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

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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.