The Rag & Bone Armada Breaks Rank Upon the Barrier Reef like the Torpedo It Really is and Sinks Its Target with a Wink and a...

by Darryl Price

When it's over and done the dangling skeleton walks away in
one direction and the rushing wind pours itself into the other. My
concern is always to be by your side. Most people
probably think even that is giving it way too much of a movie

plot, but here's the thing you rub up against: good
or bad, once a soul becomes aware it can cause

a lot of damage. You can call it a Navajo
blanket or a Japanese umbrella but still it has a name that gets
pronounced in the fiery blasts of creation just like any
other animal face. This is major magic or playful science

or photosynthesis, but it's always a grand scale miracle. We
live in the stuff. That's why you shouldn't be surprised

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at all if the walls talk to you or bend
your thoughts into many more pretty rooms than mirrors. It's standard. The
question remains, are you awake? If you're listening, what are
you going to do about it? That's where you came

into this space for me. Where poems are planted for future generations.
We're feeding important information through the gaps in time and

space with words for tools, with words for land, with
words for seed. Some of us belong to that kind
of thinking. I said I would look out for you
and I will. What you do with that amount of

eternal care is not really my concern. It belongs to
you. I'm only here to celebrate the fact and move

on or be moved on by a river of circumstance.
Then the dancers become another form and shape to contend
with. They speak in shadows. They speak in light. You
are the ones who must decipher their understanding. Not me.

At any rate, I've become nothing more than pages, curtains,
and old maps. Look at it this way, we're saying hello to the magic once again to start the engine and get you going.

Bonus poem:

That Train Went Off

by Darryl Price

towards better, safer
times. We were waving oh oh oh
goodbye, good luck to all
our many ripening selves, silly and spilling
around the quick little

rectangular windows flashing by like flashbulbs
like some kind of beatnik
flowers having their head of petals
busily brushed flat again by the fussy
rough old winds of immediate changing aging time. Whatever you do--don't fall all the way

outside! Oh do be careful! Oh I
can hope they can make it back to us alive somehow. Tell me how
can they possibly miss
us so completely and
still be wanting for us back

home around the dinner table aroma? If we believe in that kind of luck I suppose
you can pull the whole world
up to your chin quite far
enough then to finally
see the journey as one

belonging to all woods.
I'm guessing that shouldn't
be so difficult to
understand. It is all
about the water, or

the light in the water.
Write it on your heart's reflecting pool so you'll remember this;
something's always pouring
into something else by
mistake or by design.