

There is No Logic in the Immediate Fact

by Darryl Price

of a strangely found desire. I wanted to tell you something important, I'm sure, I mean it's pretty obvious, even in this funny breathing space, but everything has been said to death. More isn't

always better. Everything that has been said has been said so many times over that the deeper meanings have become lost out in the unopened air like faraway balloons, has been done to a black crisp again until all new romantic notions

appear to have been frozen on a stick beforehand. But I'm not even in that world with you now. Do you understand? You think just because you see me standing in the sun next to you in the bright moment that it's the same sun. We could cup our

own looping thumbs together right there and you'd still only be looking at your own reflection in a single windowpane. We are passing on different worlds on our ways to the unknown destination stations of our individual lives.

And yet you are near enough for me to feel the possibility of your very real presence, even in my solitary world. This seems highly

unfair to me. And so I bid you a silent
goodnight and thank you for the grimaced insight into self.

Shooting the Shit

by Darryl Price

" Being Indian has never been about returning to the land. The land
is everywhere or nowhere."-- Tommy Orange

or playing with toy guns--
which one will get you
killed faster? Probably depends on
the color of your skin.

Your gender or your tribe.
Just saying. Things don't stop
coming at you because your
belly is full or because

you are tired or because
you don't know any better.
We are all existing fragments
but in the end the

river of stars gets its
way. Hey Jesus! You were
right. It's a lot harder
than it looks. Just saying.

Someone. Please. Join the conversation.
Summer's already a bust. Leaves
are turning yellow in August.
Why do moon girls and

moon boys never seem to
find each other? Just saying.
We could do so much
better than barely missing it.

Bonus Poem:

Your Life
by Darryl Price

What about the people who were killed
shopping for school supplies? Is that more
terrible than whatever you are
currently angry about having
to endure? Your privilege is
showing. You have a great life now knowing

that could be you, but it isn't. Those
people left behind to bury their
friends? What were you complaining about?
Oh yeah. people driving faster than
you when you were already going
over the speed limit yourself. What'd

you call them? What about dead parents,
children, dead hope? The shattering of
young dreams by a misinformed stranger
among us? Men who sit in seats of
high power and do nothing but cash
their checks. Yeah it's all been said before

and it will probably have to be
said again, but that doesn't make it
any easier to hold a broken
heart in your hands for the poor unfortunate
souls who have to endure the
unspeakable grief of senseless violence.

What about the people who
have no choice but to live in cages
of fear, all due to their fellow man?
So please don't tell me how awful your
wonderful life is because people
don't drive carefully enough for you.

Want my Heartbeat
by Darryl Price

to return to its joyful center with a new thumpity thump.
I want all robots off my back. I want the
empire to forget my name ever happened in their calculating way.
I
want this emptiness to fall like scales from all our eyes.
I want the poem to always matter more than the bags full of

money. I want us off of our knees. I want to unplug. I want to feel your soft connection. I want to know your connection as my own. Want to open petals all on my own time. I want to enjoy everything. I want both the sun and the moon in my window. I want the greed behind the guns to be melted into the ground all over the world today. I want peace made with the animals. I want those who dirty our minds to be stripped of their power to influence our level of violence. I want freedom to be obvious to all. I want the electric hoses to be turned off. I want the love for one another to be turned back on. I want you. I want the oceans to stop being used as an outdoor toilet. I want to bring back the idea of a bookstore where everything is represented together. I want to paint my masterpiece. I want to make good common sense. I want God to either go away or join the fight. I want to amaze you and your friends into helping to tear down the walls that keep us prisoners of our own fear of one another. I want to make you laugh. I want to laugh with you. I want you to take me seriously. I want you to help me to lighten up. I want to express my love in a way that also expresses your love, too. I want to be brave in my own unsure fashion. I want to be for something good not against anything bad. I want to see the poem through to the bitter end. I want to go on to the next thing. I want to get unstuck. I want to be here now. I want us to understand the need for compassion. I want to vote with my life. I want to live on purpose. I want to dream big or go home. I want to be your fool. I want to reappear. I want to leave an interesting noise inside your head. I

want to shake your cold houses to the ground. I
want to be in an original boat. Want to be
glad at least in all my best dreams. I want to ride out
one last moment. I want to stop being so tired.
I want to untie all the fucking ropes and knots. I want
to make a new world for you to change. I
want to fly again in your eyes. I want to
set things free. I want friendship's charity to be the
order of the tenderest day. Want always to be
on your side. I want to say hello. I want
to say yes. I want you to take this hat. Here.
Darryl Price Wednesday, February 27, 2013

