The Tiger Who Jumped Over the Moon

by Darryl Price

Lord knows we all tried to stop him
from doing it. You're crazy we said. This
makes you look like a lunatic. They'll hunt
you down in even heavier droves now. You've
upset their delicate memories. I tried to stop
him. That's cow territory my friend I said
but it didn't matter. He'd just made up
his mind to jump and meant to and

so he did. I'm going to miss petting
his fuzzy head as we walked through the
jungle together. It wasn't so much that I
felt safe with that tiger but I preferred
his growl to almost any other sound. It
made me feel glad to be alive. Anyway
what's done is done. He's gone. One day
I'll be gone. Maybe we'll see each other

again and the laugh will be on something
other than us. Or maybe it doesn't matter.
He's gone and so is a pretty big
chunk of the world. It was funny. A
tiger taking a flying leap over the moon
like that. Many astronomers were puzzled by what
they were seeing in their telescopes that night,
that's for sure. I don't think that's why

he did it. I think he just wanted
to feel something else for himself. To see

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if there was more to it all than
this barroom brawl we've been handed. I see
some stars look a little more like tiger's
teeth tonight. Thanks for the grin my friend.
I'm writing you this poem because it's all
I've got left. You know what it's for.

Bonus poems:

Four Attempts at Authenticity
by Darryl Price

1.Toothpaste and Dogfood, Galaxy and Quasar

All things want you to hear
the sound they are making
from the center of their
being. That would require

you turning on your lights.
Not your porchlight. The light
you are when you are not
afraid to see. Not off.

The light you know you feel.
All things get imbued with
soul pollen. Sometimes this
leads to brooms dancing by

themselves, but doesn't mean
they mean you harm. Doesn't
mean someone hasn't called

them to evil service

out of hate or greed. You
will know them. All things need
a friend in you before
you die. Regardless of

their ability to
ask your forgiveness. They
have their shipwrecked life
and life found everywhere.

2.The Little Things and the Big Things

One has a natural tendency to
roll with the punches. One is waiting for

the cut that can never be returned to
form. One was out walking alone when the

storm hit. One was already born old. One
was killed by a wayward one-eyed wind.One's

still trying to find a good ladder. One's
loudly singing in the bathroom. One was

looking directly in the sun's mirror.
One caught by a Sunday morning prayer

gave up the ghost like a familiar boot
to the rushing by leaves. One wasn't sure

what one was singing was true or not. One
often jumped at someone else's shadow.

One landed on a forgotten bruise. One
was caught in the rain that never let up

and slipped and fell on the sidewalk. One can't
explain. One didn't protect you. One did.

3. You Have Arrived at Your Destination

But you'll have to go back to the beginning to
claim your reward. But the game still isn't over. But
everything exists in a naked bulb. But no one shall
know the real reason for the blowing curtains. But you
had that lesson. But you were laughing instead of listening.

But I tried to tell you something lovely. But the
exploding ground fell on our heads. But I came back
and you were gone. But I left small silver bells
tied to the glowing weeds. But birds have their own
climbing monsters to fight. But the traveling men came down

the lonely road singing a joyous song. But I joined
their circus in my wildest dreams. But didn't know the
derby wearing elephant was capable of such grand larceny. But
you weren't going to remove that splinter, were you? But
how much is enough? But I don't blame you. But

I never did give up. But the ships just sailed
on and on. But we came back changed people. But
only to someone like you. But to ourselves we were
only gone for one holy moment. But you always wanted
an explanation for the many unbearable things there are no

words for. But I'm not saying the sea didn't make
me a sick man. But I'm at the end of
the voyage and you're still a bitter sparkle to me.

But if you'll let me I'll give you your fair
share. But please remember me. But we made no promises.

4. Lost Dog

Surely you've seen my face before.
You know me. Why do you pretend
you weren't the one? This is the face
of the one you left behind. Find
me. I am always looking for
you. Every day. I waited, my
eyes fixed upon the door. You know
me. Have mercy. I need your hugs.

The Unbearable Heaviness of Selfies
by Darryl Price

All you haters pushing
poison. Poison kills. Hate
is dumb. How many have
you harmed? Why do you have
to be so cutthroat? Hate
is dumb. Is my calling
hate dumb politically
incorrect? The tragedies
of war have come
to our door. Hate is dumb.
War is rude. Haters piss on
truth. Words hang in the

air because they can't believe

in themselves. Hate is
dumb. John made the mistake
of teasing weak men with
guns. You can't tease a man
with a gun. Or a hat.
Or a uniform. Hate
is dumb. War is harsh. Death
gives lillies a bad breath.
Hate is a crime against
the practice of kindness.
Soldiers will shoot unarmed

students if given the
right order. How many
numbers make up a soul?
How many poets are
alive in the world today?
Don't care. People aren't
numbers. Hate is dumb. The
world is sick and no one
wants to do anything
about it. It makes me
sad, but that doesn't mean
I'm not okay. I'm not,

but certain things make me
glad to believe in the
magic of being here.
Dumb hate has no mercy.
All you haters so sure
of your propaganda
against love and compassion.
It is never too
late. Hate kills happiness.
Generates suffering.

Hate is dumb. Life goes on.
In this we're together.