starting point to everything
I am hoping for.
If I dream hard enough, you are the
substance of that thoughtful meaningful glow, the image within
the image, the cloud

behind all other clouds, light that lights all other
light. I don't know if you
are listening,if I
am talking. If the world's
still turning, I am lost
without you by sad default.

Fun and All

It's true even if in that one moment of doubt there's
A freedom loving butterfly flying
Its own spiraling kite of dancer's legs like fireworks
Like shadow footprints across a flower field woven
Map and the next only a dull bird

Sitting on a sun wrecked drain pipe alone. Oh
It's true as you turn your back on the whole messy
Crowd of us. And it's true while you practice hitting
A pimpled ball into a tiny cupped hole

Better than anyone else in the office. It's true
Even if I suddenly become only
The dust of your once poet pal, Darryl
Price. It's true when they spike your news with
Reel poisons between the sound bites. It's
True even as they pronounce that rock
Is finished and dead. It's not. Art survives in us and with us all the
time there is.

Our daily lives are full of the meaning of rock. Someone starts
tapping the sad frozen floor tiles with

Their wrecked and wanting shoes. Someone else makes a
funny looking face out of a bunch of

Old newspaper clippings and lost in drawers feathers and spit
right on the spot.

Someone then invents a new species of jumbled animal
Out of a handful of office supplies

And it all works beautifully. It makes perfect sense too. Life can
Be a moment of silliness from nothing. And the silly can make the
Pain subside to the background a little or a lot. Or
maybe someone decides to

Break the stupidest rules and gives a big old hug where a big old
Hug has been long overdue, and needed the most. Well, knock me
down you bunch of beautiful kangaroos.

It's true even if the poem fails to light.

Today I Met My heart

but she would not recognize
me as herself. She felt stirred internally I know but
not enough to acknowledge

the source as being in a direct line
from my breath linked through time to hers;
it was nowhere near lust,

closer to a foregone acceptance,
some kind of absolute
home without any consent required, deep and profound, a
connection
without a ritual, no first

trial; it just didn't fit
their molds and that left us
angry at the stupid world; surprised us both all night long and well
into our tomorrow.

Weather Report

When guys wear
red ties they
look like walking thermometers.

Places Are Being Spoken Of

In exploding, spitting leaves this time of year. Another
Language that like every other tongue argues for
More existence please with lots of everything
In small regular doses on it--sun and wind and
Rain and room to throw one's full arms
Around each new blossoming day, but a deliberate

Emerald will green from within itself. Greed gets
You acquisitioned next to the wall. Someone
Is bound to have a pair of cruel enough
Scissors in their back pocket sooner or later with your name
On it. Is this what's happened to
Me then? I exploded over the allotted impossible time with

A beard twined with dozens of wild blue flowers and
Swept the local moths into a volcanic
Disappearance of dust-like proportions which choked apart
Any chance of making new friends with
The surrounding scenery? Too bad. I couldn't
Help filling my legs up with all

That freshly boiled pleasures and carrying it back
To the hive of my purest dreams
For later offering to the Muse herself,
An organic moisturizer she might easily dab
On between gigs as a silvery pulsating
Star or the mature breasts of the

Moon goddess. Let us celebrate moments like
These that conquer us so elegantly. Why
Let the circles close in all around
Us when we are made of the same

Stuff that keeps strumming in the

Eternal one's palmed ear canals
as she dreams of a deep relaxing sleep anyhow?

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05/30/11

