

# Three Poems, One for Each Eye

*by* Darryl Price

1. a bone to pick

"It seems to be accepted nowadays more than ever that killing, individual and mass killing, is the order of the day; it is accepted."--Henry Miller

Why can't you leave well enough alone just long enough for it to make its own miraculous escape through the closed hatch on history's already overheated forehead? Loch Nessy doesn't belong to you, son of a goon. The moon isn't

yours to simply put in your pocket whenever you feel like it. Would you walk up to a perfect stranger and stick a flag in their head? Yeah you probably would. Here's a bit 'o' the English end of it for you to maybe try and understand. Things have

feelings among themselves

that have nothing to do with you at all. Why must you poke a stick through every living thing? Yeah I'm calling you out. You're a bastard through and through. That's the

only kind of well oiled poetry painting you'll ever understand in this lifetime as having any real value. A life is not to be collected and mounted for your library wall. It's already shared in the journey it takes, even

without your guidance, without your permission, without your notice.

2. all the tea in China

"Deja que el viento corra/coronado de espuma"--Pablo Neruda.

would probably make a pretty good  
stench I'll bet, a good  
thick fog, but it wouldn't  
begin to cover up this

pain I have for you.  
Is that too mundane a flavor to be not  
stirring? Ah, no, well I don't exactly  
have any more fine words to say to you on the subject either, except

I don't want to have  
you, not even as a  
friend, okay, I just want  
you the way you are, minus me

as something I can't help  
but feel there in the  
world making my own life  
seem to be almost bearable.

3. the field mice

are not always the most unwelcome of house guests.  
Certainly the mouse mother wants  
you close to her whiskers  
at all times. The little  
wet nest welcomes you back  
and forth like a sweet  
familiar hammock after it rains.

And in a much different  
way so does the hawk,  
so does the snake, the  
cat, the owl, the smelly  
fox or the not so  
lost glowing little boy who's  
been out in the dark

long enough to see through  
the blinding shadowy gauze and  
twigs still hours away from  
dissolving into new tomorrow. I bet  
they don't think about the  
danger one way or the  
other. Let death live and

let death lie. What good  
would it do you now any way? There are little  
mouths to be fed. You'd  
only continue to shrink all  
your hopes and fears together  
down to the size of  
a crumb's crumb, or another lost world's beach front property long  
for sale.

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Bonus Flash experiment:

Three Short Moments of An Invisible Man's Life  
by Darryl Price

1. I really couldn't stand it any longer. I leaned over and put my lips close against her familiar blonde cheek and whispered to her ear alone. "Next time, "I said," I'm going, I'm going to touch you, then you'll see it's all true," and she said, "touch me now, do it for me, show me, please." So I placed my two invisible fingers on her two nipples and immediately felt the sensation of them pushing softly back beneath my skin prints like spongy sea animals.

She grabbed my crisp shirt sleeve in her hand and lowered her head against my shoulder and started to laugh, so I started laughing, too. Then just as suddenly she started crying hysterically. Then I put my invisible arms tenderly around her and held her in a gentle yet firm loving embrace that was meant to always comfort her to the very core of her being. It must have worked. She stopped crying.

But people everywhere were looking at us with disapproving stares that begged for sanctified silence.

Then she looked me directly in the swollen eyes and said, "you, you are the one, you love me."

The church was full of scraping chair noises.

2. He had already left us by then, to take a shower I think. We were standing at the end edge of the top of her bed in utter and happy silence. She had her arms under my arms, her hands flat upon my chest. I had my arms bracketed back, holding her by the tight blue jean hips. It was somehow comfortable and felt just right when her mom came barging in through the door carrying several new dresses on hangers. "Look," she said, "I've managed to match these up perfectly with yours, the shoes you wanted to wear."

3. He had managed to knock down the poster in a drunken moment. That's all I'll give him. Underneath was a quick line drawing I had done of her at her request in thick black magic

marker. If he noticed the likeness at all, he didn't say. "I need it to cover up the holes in the wall, that you made," I say. He shamefully hands me little pieces of tape from the oak dispenser on the desk until it is hung back up again.

