

The Next Landscape

by Darryl Price

The day came shyly up to me like a rolling orange thing. Perhaps of alien origin, but not if the Buddha of our foolish hopeless dreamer inside has anything to say about it. It said, pick me up. I did. It looked like

forever on the inviting horizon with trees as curtains beckoning the distant disappearing view. It's so beautiful, I said. Climb on through, come on, it's going to be okay. That day had already started floating

to the widening blue ceiling, melting and spilling into churning white (creamy clouds). More beauty, I thought. Surely this is a pretty encouraging good sign, and it was nothing else for a little while.

That's a

gift in its own self. I can't say it wasn't lonely. I can't say it wasn't strange and hard to find a familiar highway. But there was always more to it than that. But only because of the soul people. Isn't that the

ultimate irony then? We bring the freshly painted story of an enormous mountain to more than mundane life, even as we huff and puff up its lovely nakedness with less than pure intent. We make the most amazing sense out of the next landscape when we are in love with all life. Oh, don't worry I've also seen the awful deliberate destruction up close, too. It still doesn't take away the lucky possible paths to

everywhere we find in each other's inviting eyes. How could it? David Bowie said it. I listened. We can be heroes. Nothing is ever nailed down for long on this crawling universe. Scientists like to look at their own

fingers and toes under a bigger and bigger microscope. Poets do the same thing only through whatever's currently available and wild and free. Different strokes. Well night is coming on. I can hear the hooves

knocking at the weakening door. I can hear the snorting of stars.
Can't say it's not just as interesting as things once were. I won't
leave crying. You can't stay wonderful forever. Take this love seed
and grow it somewhere lost.

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Bonus poems:

Your Boredoms

by Darryl Price

Your boredoms are not my fascinations. Your boredoms
Belong to the ice caves with the Mammoths,
Although haven't they been tortured enough by the
Changing winds? Your boredoms are far from twinkling

Objects in the beaks of ancient crows, prophesying
A new age of heartbreak and misunderstanding. Your
Boredoms, I'll do my best to escape them,
But that means you, too. Your boredoms need

To disappear permanently. Your boredoms send a frightened
Animal into the thorns of no contest, I
Wonder if you could be more gentle? Your
Boredoms have never sung into the wind, have

Always bent themselves towards the death of innocents.
Your boredoms don't love babies. Your boredoms are
Sharing a joint in a back alleyway at
Almost dawn. Your boredoms are like my head

Hurts. Take it or leave it. Your boredoms
Having already used the key, have left the
Door unlocked. Your boredoms like the flu are
Taking a long nap. Your boredoms have set

The wordless table. Your boredoms are upturning the
Waiting guitars with miserable glee. Only the shadows
Agree. Your boredom's pockets are full of damaged
Money. Your boredoms are missing a foot, maybe

A few fingers, certainly a heartbeat. Your boredoms
Are moving noiselessly towards cynicism. Your boredoms, like
The rest of the sheep, are floating with
Nothing to guide them but their stomachs. Your

Boredoms are making me feel sunk, falsely accuse
Every star of failing to shine. Your boredoms
Have thrown my poetry into the bushes. Your
Boredoms have come home minus that impossible kiss.

Rules by Darryl Price

I don't want your brand-new world order alibi. Your latest
twist off politics. I haven't been true to any faith,
but I still like people. I don't want to fire
any shot. I will not fight you, but I will
not join. We are not saints. We are not the
masters of angels. We are ordinary. We are doomed in

our limited capacity to love. We are like you. We are expiring all the time. We are losing everything at an alarming rate, blazing as we walk or run through each day. But I still see beauty all around us.

I don't want your money. I don't need a gun. I haven't begun to read all the books I look forward to visiting in this lifetime. I'm still discovering the joys of music. Nature is much bigger than all us humans put together. The stars are trying to tell us something important. I still don't want to harm any other being, but I may have to. I'm not an idiot. Peace is a pretty good dream to have, but I'd settle for a little cooperation. I'm a poet on purpose. I believe in love, but it may not be

enough. It's still the best ingredient we have, to make sense out of our lives, to heal the pain and to deliver any true goodness we possess as kindness in action. I don't want your fingers remodeling my brain for the new century. I don't buy your bullying tactics. I don't believe that rules should be built like impenetrable walls to keep out new ideas. Art, like trees and plants, must always be given its own free space in any blueprints for change to preserve the integrity of the designers. We are builders because we care, not because we fear every shadow.

