

Through a Sudden Window

by Darryl Price

There is someone looking for you
for himself or her. I don't know if they'll
keep on looking forever when
we live our present lives so far
apart from each other. You might
as well be behind a glass at
all times. But I still would want that

lucky person to somehow reach
you and get consent to hold you.
That would make the whole world trip thing worth it.
Even if I can never see
that feeling or feel that sighting of love
myself. There's someone who completes
your chemical composition

as himself, but he may not be
that unselfish. He may refuse
to know you as you are, and that
would break my heart for you. Coming
close to being almost complete
is not the best way to walk through
this ticking down life. But maybe

he'll feel the inevitable
pull, break the glass, or maybe the
spirit of the glass'll recognize
him and open itself up like
a sudden window or a door

inside the air. That's a moment
wished for you. That's all I can say.

Bonus poems:

I Don't Know by Darryl Price

how many more
times I can

see her without
falling in love.

Days by Darryl Price

I don't have anything left for you. Maybe
I did. If you say so. Wanted to.
Your rules are nothing I can obey as
I always write what I want. I say what
I mean. And the days go by. The things we
care about are disappearing, making
their lightways up to heaven. What we are
left with doesn't feel all that good to me.
I don't know about you. I can't live on
the things that once made us glad to just be

alive, when we were the brave young and free
dancers. It seems so historically
alone and pathetic now, thinking that

we could stop the world, shake out
all that terrible greed, planting more and
more beautiful trees, learning to listen with the
ambassador dolphins, watching the
days go by. And the bombs are still laid like
eggs, in the dozens, collected and sold
by the awful basketfuls. The eyes of

the sun garden people are no longer
blazing but growing so much dimmer. I
don't hate you for missing out on the time
of reflective dreaming. It's not your fault.
As the days go by. Everything sounds the
same everywhere. Only the crying of
the poor wretched earth is being drowned out.
She was our childhood friend. She believed in
each one of us. We had no idea
what we were becoming then. But the rules

are not being posted around here. Days
go by. I can now make my poems out
of anything I encounter. I leave
them on the ground for insects to carry
away. I toss them into the air for
the white zooming birds to catch and gulp down.
I grab some sticks and write them in the dirt.
If it rains, I let the rain lick them off
my face like so many tears. And the days
continue. It's hard to fight, but we do.

Seashell

Here it comes then, that strange familiar feeling. There is more
Of something inside of everything else it seems. Who knows

what might just as instantly be made into a new feeling, a particular warmth
come over them within the same spot of stance as you? Well perhaps that is too much to be asking the audience for right now. There is nothing left of the old life but something crunched out of a cardboard box and left on the window sill to begin to fade over time. Still there is something that speaks of community I can't understand that I know as an understanding between us and summertime. Perhaps another mock language other than mine here

would have given you a much clearer picture. You're the one who picked up the poem so it must have been meant all along. Hello. Is that too simple a puritan phrase? We're nowhere near goodbye, not yet, not until you drop the last point that contracts me back into another sand of its own make and model. We'll have to eventually make sense out of the
present facts together. We have finally met. I can't say I'm not glad, but I wish it were in an area where we could at least look into each other's living eyes and see some plain truth there. Perhaps we are. Who am I to say

how the old world works on any new level? Who's to say that eyes made out of words are not the better for it? All I know is the further I get into line I know you were meant to meet me here, and so here we are. I have absolutely nothing fabulous to tell you, but I do seem to be humming something amazing whenever you are nearby. Even now I can say that's a very good song to hear. You resonate within me from right where you
are and from right where you have found me. I don't want to know how this magic works. You can slice

and label all the mystical loveliness you want out of this world but
it still

won't answer the ringing bell's ultimate question. There's a
hillside.

Can we go and sit somewhere and watch nothing but
the color blue turn into a circus of stars together?

I like the breeze. Is that part of your being
here, too? It's nice. I wish I could always stay
with you like this, alone, free, away, sharing everything and
nothing without meaning to. But the ground says it's now about
time

to go, so here's that goodbye I promised. Here's to a certain
light made more vivid by our coming into contact with just one
another.

Fly by Darryl Price

Love, how can I
Be you if I
Can't even see you?
Who is buried in
Your grave. Love, I
Don't belong to your
Generation any more. Love,
Don't you recognize me?

Love, stop talking your
Fascist nonsense, you're scaring baby
Jesus. Tell me what
You want. Love, why,
Must you always get
Me into more trouble? Love,
You've been such a

Bad judge of character,

Mine and everyone else's.

Love, let me give

You my new address.

Love, I can no

Longer feel your hand

Beneath my heart. Love,

We were very young

Once. Love, you are

A fraud and I am

Your proud fool once more like

No other. Love, I

Am not worthy to

Hear another useless apology from you.

Love, I can't find

My way home. Love,

I am from the lonely

Planet Earth. I have

Not come in any kind of peace.

Love, don't you understand—

Your spell is always

Killing me where I

Stand. Love, I brought the

Music you asked for, what happened?

Love, take these words away. dp

The Light in Any Room

by Darryl Price

I never got to say goodbye. I almost forgot
to fly. It doesn't matter to anyone but me.
That's the hardest part. They never got to hold

you. Not one of them ever made you laugh.
You used to shake your hair into your face.
I could hardly stand the wait to see your

face again. I never said goodbye. You knew how
to take off your shoes without causing a fuss.
But I noticed every single time. It made the

world seem tame by comparison. Nothing furious or brash
could compete with your skin. You lit up the
light in any room. I never got to say

goodbye and walls I'm in now seem like too
much of a sacrifice made. You walked slowly, like
a free and unafraid animal might. But I heard

you crying in the halls of my heart. I
only wanted to say goodbye. All my words choked
on themselves before I could swallow and clear the

passageway. When I found my voice at last you
were already gone from all of us like a
spell of a summer sunset. We sat stunned, frozen

to ground. I almost forgot to fly. I wanted
to say goodbye. I still do. This is as
much as I'll get. You were the deepest ocean

I ever knew. Goodbye, my dear sweetest human being.

You continue to bring out the best we can
offer. Goodbye, glad we got to see us believe.

