

Three New Poems

by Darryl Price

Letter(s)

The sky set itself on fire, but
it really didn't make a whole lot of difference. Birds
knew not to worry any more than
usual. Trees thought and made the most

of their landscapes as a way of
being modern and yet timeless. It's only
people who suffer from too much starlight
and not enough moon. The oceans continue

to gulp their own feelings like blue
ice. You and I make our musics
and leave the singing to someone else.
We count off the same steps of

our eventual dissolving like petals given as
wishes to the wind, like hats blown
into another time and space. Again it
was that sky choosing to live in

a mirror rather than putting on shoes
that caused the day to crackle and
explode. We put our heads into our
hands like letters found in the attic.

A List of Some People

Some people got lost. Some

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people are still falling
down. People were blown clean
away. Some people fled.

Some people buried their
own evenings in good
excuses. Some people
became like myths. And some

people knew better. Some
people starved some people
with lies; those people
killed us quite easily.

Some turned to look back. Some
waved their blinking flashlights
in our faces like hearts
beaming smoke signals. Some

people can take the pain
away. We need to thank
them. Some people haven't
been here since John. And all

being flawed, people take
flight and walk away to
their own clouds. People are start
to finish humble spies.

Poem for Lily T.

I only wish there was a
word I could give you that

no one else could, that's the
feeling I get when you talk.

I very much enjoy how your
eyes are endlessly crinkled into little
bunkered-down windows full of blue curtains
that turn into soft pastures of

cotton and sunflowers. I imagine making
you laugh would be like meeting
a warm breeze mixed with sunshine.
But I'm just a poet you've

never heard of, still I do
want you to have this drawing
of mine. It's all I have
to speak to you with. The

next time you pay attention to
any moon, please remember me; I
was the one who cherished everything about
your bell, its joyfulness at clanging.

Bonus poem:

This Road

Take this road and swallow it. You won't be hurt. What you'll be
Is found. That's the truth, but they discovered
Our joy and it made them go nuclear more than ever. They blasted

Our childhoods wide open rather than have to listen to all that noise.

But the colors leaked out any way, love
Has a way of doing that, because it seeks every person out for

A meeting with their soulful selves. I feel okay. I don't want you
To worry. Life is happening to me, that's
All, that and I wanted to tell you that I'm glad you exist.

Please don't ever think you have to miss me. All these poems
should

Keep you glad company. And whenever you hear
New music being made you know it puts a deep smile on my

Face for you. That's another truth. Take the road and follow the
day

Until night pulls up in his familiar car
Full of passenger stars and moons looking for someone like you to
help

Pass out dreams for free. You'll fly, but it won't be just any
Old wind lifting you out of your seat,
It'll be you. That's what I wanted you to believe in all along.

