

The Parade Route

by Darryl Price

There will be no more internal birds like singing
clocks, not like the lovely ones I know and
still look forward to hearing, ringing like
little bells in the church y belfry of
the newly sprouting mornings to come, not
unless the birds shall also go into
another natural awakening.

I hope they do, that's all I can think of,
because the cities of reports are just
conflicting at best. Sometimes I feel like
I'm talking to you through a small sunk hole
in the ground. My worried words are being

spun around a gritty history of
tangled roots and scattered stones, dissolving
bones and who knows what else. I don't know how
they will look arriving, but I wouldn't
not say them to you. That's what I want you
to know, to hang onto. They are the most
honest thing I've got to reach you with, an
outstretched human hand holding a cup of
jolly carefully chosen words. I want
that contact to happen. I want to let
you know that the thing you are feeling is
also in me trying desperately

to express a big universal love
and understanding. But if the birds get
left behind it seems like a real shame. I'd
like everything to go with us, skies, trees,

puffy clouds, sun, moon, each and every star,
all the crawling dirt, all the whispering
grass, all the stampede of animals. I
don't think they'd want us to leave the parade
route so completely without them. In a
strange way aren't they just another wildly
surprising arrangement of our own such
amazing atoms? Whales, tigers, otters,

frogs, wolves, coral, you know the list goes on
and on a lifetime. The frost. Oh. But. Then.
The cynics will get their last snickering
laughs in, they always do. Dirty little
cigarette butts will litter their own sad
bitter lists like bugs on the windshield. Let
them write down their own crumbling epitaphs.
This sliver of a dream letter is meant
for you only and it does not despair
and it does not hide and it does not weep
and it will not rest until it is with
you always. That is the path of this ghost.

Bonus poems:

The Faces of My Friends by Darryl Price

Give me every hope like
A deep breath, like gleaming

Sun, like apple trees, a
Leg up on a ladder,

The dream of a river,
Like hearing Beatle songs,

Like the ever being
born sea washing its long

beautiful locks near a
tall bright lighthouse, like a

dance under a blanket
of shared stars, a freshly

baked loaf of bread, like a
hot chocolate, like the

Statue of Liberty,
Like roses on a cake.

Poem

We're here because we are lucky, we
Might have already been here and gone.

