The Sky Just Now

by Darryl Price

has somehow gotten off its swaddled behind and put on its next new face, your own dipped in glass, of many

green eyes for simple fair measure , lifting up my own morning lids with softly pulsating fingertips I might add. But there could have just as easily

been a tiger of some sort who's simply learned to navigate such high roads or has been swept up in his own floating

dream-escape. Who am
I to take the
wild wind's first showing off tag
of the new healing
day's projected profit, on the latest
cloud around,
and give it a

regular cup of Joe name? I've no desire to tame the moment life's leaf turns itself full into the sun's notorious plans for world domination, laughing at nothing in the whole burning process, unless you so desire it, and with me. Then let it be so.