

# This is my Beautiful Song

*by* Darryl Price

I don't know who it's for. It  
could be you. I hope it is.  
I really do. But the point  
is to sing it while I am  
me. To call it forth while I  
am still here. What else is there?  
I'm the poet in the poem,

so that makes me the poem  
inside the poet. Is  
there something more? I don't know  
if that matters. But getting  
the song right matters to me.  
And by that I mean without  
lying or pretending or

just being bored. My own beautiful  
song didn't make me  
hard inside. For that, I am  
thankful. Open up your heart.  
That's a central part of it  
for me. But I also know  
each one of us has to find

a true way alone to the  
one way. Even surrounded  
by those who always care about  
us. My beautiful song  
is a funny good feeling,  
I remember as always  
around. Even during the

darkest years. Regardless, it's  
here with me now and I'm singing  
it into this poem's  
ear, into this tree's branches,  
this lonely day's hour for you  
to maybe hear, too. My song  
is alive as long as I

am honest. Who would have thought  
that would be true? My beautiful  
song is the way that I  
understand everything. My  
beautiful song is flying  
as before like birds going  
to a silver lake. Even

if it doesn't make any  
real difference, I mean every  
word. Keep your heart open.  
My beautiful song without  
any telephones. I'm glad  
to have spent this time with you.  
Let's do it again sometime.

