

# The Sky Bent Over

*by* Darryl Price

and coughed its grey net over the candle  
lit world outside. Birds of an arrow sprang  
into thin air and disappeared over  
the hills in a quick shortness of zoom-breath--  
like a stiffened branch snapping . It's cold. There're  
many things in this world colder. Living

arrows that do hit their mark more often  
than not. You're not supposed to notice. The  
buried fields will slowly eat the snow away.  
Be patient. The moon will return with  
her shovel of stars. And no one will be  
the wiser. It all aches too much right now--

for me to be able to see straight inside  
your hearts. You want snowmen to live? So  
do I. Well I think your hands are meant to  
capture other hands and warm them. That's the  
true meaning of every season's cusp of  
steaming liquids if you ask me. This year's

spiky sidewalks aren't even displaying in  
spite of the brutal possibility  
of something large and untamed in the wind's  
swirling undercurrents. Our tests are different  
now. We stand at the shore, together  
and alone. There will be pretty rains

that'll surely break your heart with their simple  
songs of missing. There will be clear blue

days to come too perfect to remember  
for long. You'll be there. I don't know where I'll  
be. It doesn't matter. These things will not  
pass away nor run out on you. You'll see.

Bonus poems:

Don't Know Yet

by Darryl Price

Some time ago you and I were  
yelling but it was a joyful noise.  
Then the shadows fell out of the  
shadows and drove us mad. Well, drove  
a wedge between our heads and hearts,  
which is no real surprise, but it  
did make me question the poet  
in my being. After all if  
we could be pulled apart by some  
silly-assed notions of all our  
time belonging to someone else,  
then I guess maybe they were right

to hold their hands over their ears  
while we sang all the angels are  
coming. I don't believe that. I know  
there is good in you, as Luke said,

I can feel it. Just because the  
fighting is hard doesn't mean it's not  
the truth. Yeah I know how often  
that perspective can change channels,  
but we find it again because  
we know it when we see it, hear  
it. Is it any wonder the  
children feel lost from our last embrace?

Just because the love is squeezed in  
between the pages of a sad  
writer doesn't mean it's not there  
waiting for you to open it.  
So once again life's push and pull  
throws us together in the fog  
from a new moon moment. Don't mind.  
It's a wave. I've seen so many.  
O Please. Did you really think I  
wouldn't remember your name? We  
danced slowly and I don't mean all  
because the headlights were on us.

I was glad to be foolish. It  
was an honor to walk in your  
personal beauty and sing a  
happy song. This one's just as you  
wished. I haven't forgotten. But  
my head's turning into seedlings.  
It's as it should be. My heart is  
colliding with everything. If  
you saw it coming, it doesn't  
change a thing. Hold on. Love won't die  
today. Not today. The story  
keeps turning around so we'll sing it.

The Soft Wild Places (revised)

by Darryl Price

where we once stood and parted the raging waters  
of whatever it was we had and received each  
other's lovely landscapes are not forgotten. That's why in

spite of the so many dark outlaw brambles now  
on fire with strange lost hours stretching across our  
divers paths I have brought back this piece of

broke poem for you. I know you are no  
longer standing there in the rain. It still belongs  
with you more than me. What we found out

is what we created. You're always welcome. You are  
not alone. That was the meaning then and now.  
Somehow you think this means I'll never put my

hand on your waist again. That's not the plan. I  
have tried, but there's nothing I can do. I  
too have those crisscross memories, but great writing is

calling. Now there is that something saying my true  
name like a deliberately chosen surprise. It was always  
the knock at the door game. Wake up. Hold

to your heart for everything you want to see happen.

That's my message for you. Here. You and I  
both know a simple secret. I got this thing for you.

