

# The Planetary Phosphorescent Horses

*by* Darryl Price

sprang straight up to their full galloping heights roaming over  
your hills like constantly shifting eyes, your  
strange approximated illuminating  
hair like ghosts giving birth to a tender smell  
of green sea foam. This was all I saw, but it was

quite enough to imprint its smell upon me with your brilliant  
and eternal hymnal in hand. No voice cried out louder  
within my own sacrifice at the great sad  
invisible risk involved, no breath penetrated

its fragrant tendrils to my deeper soul. And for this I am  
to be forever pulverized like a sand  
castle on the stone dead kingdoms of a once  
sweetly abandoned rain moon's pocketed face. You're not waiting

around. How is this not poetry? There is  
not a green drop of dream left to be had, of brutal fever,  
of unprocessed wind, of paper sheaf you are  
not the secret central ash made flag of, in

my staunch piratical mind. You shape rain into  
an apple. Thunder is your drum drip from the  
honey vat of all my letters, my pungent paints. How  
is this not a beat for me to bang heavily upon the door with? How  
am

I not supposed to chant you are of lights made?  
The songs of colors elevates your beauty  
like the head of a diamond cathedral  
shining in all directions and nothing else

plunders me more silently, while unfolding  
my secret smile. So I go on, across the struck down  
universe, an ancient house, with a handful  
of stars inside, ticking like a reprimanding Grandfather clock's  
grinding teeth.

Bonus:

Thoughts Before Jumping Out of a Window

by Darryl Price

I.

The vile departed head barker sends around once more to  
capture the smudged meadow infested trees, but of course  
they move in different  
smuggled time circles than us and are able to look directly

at you without breaking into many blue pieces of their own  
smashed lovemaking. That is their  
porcelain strength and their elegant purpose in this  
reimagined life—to continue  
their mad cap mushroom adventure around the whole wide  
world, observing

and recording all the poor bastard seasons of everything to  
come.

That's why it's sad to poets like me that so  
many truly ugly machines have been made to massacre

them and us. We built our paper houses out of their fantasia  
slices because we know deep down they will likely stand  
the test of time until the end of all days. That's probably when

they'll finally open up their many sad eyes anyway, instead of  
seeing everything through a prayer of roots and branches,  
and try to forget this ever happened to them, like this, until  
then they'll

likely have memorized all the names for all the animals  
who harmed them even a little. It can so be helped.

That's why to see them as they truly are you must only believe  
in yourself at long, long last.

## II.

Again. Feel the water animal. It is a familiar  
form that came from the stars, too.

Inside its body there are a million  
ways to smile pretty and die. The storms at  
sea are a conflict between the explosions  
of light and a sudden urge to  
walk upright. Even the tiniest shell that

makes up sand wants to be found  
out by something still dreaming of sky. I wish there  
was a simpler way to tell you  
something surprising in complete and utter silences, but it

wouldn't matter. The only thing you can  
feel is the song you are singing  
as it makes its way out of

your inner most chambers to dissolve like chalk in your rain. You  
dazzle me all by yourself. These few  
words are only fingers walking along your worn away  
edges, seeking some truth that is hidden  
inside the grooves like a running off the plate grilled to please  
sunrise.

It happens and it never happens again  
and it never stops happening to me.

### III. Please

Here is a sword never laid to lamb  
before. Here is a tree top  
on a fast slab of harvested moons. It must  
all be eaten up immediately.  
Here is a wild wind containing  
your hands holding mine and  
in its same breath. It will always

carry our flag down the  
stairs with absolute love. Here's a sound that  
no one else is capable of making.  
It's spinning out of control  
just for you. I can't help it  
if it only wants to see  
you shout at something. I've said it should belong

to everyone in order  
to truly be set free, but

it will not vibrate between  
any mountains of cloud without  
your pretty shimmering  
presence currently on board. That's the way these things  
work. Here is a whole minute's

worth of silver bells ringing just because  
you slipped on a certain  
pair of old shoes this very fine Tuesday  
morning. Type that out. They'll get it  
if they want to. You can't make  
art for anyone but the  
ones who'll never truly know why.

