

This Is Not Your Poetry

by Darryl Price

Your begging hands are hacking me up again like garden
claws that know not the difference
between a delicate
solar powered flower
and a tightening choke of killing
weeds. It's not like it's even
mine to keep-- like a legal
document I'd somehow give over
to you in some kind of forced walk away, of tearful broken awful
treaties. I wouldn't want to,
of that you can be sure. Oh
please don't name it wild and then
call it dangerous. You can
only pronounce correctly

what you will let live this time
around and all the other times too.
It always belongs to just
itself in the end. Befriend the fact by
being as you are, not as they would have you become for their
amusement. You could
say I'm but the latest of these modern
keepers, still alive on the nest, but I'm not the only
lost one it will come to in the end;
with its saintly seeking in and out of all space and all
time it will prove its own powerful
freedoms to you above anything and everything
else. It exists without you

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and within you. I'm only honored
to give it my own sad little

tongue, my caught in the trope
throat, a heartbeat to travel
along for sending a sonata
of eternal messages to the unguarded heavens surrounding us on
earth.

We all shall have our fleeting
agreements you could say with
this mysterious one's holy visit--
like a sudden full moonlight
entering our feverish
dream-tents at night. It comes and it
goes as it pleases but drops
a startling illustrious feather
(or two) my way (only) periodically;
these jewels I will

wear in my own hair as a
sign of respect and solidarity.
But they will be
taken from me by the enemy
sooner or later as war booty.
They will kill me thinking they
have somehow silenced a happy bird,
but angels will lift the difference
with their prayers and
nothing else will be lost forever,
except ignorant doubt
and restless fear. Peace is a
kind of lasting beauty that surpasses
its own meaning and waits.

A Bonus poem:

The Amused Gas of the Literary World's

flames palms the glad air like a kitten's pleasurable mitt on a ball
of string; laughter's a hole
to escape through once the going's gotten far
too serious to have enough
forward motion for any real
love to ever happen. It's our dance partner
when everyone else has secretly
long ago disappeared
behind their own fraudulent circle

of half-asleeps. Don't let this happen
to you. Laughter's your pulled silly
face inside the foggy ether. It
will scare the pompous straight and the
tiresomely arrogant will shrink
back like miniature shocked tigers so
surprised by our Mr. Moonlight's voice that they
can no longer bite the young

backsides of the innocent with
their usual frothy and stony-eyed
impunity. Laughter is a fun
magic, a true and ongoing magic coin. Spend it wisely or it
simply disappears up your sleeve in a puff of feathers and smoke.

You may never see it buy
you again so much wholesale freedom. Laughter
also works upside down. When
it's a broken thing it can sting you

like a fat whip. You didn't seriously
think it was all for good all
the time did you? That's so funny.
Or sad. Or is it both? Laughter's going
to ask you now the very
latest in questions set before you. It
wants to show you something truly
amazing. But you'll probably

tell it to get lost. That would be
a huge mistake. Well, it's always up
to you. Here's laughter ready to
race you if that's the game you're playing.
And if not then you'll have another shadow boxer
for your shadow playtime, another
added layer to your clay cake of justified choices, for your many
layered
selves to pretend to eat. Hint. Just don't place more than you have
to give onto the board at any one time.

P.S.

Author's Note

We might as well. And by that I mean you. I mean me. Who else is
listening? This is at best a forest full of promising pools. But beware.
There are two sides to the poisons of the world chart. You are being
sized up one way or the other. The problem as I see it is how to
gracefully decline the awful mirror. Even if we all crowd into the
picture at once it's still an illusion. And we still need to be oh
so merrily on our way.

