

# This Can't Be Blank

*by* Darryl Price

I don't know where to start. We're gaining flight. Did you see anybody we know? The trees are always a concern. I don't think I know how to stop this thing from crashing into parked cars, that is if we live. You can say it was all on a stupid dare. They don't have to know you cut the brakes. I didn't know, why should they? Do you smell lemons? Lemons remind

me of bells, but not right on top of you. One time you put on a bathing suit in front of me. I wasn't prepared to remember that for so long. You can't imagine my sorrow.

I don't know where to begin. The windows banged and banged on the day you graduated into your new life. Since I was at the bottom of the ocean I couldn't hear much. I did manage

to see the world through a bunch of pretty clouds. I thought wouldn't it be great if we could keep those things from floating away from us? I don't know where I am half the time, anything much. I saw you in such a vulnerable way. The Buddha on the shelf kept rubbing his own belly. I could see the ancient need for something chocolate to fill my empty cup. But that's

just partly your fault. Everything was conspiring against us. Still you said

I could dance with you. That's about all I remember. That's a misleading lie, like all the rest. I couldn't believe we were so very high off the ground. You looked as scared as me. I don't know how to stop coming up short. I liked your teeth in my face. I prayed for one more day. You smelled like

oil paints, even on the best of days. So why did you

always prefer the piano? You could break any heart that walked in the room. You told me stories of men in Latin countries. You acted like your chest needed rubbing right in the middle. I twisted the paper in my pocket into horses. I don't know where this ends, but I can guess. Words are all I have. Terrible. Futile.

I tried to make you flowers. I made them out of bedsheets. I made them out of glass like everybody else, but that seemed all wrong. I made them out of record sleeves. The radio turned itself up. I made them out of shoes in the closet. I even put them on your side. You pulled your hair into a ponytail so tight the sun looked like it was going to burst.

Bonus poems:

Four Short Poems by Darryl Price

Landscape with Brown Bird

It was just one bird. Sitting  
on a fence. We were the  
only living things around  
that could  
just take off. Everything else was  
stuck in the ground or being  
pushed down sidewalks by bullying winds.

Sunset, Fayburrow Coast

It just happens. You  
pay attention as much as you  
breathe. Freedom is the  
only thing that matters  
that much.  
Even Angels full of  
hope feel the need to resist.

#### Composition with Missing Flowers

Well I can't  
make any sense  
out of these  
words. Once I

thought love might  
be noble. That  
was when we  
were old souls

deep in play.  
Now we're young  
again, nothing feels  
real as rain.

#### The Hills at Fayburrow

Walking, ready  
for change.  
I want

to change  
the world.

The Moon Had Its Own Umbrella  
by Darryl Price

The moon had its own umbrella and  
no one complained. Leaves were everywhere  
like they always are. We walked until

the only thing that made any sense  
anymore were the birds following  
us, even their messages grew tiresome.

There's no need to build another lost  
language out of a new empire.  
Not yet. But the moon was clumping in

boots too big for her feet after us.  
Screw the birds. She didn't need them to show  
her, crashing through daylight with her cheap

zeppelin nose sniffing out the soaps  
or the money, which ever came first.  
I don't want to complain about God

to his face. He likes to hide in his  
room. Who doesn't? When's he going to  
stop, open the gate? We're crushing each

other to death out here. I mean he's

got all the short hairs and no one wants  
to be the one to say it's over

for good and mean it. This is divine  
abuse. And people everywhere are  
going ape shit. Yeah that's us. It's our

planet. But the price is not happy  
ever after. We're all we've got. That  
and music. And stardust beneath skin.

