

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.

