

The Sun is Here

by Darryl Price

and I revel in the fact. There are other facts
at work and play, but I'm hanging out with this one
because it is my day off and I'm listening
to music and writing poems. I like the bright

appearance coming from the bedroom like it is
being visited by another being. Should
I go and say hello or is that being understood
in waves? Ah, I don't know why I should feel

so lovely. I mean tomorrow is another
thing that will happen to me without my say so.
And the world is a terrible place full of mad
bombers and dull hungry animals who chomp first

and ask questions later. They don't even wipe their
mouths. But still I do feel like there is a simple
celebration at my window between the wind
and the curtains that feels just right for the moment.

So I'll take it and pass it along. Here you go.
This beautiful portion's all yours to do with what
you will. Share it or wolf it down. Either way the
sun is here and I am here with you in these words.

