

There is a Certain Long Armed Bird I See

by Darryl Price

from here with its brightly polished fingers spread easily amongst
the cresting winds off the choppy
sky, circling the sun and sea splattered
cliffs like a lone marble rolling down a
 smoothed out incline only to be turned invisibly
 over again as if caught
 swiveling inside a tedious glass
hour. It reaches bottom and it reaches

the top almost simultaneously
to my mind, living like a song on the
hairs of my neck, giving me this poem
to give to you. I only wanted to

breathe more deeply my peace and quiet this morning
without having to pay one red cent
of tribute to Beauty's restless wandering
around. She's like a sad old starlet

looking for a lost shoe from a long ago
coming of age party. That shoe will
not bring back any innocence to her
wrecked feet. Yet I must admit every strand

of hair that loosely dangles close to her cheek
still invites comparison with a million
lights shooting into forever,
some crazy waterfalls dancing inside

other even more wondrous waterfalls
ad infinitum. It's all a dumbfounding,
puzzling miracle's what it
is. Like looking into a wishing well's

big moon soaked watery eyes and not being
able to blink away. And it's happening
to me right now. Would you believe that thing's
still going at it? The thrill ain't gone. She alone

will always remain walking in and out
of that solid enough picture, a whirlwind behind all the illusions
of our world at random, being
nothing more or less than always herself. I guess

that's what I'd like to tell you. That and the
fact I'm obviously getting older than the trees now.
At least we're able to catch a little thought of her
before the sun breaks down into long blazing heaps.

Bonus poems:

Sea

To our credit we bravely walked into the coral
caves with our ancestral humanity about our necks and
opened a doorway to the sky with an air of resolute courage
intact.

To shore, of course, and then to the big messy overgrown

plants that have always been the island's staunch receivers. Stars
like someone wearing little

lavender shoes command all the attention of the big winds as
always.

It follows from this that the slower-moving
molecules among us will have this same energy path to gain
momentum

eventually in the grand scheme of things and turn
back into absolute mind, to one being, rather
than to the name of God, a good landscape for the sun to
affirm or deny the truth from again and again.

Sad To Say

my Euro pen-headed friend but you've just about
forgotten to remember the Alamo, the one that's still asking you
to make your quick choices known or get lost out in the wilderness
of another writer's
story, in another time and place, the one floating on your mind like
a giant golden Buddha belly, perpetually laughing all the
way to heaven and or hell, because you can't have both the mud
god's good nature and

the sky's relentless pounding sorrows in your ears to hoist
yourself upon and
to cling to unless you are also willing to walk upright like a man in
a man's body. Bears only get to do it on all fours because they've
made
a workable art of it for instance, and that painting is still drying

on the easel of life on earth as we know it. They might turn out to prefer

space walking. Or the put upon salmon might well invent a better

way to die trying and change the course of all our histories. A pebble is as

capable as a bomb to destroy certain bendable truths. Dying isn't all for

nothing you know. But is part of the actual abundance that blurts out

our way continuously. I don't have to tell you about the many amazing fruits and different kinds of existences among vegetables, now do I? All things

talk as they grow until they're completely out of breath, and even then can

make you weep for their stories. They speak for no one but themselves I am told (more often than

not). And I'm only here to speak on behalf of one of them too. Oh anything

else would be disingenuous. And yes my Dear lovers-of-the-world-at-large please do come together as always, once more, and welcome the

inevitable changes that bring us new bird songs, bright brash winds, fresh smelling clouds, the grumpy

creaking behinds of the new little trees gaining their ancient woody wisdom from

the sun and the rain while we flicker on and off their screening leaves with both

incredible violence and undying love bleeding through our parched lips and

from our overwrought hearts like terrible banging ornate gates. Or do you simply prefer your poets to shut up and behave

like civilized guests when at the dinner table? I'm afraid I'm neither.

And I don't belong to you. I belong to me and I give myself over to you sometimes, but that's another dilemma altogether. Shall we dance then? Are you ready for this?

