

# There is a Sadness

*by* Darryl Price

now I cannot shake. I am only one person. There is a sadness I cannot understand. Fathom. Control. Manipulate. Detonate.

I used to kiss her tenderly. Do you think this sadness is wise to us? Don't point that gun at me! There is a sadness. There is another war. I am only one person. There is a sadness I cannot shake. Comes another nasty rain. I used to kiss her tenderly. There's a sadness walking through the gardens of the whole world now. I am only a person. There is a sadness on the window pane. I hear it knock.

I used to kiss her. The sun shone on her bare bottom. I don't understand. Is there a sadness now I cannot shake? I am only one person. There is a sadness in the mists over the river. The whole world is coagulating, in the quiet leaves, in the forgotten forests, trying to shrink itself in utter silence, too. I'm this person. I'm not that person. I used to kiss her tenderly. I am only one. There's a drab sadness like nothing I've ever felt before. A sadness like moonlight pulled down over our ears. A sadness like dark buildings.

Sadness as if I opened my eyes and felt a dagger put to my side. I used to kiss her tenderly. There is a sadness, but I suppose you've already heard too much about that yourself. A raging world, like nightly getting washed away with serious tears. She was more beautiful to me than God sitting in His sunsets having a long ice packed drink of mystery Coke. I used to kiss her on the inside leg of her journey. But now, now there is this sadness like we've all

fallen asleep where we stand. I am only one person.

Like you I wish to see another day. There is  
a grey sadness now I cannot shake. I am only  
one person who doesn't matter. But I know there is  
a sadness like a plea for some better understanding between  
peoples everywhere. A sadness like little white carefree country  
flowers  
trying to grow inside a vast blue sky, but having  
a really hard time doing it. I used to kiss  
her mouth so tenderly. I am only here. This sadness  
is nothing short of disgusting. I cannot shake it. There  
is this sadness now fixed on destroying what heart I

have left, with its propensity for starvation, and murder of  
true affection. I am only one person. Her eyes were  
soft to look at, to gaze in, to take on.  
Now there is a sadness that puts all of my  
thoughts and dreams in a hospital sling. There is a  
sadness, but also a courage, like a bird I didn't  
know I had, singing in my tree, asking me to  
see new light as it flies to the north sea  
of my emotions. There is sadness, but a small hope  
also remains, determined to leap high and deep with joy.

First, an old dp poem:

We Wore Our Hair Long  
by Darryl Price

You don't have to push back so hard. We wore our hair long.  
We wanted the animals to trust us in their wild open spaces.  
Everything will come undone. We wore our hair long because we  
wanted to

Be able to find our way home in the dark moonlight. It'll be  
All right. We wore our hair long because we walked among your  
tethered

Horses and they seemed to think it was the right thing to  
Do. You can't take these cosmic things too lightly. We wore our  
Hair long because there was no future left. And because the  
bullshit night

Was beginning to pile up and over our heads like an avalanche  
Of thick grey clouds. They offered us nothing, nothing in return  
for our broken

Hearts. This is the world, they said. We wore our hair long

In spite of robot armies with falling bombs tattooed on their metal

Encased brains. You don't have to push. We wore our hair long  
Because we were so in love. It's as simple as that. We were

Able to see all free creatures breathing in every blade of grass.  
We

Wore our hair long to magnify their tears. You don't have to

Push us so hard. We wanted the animals to not be afraid  
To let us touch them in our dreams. We wore our hair long to  
show

The ancient dragons that we still respected them. Put your arms  
around

Me now. We were deeply in love. We wore our hair long as  
Long as we were together. After that, the poems came on us like  
rain.

Bonus poems: 5 teeth set in a pumpkin's grinning mouth

Only My Hand  
by Darryl Price

Now is so important to say I love  
you. To not choose hate or fear to rule us  
but impossible hope, even with our  
red eyes full of soft sorrow. I'm glad you're  
here with me. I am always with you. That  
is not just a nice little saying, it  
is the absolute truth of my being.  
It is my choice. My freedom cast with true  
love and a small grin, but on purpose. This  
is no time to pretend our souls are not

in any real mortal danger. The world  
has become a criminal enterprise.  
As one people it's time to sing a song  
of endless courage together. For the  
whole bluegreen planet. For all size beings  
everywhere. From fizzy atoms and sparkling  
stardust cities to major elephant  
herds and graceful billowing whales, mountains  
in deep meditation and colorful  
coral reefs, to blowing birds and humming

bees. We make up everything and everything  
makes up us. We belong together. And  
now is no time to trust the people with  
all the stupid guns aimed between the eyes  
of every citizen. We can't allow  
unnecessary violence to become  
the only street playing dialogue that's  
available to us. It isn't. Use  
the most universal languages to  
communicate, to find meaning again,

and to remember ourselves: there's all kinds  
of cool, amazing music being made,  
and gut wrenching laughter to be had, and  
dance, dance, dance. You have the right to feel a  
joyful happiness. Ironically, that  
also means right now we must fight, for a  
visible justice for all, with the one  
precious thing we've always had, our lives with  
each other. I like you. I want you to  
know that no matter what happens, it's true. dp

I'm Floating  
by Darryl Price

I have no idea how I got here. I  
don't mean here. I mean here. Where I'm floating  
in helpless disappointment once again. The beautiful world below  
me is full of strange people I'll never know,  
I'll never say hello to. They don't seem to  
see me floating right over their heads in my

little poetry bus. Keeping it simple though, I'm floating,  
but it could be walking on rain water as  
much as standing up flying through air like a  
vacuum cleaner.. It doesn't feel too bad. I'm floating  
just like a ghost. I'm floating, but it's me  
that's feeling gone down the rabbit hole. I have

no idea how I'm floating when I should be  
falling into a deeper sleep. I'm floating in the  
empty fireplace. I'm floating in the river's brown eyes,  
banging my head against the exposed roots, whistling for  
an end to all this entrenched ancient madness, for  
it to go away, please. I'll float on. That's

what I do for you. It's nothing you care  
about. That's who I am. Either the air will  
be slowly let out of me by the piratical  
rascal winds or quickly punctured out on the horns  
of a curious deer like creature made of glow  
in the dark leaves. I'm floating in my soul.

I Will Return to the Sea  
by Darryl Price

" Some dance to remember. Some  
dance to forget."--The Eagles

my heart, but you may not want  
to participate. I get  
that. I will return to the  
sea, my pockets full of the  
heavy stones you piled there with  
indifference. I'll return

to the sea, first as blue foam  
then as green light then as some  
new thing weighed down by its own  
drinking weightlessness. Cracking  
skies will continue to chip  
their way into the world, while

clouds mushroom up and down the  
coasts, opening new night like  
a secret bottle of wine  
shared with someone you love. It  
doesn't make it any less  
true. To the sea I'll return

in my lover's shirt to the  
wreckage, the graveyard below  
all feelings and any thoughts  
of growing feelings among  
the seaweed. I will return  
to the sea shivering and

turning to sand. But I will  
not stay there for you. This you  
must allow me to say, as  
I rise from the dark stairs of  
glowing stars to become dry  
again. And even though we are

still here the stars do not look  
the same to me. I took your  
advice and met the sea on  
its own terms, the sea refused  
to tender my offer with  
anything more than cheekbones.

Please Don't Ruin This Poem  
by Darryl Price

for me. I'm sorry it's  
not what you wanted. You  
don't have to be unkind.  
Don't ruin it. Take it easy.  
It's not what you want.  
But you withheld the truth

from your kiss. You wanted  
me to watch the betrayal  
like it was a soap  
job. You didn't have to  
be so unkind. Don't ruin  
this. He was the same sideways

as frontways, so there  
was no real point in the  
window being cross-haired  
for my sake. You looked remarkably  
unsuited  
for each other, except

as an excuse to rut  
around in the dirt and  
be pinned to pleasure like  
a dead butterfly. So  
please don't ruin this poem  
for me on my account.

It's not what you want to  
do. Although the unkindness



is something you gladly  
chose as a weapon,  
I choose poetry--I  
guess we're both wrong when it

comes to love. A beautiful  
thing dies when there is  
no compromise, so as  
far as that is concerned  
it's already ruined. The  
unkindness you can keep.

