

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.

