

# The New Lovers

*by* Darryl Price

An apple is a fine luxury. Remember  
that. It is important. A man  
was arrested and murdered for writing  
a poem about a blue Spring flower

during a foreign occupation. The  
evil that men do is covered in roses.  
It's all there. In their books, their buildings,  
to the sky and beyond, their signed and sealed

and sadly approved paper promises,  
and whatever else you might want to steal  
a glance at, to read with your heads bowed. Throw  
your tied hands up in the air. It's trending.

New lovers is what we need to see happening in  
the real world. They are our only hope for a  
renewed sense of jump and search for something  
a bit better. More than man's inhumanity.

New lovers as research scientists.  
Intrepid explorers of the unknown.  
Pranksters, masters at the art of brave  
joy, and unforgotten sorrow. Wildflower

field doctors of the heart and mind for  
the many sick days ahead. New lovers  
engaged with old love and new love and all  
love. It's in the music of the spheres, between

your ears and all ears everywhere. New  
lovers-- as the opposite of shaking

with fear. A ray of light. As when the bell  
rings. As forgiveness for the deceitful.

But, most of all, new lovers hailing angels  
beholding the sun blossoming and  
blessing the Earth for another day. Eat  
your apple. Breathe. Enjoy your blue flowers.

Bonus poem:

Sidewalk Closed  
by Darryl Price

I call bullshit. The last letter of  
the alphabet is Z. You are not  
my friends. The people you used to be  
used to be. Don't follow me. I have  
led you back to safety in your dreams.  
Now leave me alone. That's what they want

me to say to you, but it's just not  
my true feelings. You are so my friends.  
Now and always. They put up signs, barriers,  
to persuade you to not be  
friends anymore with those who mistreat  
your tender image of yourself; but

it kind of brings up the war of definitions

and your own particular  
part in it. They don't know me. Obviously.  
I would never throw you  
into an open abyss of never  
communicating with you again

in this lifetime. That seems needlessly  
cruel to me. That seems like shooting someone  
asleep who can't fight back just because  
you can. That seems like destroying any  
hope for kindness in favor of  
manic ego and selfish delight

in the suffering of others. I  
won't be part of it, even in the  
cause of refusing toxic relationships.  
I mean it's either love or  
the hate they so like to worship. I  
choose love. And I'm not here to tell you

what to do with your own choice. Freedom  
means free to love, to think and to be.  
You are my friends. I will honor you  
as such because I want to, not because  
it's written, but because I'm me.  
That's about all there is left to say.

