

Things being said

by Darryl Price

Things are still being said in a world that
sounds like rough bows and straight slicing arrows
communicating with (smashing like fists) a poor
pool of tired animals. There must also

come a time to surprise these same cruel
machines with metal striking metal of our own making. Things
are being said that arrive like capsized
canoes floating face-down in the pungent red

coves boiling someone's dinner all around us. There must also
come a time to know the answer has been given,
beautifully sealed by indestructible
thoughtful thinkers in timeless bulbs. Dreams are being said that

are sleeping at your silence, fizzing out another's sweet
love songs. There must also come a time
to hang up all the ancient fears and once
more believe roses can grow roses. Things are being

said as though you survived all the mistakes
engraved on your flesh, only to see the earth becoming a blinking
mess of

lights. There must also come a time to run
like a sweet madman to the arms of your

lover's deepest kiss. Things are being said that'll
remind you we are still betrayed, we are like lost
donkeys bawling together. There must also come
a better time to rise up and stop being

so stupidly alone again. Things are being burned
like shells half gleaming in sinking sand. There
must also come a time to dance on one
foot for our many lost friends. Things are being said that

I'd much rather not hear at this time either.
There must also come a time to listen
to the rainfall and nothing else, my friend.
Not all the things being said are done by us.

Bonus poems:

Birds Fly(original draft)

by Darryl Price

Birds fly and people focus on finding their still
point. Birds fly and people wait for love, but I wouldn't.
Birds fly and people think about beauty. Birds
fly and people become frustrated. Birds fly and
people drown in little rooms. Birds fly and people
like strange words cast huge shadows. Birds fly and people
make mocking landscapes out of balloons. Birds fly and

people frighten themselves in the mirror. Birds fly
and people fold like origami horses. Birds
fly and people ask for blessings under their breath.

Birds fly and people die of old age on fire escapes.
Birds fly and people will take horrible vacations
in their mind's lonesome valleys. Birds fly and people
are programmed to be the problem. Birds fly and

people don't remember soon enough. Birds fly and
people pour a glass of water. Birds fly and people
hurry in the wind and rain like it's a matter
of pity. Birds fly and people run on the
grass until nothing is left but bones. Birds fly and
people go down the stairs. Birds fly and people say
little to each other. Birds fly and people wave.

How to Remember Important Things(First Draft)

by Darryl Price

Save the whales. Save the dolphins. Save the bored housewives.
Save my hands, so often cupped over the sorrow in
being alive. Save the beautiful made-up cherries of delight
I feel everywhere in your presence. Save the sprawling
landscapes
of late night cafeterias of the mind. Save the often
forgotten radios of our flying dreams. Save the hand-printed love
letters of early morning light. Save the inexhaustible curiosity of
a small interior poem of silence. Save the naked air.
Save the Spanish tongue of Neruda. Save the sparkle in
the brushstrokes of a Picasso. Save storm and the rainbow.

Save the North Sea. Save shadows. Save all hearts from beginning to break again. Save the ripped apart sky from the rain of so many angry bombs sneaking inside. Save the secret handshake. Save the Pandas. Save the sea turtles. Save the roses. Save the last dance. Save the sailing boats and floating planes of melting romance. Save whatever makes

no sense. Save this feeling. Save the butterflies with passionate, provocative kisses. Save the question of imagination. Save the end

of the poem until you really need it. Save the world from itself. Save your wild goodbyes. Save every word.

