

# There is

*by* Darryl Price

another way to play with all that is  
that doesn't involve killing for profit. I believe that, don't you?  
There is

always a much kinder response to the failing  
dawn of secret night. Dancers know the power of this beautiful all  
encompassing

raiment. There is a good enough chance every  
day simply because of the amazing swirling of atoms everywhere.  
There's this written

monument between us now. I bring that up  
simply because it's another fit of kisses coming your way. Don't  
wait. There's

a river that is mightier than all the  
tortured hate crying on the pitiful worlds. It runs in all four  
directions

at once and delivers its source in every  
lasting drop, rain or shine. There's a turning inside that winds you  
up.

It'll come. You'll know that tide by the  
free notion of its being home no matter where you are, the  
genuine calming,

knowing fortune it ghostly brings through any wall's fat head. It's  
happening. Fast rising off any ground with arms open wide. There  
is a

breeze. It is spoken. I am but one  
of the many ways. There is a personal key dreamed about or  
imagined.

Bonus poems:

(The Sad) Gentlemen Write

not even a  
little disguised poetry by default, peer through  
the holy hands  
of the mugging

sky, however  
silent and sweet  
they do wish to appear on the subject, don't scream  
or shift their heads  
at the remains

of animals,  
or odd plants, have  
already rung the bells for iridescent night, that's  
the saddest part, have  
too great a thirst

for hollowing  
out the places  
that might have seen happiness, stepping off the world, stop  
heavy as plums  
to rocks below.

### Floating Postcard

by Darryl Price

We came windmilling together up and over the blue and yellow  
stone bluffs like a couple of empty yet racing nowhere  
fast plastic grocery bags catching onto everything and anything in  
our way and desperately trying to get free again in any tiny bit of  
wind that blew by going our general direction. We kept our heads  
down

nonetheless. The only thing I wanted to be seeing was the blue  
sheets of ocean below and the white caps of the sailboats, I mean  
besides the insides of her bikini again. She caught me looking and in  
spite of the danger we were in she let out a little snide laugh that  
skidded across the rocky plains between us and hit  
me straight between the

eyes. I loved how clean and crooked her teeth looked just then. Then  
it was all back to business as usual. We needed to get down there,  
way down there, and fast without being seen by anyone with a gun  
or a knife. The damned curious circling seagulls were already hang  
gliding our way like fully gassed up zeroes ready to suicide  
themselves for any

small crust of bread. They'd probably figured we'd be good for something tasty, left behind. I started to throw a rock at them but her hand held my arm in a vice-like grip. She didn't speak but shook her head back and forth. I was instantly in an intense slow-mo trance of my own making when a little rivulet of the clearest water I've ever

seen zigzagged down her chest and magnified her skin cells and I dropped the rock all at once to the dirt below. We waited in utter silence until the birds' short attention span was suddenly drawn away by a bunch of screaming and laughing voices running by in the opposite direction smelling of picnic food and suntan oil and soiled diapers. We

saw our chance then and we took to it like any properly made bamboo and paper kites to a picture perfect clear blue sky. Looking more like big spiders now I must admit than friendly bathers we scrambled over and down the cliff's jutting chin and dropped to the sand below with two crispy sounding sandy crunches. She was up on her

muscular haunches immediately while I staggered and held my legs and pumped my burning feet up and down in some kind of stupid dance that meant okay yes I'm alive but that really hurt and this sand is like a bucket of hot coals if you really must know all the forgone and concluded reasons. She pointed to the tiniest boat. Our boat. Our way out

there in the distance kind of boat. I was very much thinking about not liking sharks very much right then when she grabbed me by the hand and pulled me into the water like a short piece of rope. That's when I heard the first shots ring out and saw the water pop up around us like something starting to bubble and cook on a stove and saw them

coming on furious riding machines straight towards us. It's funny how everything will turn into raw emotion when everything's about to end. There was a lot of clouds and then the sound of the whole world being submerged and then gulls, more motors and shouting and hands pressing me onto something wet but floating. Her face said it all before I passed out.

