

(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

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.

