

The Weirdo Melody Has a Meltdown of Its Own

by Darryl Price

They have their own homes to fill with bought and sold dreams.
Their own babies to care for and feed. The world
is big enough to have more layers than
you can ever imagine. The lights will show you a way when you
have turned too dark for your own good.

But it can't do anything physical for you. Instead you
are the mad scientist here who controls your own two
robot feet. You are the talented artist here who puts
the willing brush into the fresh wet paint and makes the
invisible visible to us all. You are the patient
gardener here who sees the bent sunflowers
towering over the countryside and secretly smiles at the heavens.
It's

all just pure country sweetness, but

maybe not your own
current turn at the laden table. No need to
get mad. There's poetry in waiting just for you, so
many things to become aware of, so
many interesting faces to find and learn from.
They have their own names. Their names have their own stories.
They are not blanks by any means. I mean it doesn't mean
they are not the enemies of your state of you. Watch out. But
a friend is still a friend wherever you know
them. We all watch for falling stars in our cups. We all burn with
the sun constantly slapping our backs too often. The unknowable
oceans are sloshing

on each other's
shores without explanation. But they have their own conclusions
for making towns work for everybody. Their cities. It's
an old tomahawk-shaped legend at play, but it works for them
like any glittering dragon crawling through the turned on sky.
Even though you may not speak their brand of the language of
love
you understand the same feeling it gives. The smiles. The gasping
happy
cry. The sweeping laughter. The weeping, the weeping and
the sorrow for those who can no longer
do these good things with us. You may not think this
is a love poem for you, but it is. It always is.
You may not think this love is enough for you, but
it is

all I've got. When you are cold, let
me warm you in the places they don't know enough to believe in.
This is no secret, but it doesn't have
to be hidden either to be said and
meant. They have their own highs, their lows. The days
are not for us to count instead of enjoy. Here in this life
you and I are still able to huddle safely
together in these hills of words. Walk together. Distance is
not such a long time to go. But misunderstanding
is. Not trusting another is. I
wish we didn't have to go it

alone.
It seems like such a waste. When we could be
holding clouds in both our hands together. They have their own
clothes. Their hats for special occasions. Their
favorite shoes. Old companions. But
the train eventually comes. It comes right up to your amazed
face,

snorting, boiling and singing its newly formed
generational song. You might recognize
this new lonesome melody as something you've heard said
somewhere else before in your own head. If you do it's your time
to go. Good luck. Good-

bye. Don't lose a sense of me caring about you while over there.
Don't ever lose any of us to a distant mountain ever again. Stand
your ground. Stand

by. Please. There is more. From me to you. There is
this. There is that. Always this. Sometimes that. Remember. I
don't know

how long it means to go on from here. And also
perhaps other hands are meant to better
bring its meaning home to you. For as long as you will
receive it, that is. But Please. Pass it on. That's the much
that we can do for each other. I'm all
for any kind of peace that works. Seems the body
has its perfect seasons, but to me I see this
as a

clear and bright window through which we are
able to watch another unfolding dimension walk out
of the garden—one where other busy
beings are being just as playful. I
don't know if they can see us, if they are
aware of us, but the here of us seems
to also belong to the air with them, all the way to there. This
is no Shakespeare tragedy-it's a time-
less funky miracle. And I'm the more
to be ever glad for the seeing it for myself. Who do I thank? That's
all. It
doesn't erase the pain entirely. No.

Nothing will do that. Let your songs be heard on a light breeze today.

Let our voices carry on singing right now. Let the little bells be merry when they can for every living thing. And for mercy. They have their own reasons. Their bright night signs. But the road itself is neither good nor bad. It comes. It goes. Who is to say where the dream edges its way into the life and where the life feels its way into the dream? Again, this is just a small painting I made for you while you weren't looking. But so is a white seabird floating

against all the colors of blue in the world. I can say it truly takes me away. And I'm so thankful, despite mistakes, for the build up, even an inevitable wrong of strange disasters to come, the lost colliding chances to explain my strange poet's behavior to someone new, or anyone really. Now go on your way friend. We've done what we could. I'm sure that other poet you've got waiting in the wings can't wait for his or her chance to come on and show me up. Oh, yes, I've seen the polished feet below

the curtains, sticking out like curving knives, all smiles and shaven hopes. That's just not my style. See, I told you this was another sickening love poem. It certainly smells like one. Let the good times roll. My words now are falling apart on me. They are nothing more than bits and pieces of feelings. Like what's left over after a recent

car crash. It still doesn't change things. That Light through those green leaves is getting lovelier by the minute.

Bonus poem:

Sick by Darryl Price

Even though I'm sick of the love you
are for me in everything I do, think
or feel, I still want to kiss you
alone. There's no confusion in that statement. I

used to love to get wasted, but you
were only a poem. Now you are whatever
you want to be, a cloud, a rain
drop, a wind for a moment, a passerby

in a blue dress. What am I supposed
to do? I did what I said I
would do. You disappeared into all things surrounding
my lake of the world. It seems unfair.

I'm sick of the love I must always
carry for you. If Shakespeare didn't say that
he should have. This is not disillusionment. I'm
just sick of the love that keeps me

alive. It won't let me stop writing poems.
I'm not allowed to get too disgusted with
running into the world's wall over and over.
Your love picks me up again and I'm

never going to be one of them. But
you're allowed because you can shape shift at
any time. I rise but rarely shine. That's
your job or at least your prerogative. I'm

sick with the love you mean to me.
You think I understand, but I feel lost
in your smile. I feel buried under your
laugh and I don't know if I can

cope. I am what I can be. But
this love has carried me so far away
from all the other drivers that the road
is nothing but something mute under my feet.

