

Thieves, a Fire, and Some Pretty Nice Ghosts

by Darryl Price

All along scared of the lovesickness finding me.
I'm not proud of sending that sweet choir
on its way without a kind word chopped into
its begging cup. Who cares? I'm scared. The problem
is this house; it's sad. I notice when
someone floats a shipwreck in front of me. Things like
gold, scattering flecks of something sparkling rotating around
your
eyes as magnificent as newly minted satellites. I don't want

to fill in the blanks for lost keys. I've
had enough of that long suffering turning around. All
along scared of falling to the dark side
of this feeling because it's just easier than
admitting to the light of your presence for me. Still
I feel like I'd do anything to keep
you lit-up like that, but that's not my
rightful voice, is it now? All along scared of

the lovesickness. I'm not going to show you
my understanding. This map shall remain where it
is buried, inside another useless poem's pocket. Just a
bunch of rattling on words, forcing you to draw
the curtains shut, slamming the door with an insulting stare. I'm
still able
to see you, but the rest of me
will fade more and more along the edges. A star belongs
in a star's ocean. I'll try not to

disturb you as I wash by. Maybe scared isn't
the way of saying this, but thank you
seems so little to say. Asking for nothing—
there's a deafening explosion in my chest I
can't seem to explain, except to say it
sounds like your name being sung by a choir. Asking for
nothing—I stumble back to my car door
reeling from this trance like driving into first falling

snow. Scared of being there, all alone without
your head to hold, to kiss, to connect
me to everything that matters. Not interested in breaking an
already broken heart. Not interested in a world
torn from you. Not interested in a
symphony if I can't hear your teeth talking
in my personal space. Not interested in being a
stranger exiled into the sad wilderness of nowhere

near where you are being alive. I'd rather be lost
anywhere close with you as my dearest unknown friend.
I'm now waiting for my heartbeat to slow
down, I can feel my escape through the burning
fire. All along as I said scared of
getting a lovesickness; hey, at least I'm never
going to hand you a lie on a platter. But neither
will I pretend living without you doesn't blind me to the rest of the
world.

Bonus poems:

A Violin Window Begins to Play by Darryl Price

The road took me into your house, but it left
me kneeling in my room on my own. I didn't know the stories
of the other dark rooms that lived there. They are not mine
to tell anyway. I only sing now because it's less
lonely than silence. The mystery of love is still outside my door, but
I'm no longer actively looking for that picture to hang on the wall.
What would

I do with the right answer? No one wants to travel
across heaven with such a hard burden in their slippery,
clumsy hands, but I'd do it for you. I'd only
be further away from your glow than ever after that and that's no
good.

Who cares if it's a violin window brightly capturing a
star or the manic sun looking for a light-switch moon

or another broken heart left in the trampled grasses below? I'm
so tired of trying to make sense sound better than it is. The
road took me into your curtains and it took my
speaking breath far away. I thought I would never breathe freely
again. Who would want to see a grown man on
the ground rolling through his burning tears like that? The road took

me into your house and showed me to my wounds like a guest.

One day John Lennon was there and the next he
was not. But you're still around and I'm still around.

The road took me into your one-sided house and introduced
me to an empty space with my name on it.

I don't mind all the ghosts, I just wish they

could stop trying to haunt me. The road took me
into your house and told me to spend my time
like everybody else, but I couldn't do it. I know
this must have pissed you off grandly, but I wasn't

laughing. The road took me into your house, but I followed my own way out. This is all you'll get from me now..

But don't get me wrong. We were companions of the highest order. We could see right through the rainy days together. I was glad to be there becoming with you. We were like spreading ripples. They couldn't find us then and I doubt if they can see us now. Nothing matters, but still you make me smile, here at the end of it all. dp

You Were This Close by Darryl Price

I don't know if we'll meet again
in the sea of light. Circumstances
aren't only up to human
beings. After all maybe it's
all drunk circumstance, but that doesn't
answer the blinding question,
it only poses some more. This
is what we know. You are what I
knew surfacing in the sky, a
deeply flying dream on fire. That
doesn't give you anything to
go on. It's a story stuck to
another story's moisture pack
inside a larger jar of sad consuming stories.
You can see this picture from
your bedroom window if you like. You can know
its raw material when your
feet suddenly hit the ground. I held you once
and it didn't feel like the end
of the world to me. That's what you
give off. I'm a different kind
of continuous animal.

My hair is full of birds and wheat
fields and luminous leaves. I can't
deny this. I no longer want
to. I only meant to find the
right words to thank you. And gift you with
this. All else is what'll betray us in the end.

Milk and Cookies by Darryl Price

The door to anywhere swings because the
universe is hanging on by a large
loose hinge attached to a butterfly's weeping neck.
That could possibly be your own dead town's cryer
if you wanted to live there, or you could simply

pass through, get something to eat, and maybe bed
down for the night. We could always say no
to their pitiable, imploring songs of cheese--
you know when we had each other's ears to chew. They
only need to still own you for the small

battery life left in your star. You don't
get to make sense of it all, even your
wish to be somewhere alone, when alone
is the one thing you can't stand to admit
to hating. After all they sold us all

those failing lies a long time ago and
we decided then to believe in our own
innocent attempts at understanding
the art of not fighting, only you went
crawling back to them with a million fake

arrows in your chest, saying how sorry
you were to have behaved so badly in
front of their protective gates, and could you
oh, please just have your old plastic crown placed back
on your sorrowful head? You said yes to the

milk and cookies of enormous greed. I'm not here saying I blame
you. I just happened to notice when you
were gone, that you stood in a Barber's shaped
garden forevermore after that and didn't move a muscle. That's
the thing that broke my heart, then and now. I

once believed you could talk to animals
and make tiny green things grow out of the dirty
ground, even the hard hearts of stones of others. That's my
fault. I was looking past you. Looking for
a friend. That Someone I used to know so well and liked to smell.

from What Did You Expect?

well, I'm trying.

Sad moon child, eyelids painted like sea shocked green walls of
wave. I see it and it hurts me a lot. I'm not just lost on your face, my
dear cousin! Candles throwing melted circles like burning nets made
out of nothing but the ghosts of blazing fires around you, whipping
up storms all to surround the clammy flickering walls like ghost
dancers in stoned out love. No naming the special thing we made
between us, but a snotty questioning of its
deepest intentions instead. I do get it. We are not always going to be
around to play this full thing out for each other, right here as
now, but what about in the right now of the now we somehow shared
together then? I say we're only lost in the moment's tree bark

parking lot because we stubbornly refuse to be found out as truthful servants...

