

This is the Wild Place I was Telling You About

by Darryl Price

I want you
to remember me. This the place
where I'll always be, if you're looking hard enough.
This is the place I've let
go of all expectations, no regrets, and no
masks. This the place my heart
bobbs about like a living sailboat for you.

This is the space I sought best
to envision once. This is the place
savored to the fullest in my deepest, wordiest
lines. This is the place where
I went in, with or without any
grace. This is the place that
might as well be a secretive

garden. I can't ever imagine you as
being a stranger here since it
was built with your presence in mind.
This is the place I made
peace with all other beings first. I
wished them their own happiness. This
place my cell wall has to

push itself through. This the place where
art unleashes original singing like a
telekinesis machine. This is the place I

smiled back at you from. This
is the spot I placed my
hand on the cave wall and
called across all time to ask for

your true feelings. This the place I finally
danced, the place I think aloud.
This the crack where I survived the
end of the world. This is
the place they can never understand
is all around us. This the
place they are standing on. This

is the space not ever for sale. This
is the "X" only discovered by
those who bring their own individual maps
with them. This is a place
only a lover would get to know. This
is the dreaming place. I told
you about meeting me here years ago.

This is the place that must do
the talking for us. Keys are
where you'll find them. This is the
place, always a part of things, still the
most natural way to fling open
doors between nows. This is the
place I planted you your wild flowers.

Bonus poem:

The sky became its own monster

for some of us. Some of us died.
We had our blue on the blessed
days when nothing happened, but you

know otherwise their predictions
came all too true. The war waged on.
One by one we were captured by
the bitter, dull indifference

of certain insulated folks
and shoveled off to the side of
the road. It didn't surprise us,
it just saddened us to our bones.

We left the farms and turned on the
sickening TV. We drank the
latest gasoline and choked on
the way to the emergency

room. The line was as long as it
ever was. No Jesus could have
done it justice. And now our kids
aren't sure what to make of the books

and movies and art and noise that
our drowning bonfire makes. They don't
understand the mean destruction
any more than we did. They'll start

the whole process over again,
waiting for their own children to

choose another planet to live
on together. We'll wash to sea.

