

Three Sentences, Adding up to One Spectacular Disease-Ridden Bed of the Broken Hearted

by Darryl Price

1. Oh yes, I'm just kicking around in the leftover moon dust you could say I'm certainly not waiting around for your satellite feed anymore certainly never ever hoping to see if your free falling hair strands still look like belonging on no other perfected face on this wide wild earth or more to the heavens more than to the whole spinning earth tribes gathered together in one timeless vortex whatever I don't mean to talk about you at all there's a whole new world of faces, relax you'll find something else to dive for and someone new to do it with and yeah I've still got plenty of my neat little prettified up poems pouring out of me like falling in fast motion leaves, precious blood leaking rivulets than ever ,so

slowly you should know fast was probably a mistaken metaphor anyway from a long time ago so yeah oozing straight out of the center of me so I don't really need really want you to inspire me with your pitiful dancer's teeth anymore sailing an unlikely smile my way if you please like a ship in the night the kind that doesn't come from eating a chicken sandwich at your local, know what I mean, that's the problem for me you always knew you've just got it whatever it is and said so but you'll watch the rolling leaves crack like biscuits into dust until you get bored again bored with uneven sidewalks bored with rainy day scarves with brokenhearted car doors with bad hinges on bad movies on the backs of bad trailers inside and outside of my mind's eye I swear, oh

there I go again but like I said I think maybe

you've got it all quite wrong if you ask me and you've always had it painted on there the whole time at your least beck and call but all you want is to rack up another cool thing you haven't tried to consume yet did you ever think about the price to others again doesn't matter I've seen you sway them they end up remorseful for being so foolish in the face of your unbelievable crushing beauty and you always smile perfectly as you kick them out of the moving car but I've never seen you turn your head back around not once and take a look,

someday when you do so you're going to see a huge cave-in I suppose.

2.I don't need to count the stars with anyone else but as you've noticed I'm sure that they go on forever or longer than I have the time to care about or matter while you'll be invited to each new heavenly discovery until your name will be carved on even the thinnest stardust and used to dazzle mere mortals with a thousand bizarre dreams later that they will never be able to forget, some will collect names hoping to eventually find yours among them to read aloud and then say it shout it over and over again until every bell in their silly heads

has been rung every last song has been drained of its inner most musical twitch and moan and rumble, every built for a dream left alone to climb a frightening pair of stairs has been climbed and now there is no need to go further only you'll already be at the bottom again waving bye bye baby see you next year or never how about we just say never and let it go at that you can't expect to go where I am going after all I am the key and a key will travel through a lock every time it's given the chance that's all, you don't have to cry it's not always about you it's about travel that's all my poor little feet cannot curl up for too long in one particular spot isn't that

how you put it while he waited uncomfortably in the next holding

room gripping an empty rocking chair box in his calloused hands and an almost too plush cushion under each arm casting his long cold afternoon shadow on your back like a net while you collected the tears from us that could later be turned into some awfully fast cash on the sly, the kill would be his blame to bear alone later on in life's wreckage and you'd rather leave history to the soft students and it's so easy to change your shoes into swans and glide away on a slick ice lake made of nothing more than the long locks of your own slippery hair, like a lost highway that simply rolls up into itself and pops off into a nothingness like a firecracker like the first rain drop like the

engine in the night that roars off into a million possibilities while you beg it to wait just wait please wait please, wait for me please oh.

3. And so yes, as you can see I'm still barely alive, yet somehow I'm here dressed in words but feeling a bit like a surfer's washed up board with a big chunk bitten out of its fiberglass middle the only thing anyone can do for me now is speculate on how big the creature must have been who targeted me, but you you are completely disappeared and now the only reality you fit into is the one that is missing, as well but well I find myself not so

alone in these broken woods after all, there are a lot of wandering souls in here a lot more than you would ever have thought still this is no garden lost in another garden's gummy ears, it's a cold cold cold unsatisfied breeze that slaps these rocks with its heartless wind cranked hand but the beat is so monotonous to hear my golden framed friend...but okay, you don't want to hear this noise it's just no fun to dance to and without fun there's no colorful restaurants to sit in only sorrow and its stupid little snotty children and with sorrow you need only one pair of pants to fit into, I get it you were made for so much more than me and my big

bursting heart on your sleeve thing but did you ever give thought to
the meaning of

your sharpened hands while digging so deeply into my dirt, so
deeply that it ended up like a prayer in my head, what did you put in
there anyway and why did you grow something in me if you weren't
going to be around to take care of it, how did I get to be the
caretaker of something I'd much rather forget right now
and forever and yet I see that it needs me not that it belongs in the
world of lonely people nothing asks for this kind of pain not even
from your kind of hell and so I come here and let it fall into the
rank pit of this poem, it's all I can do for you now my love it's all I
want to do for you now so if you don't mind here's

your wedding gift may it bring you hours of utter silent happiness
set among the many other captured flowers.

Bonus poem:

The Last Time

we met you wanted to
be hungrily kissed in
the dark with a small moon
for your only pillow
and just stars for your billowing
 nightgown. How am I
to go forward with so
much sweet chaos in my
mind? I am wrecked upon
your lips like a delirious
 dilapidated
old sailor who embraces
the surrounding

sea like it's an arrow
through a sad and thirsty heart.

