

The Sun's Curtains

by Darryl Price

It must be nice not to have to worry
About certain things because those things are not yet
In your circle, or in your circus, of life.
I don't begrudge you for being almost grown in
A much different, sweeter place and time. I'm thrilled
By your unique circumference of fragile beauty in the

Ragged fields of stars, holding your own against the
Gods who rush upon you like anthropomorphic winds to
Drive you mad with desire or something worse. To
Still be beautiful inside when someone has deliberately set
The sun's curtains on fire around you is simply
Courageous, and unique. But my protection of you is

Made up of my own life's nearly spent words,
Words as deeds, deeds as songs, as actions sprung
From the only imagination I know, they are meant
To armor your thoughts, always with yes, not to physically
Carry you over the raging waters of whatever personal
Demon is frothing at the mouth over your innocence, but

For dreaming big enough for two or more together. You
Must do that all by yourself, no matter who
You are holding to your favorite breast this time. But I
Assure you now, and I want you to feel
This, too, that I'm doing this with all my
Heart for the living, not especially the dying. I give you

My hands freely. It's not a duty. It's no
Mere ploy. It does not mean you are less.

It's an honor. It means you deserve nothing less.
This is my way of accepting that happiness that turns on joy. This
Is my smile. They're sure to mow my place
Down to make way for the next new comer's buildings and cars,

But I won't be there. I'll be with you.
And you'll be with me, no matter who is
Sitting across from us at the table. Now go out there and
Make a great big difference, make your own difference. I sing like
this because
I can. I sang it all on purpose. And while I
Was doing that, I heard you, loud and clear.

Bonus Darryl poem and Lyrics:

The Ashes by Darryl Price

It was a cold day, but we still
went outside to be with the world. This
was something we had in common. I knew
I belonged out there more than inside any
room. But it made me so sad to
see the stranger faces stretched into laughter and

oblivious to our close-by wandering. I didn't know
what you were looking for, but you seemed
okay with not finding it with me. I
wasn't kidding when I was holding your hand,
I meant it, whatever holding hands means. It
got dark on us, but I could still

see only you, I could always see you.

Those stars said don't be a fool, let
her go. The trees said come here and
put your head in our laps, she won't
turn back now. She's gone. Rocks wept softly
with their faces in the choking dirt. And

they were right, all of them. I guess
I've always been a good friend to the
urgently whistling road just around the bend of
just another day, wishing I was someone who
could feel something permanent instead of this deep,
deep lonely pouring of blue, but that's not going

to happen when it's never happened before. But
I've still got you with me, even if
you've already left me for another life of
light, light and more rooms of more light.
That's a thing I know, but I keep
it to my tired self. It's a knowledge

that no one else wants to know. They
throw it on their fires and walk away.
I'll crawl into the ashes later and look
for any trace, any trace will do. I'm
a ghost in their windowed backgrounds. If you
miss my river, please hang up the waterfalls. dp

Fire or Flame (Low Tide)

When you wake up in
The bad dream and no
One says a word listen

For your silver bird and
No one understands no one
Lends a hand listen to
Your best band even if
It's only in your head

I don't care if they
Are made of flesh or out
Of mists they have no
Right to scare you out
Of your wits oh no

When you wake up in
The bad place and no
One seems to care look
For another human face there's
Someone like you in there
If you wake up in
The bad land trust how
It feels to be in

Love it fits you like
A glove like a glove
We don't care if they
Are flesh or made up
Of mists they have no

Right to scare you out
Of your wits oh no
When you wake up on
The bad plain listen for
Your poet on the wind
Each song will know you
Like a friend extend you
The helping hand in the

Name of its godsend and
Show you another kind mind
I don't care if they
Are flesh or made just
From mists they have no

Right to scare you out
Of your wits oh no
When you wake up lonely
And lost be a companion
Yourself to those who suffer
That feeling don't abandon them
To a harmful reeling keep
Connected to them keep all

Your bells ringing for them
We don't care if they
Are flesh or made up
Of mists they have no
Right to scare us out

Of our wits oh no
When you wake up in
The bad funk and no
One is around listen for
Any natural sound coming right
Up out of the ground
You'll be found on the
path again you're not sunk

chorus

