## (There) You Are(There Again)

by Darryl Price

looking like you never once purposefully disappeared from our view. Like a river running clean through a fog's lying heart. Like standing thunder, suddenly gone solid enough, within a crazed hungry countryside, like a smile's radius, to be seen and heard and with a skin tone like a pool of more than

one tortured piece of fallen apart sky. I might be frightened. I don't know. Some part of me wants to laugh at being dreamed up, at my fate. To be in love with such a wicked girl. Looking like an illuminated cloud from a Parish notebook.

Like a somewhat larger than expected whale swimming just below the wooden heart of this little boat like a wildest possible beast. Perhaps if I drum on the memory of another lifetime you'll understand I

meant you no harm. I can't help wanting to know you like one would get

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to know a moon light from staying out much too late and not caring about certain consequences of dancing on pirate winds.

[My hand contains no bridal brush,I'm sorry, neither by story nor poem, for I would only that your living feet remain a revelation that sometimes touches down into all that I am, letting me experience such wondrous flight again and again.]

## Bonus poem:

Poem for John

He was one of us-That's all you need to Know. Good man. Goo goo Goo joob. I once had This dream in which the

Two of us sat drinking

Coffee together Across a warped Butcher's table( he Was wearing red socks).

I told him I loved Him and we both started To laugh and then I woke Up crying and he Was gone. Goo goo joob.