To a Bright Pair of Green Eyes

by Darryl Price

The sad march goes ever on. It stretches endlessly over an eternity
of painful hills, as unnatural as lumps under the skin, into
the deserted broken down streets, the forgotten unprotected alleyways, always adding more
and more lost children to its sickening sticky mess of daily strife. Every now
and then you can see a pair of bright eyes staring
out of the rolling emptiness, like chipped away stars, but they're soon
covered up with more dirt and toxic debris. The sad march goes

on. If only I could forget you. What's the point? It will
never let go of them again. Their tiny fingers will never
grasp anything happy, and you think this is okay because they
don't look like you? They are not even wearing anything like
shoes you can easily identify as being somewhat in the civilized
category. They are little more than a foaming pack of muddied
wolves at your back door. They will sink their stinking teeth into anything not nailed

down. It's your duty to resist them, and it's my duty
to resist you. The sad march goes on. They are the
first ones to fall, as you ride over any leaf stupid
enough to grow in your smashing about way. It doesn't have to
be couched in such a pretty lie either. The sad march goes on.

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It doesn't have to be said, but it might as well
be-- because we are trying to build something out of hope, lost and found,

here. For you all time has stopped at your front doorstep. For
you all time is in its proper place, hanging on a wall,
sitting in a drawer, to be used only to cash in someone
else's future for another cheap deposit on your ever-present situation in
the fabulous golden gardens. For you all time is yours to
rob repeatedly. The sad march goes on. But my concern is
not with you. It is with them. There must be some

way to free them from your traditional treacherous trap. That's what I'm
looking for. The right words. The right inflection of the meaning.
A sign. Don't worry. We'll find it. Meanwhile the sad march
continues to be their very bad philosophy. It's a way that
always causes more harm than good, but the pay is pretty
fine for a government job. All you must do is let
them replace your eyes with something less observant and more obedient.

The sad march goes on. It's killed better poets than me.
Poems have disappeared into shadow over night. It does no good
to pretend. The sad march goes on. They will stoop to
the ground and beyond just to deny your existence, if it
gets in the way of counting the next batch of foreign money.
So, what? Tell your brain to stop its crying. We've got
something for free that they are always trying to get, but

that can't be purchased. Step yourself into the light, brother. Remember
what makes you glad, sister. The sad march goes on. It
doesn't get any easier, but neither does it get less important.

The sad march goes on. Do what you can. Do what
you must. Be what you like. That's what they can't figure
out. It makes no sense. They are baffled, by the softly singing branches
of the poem. Their lust sees only flowers. We see endless sky.

Bonus poem:

Here in the Poisoned World

it's always the age of
the coward. Here in the
poisoned mind the mourning
of a young President
is our popular sin,

our nostalgia. Here
in the poisoned winds the
toxic feelings of loss
become grand illusion,
our best card trick. Here in
the poisoned world we fly

our flags at half-mast now
before thinking of why.
Here in the poisoned mind
we elect a king in
the sky before a man
in the street. Here in the

poisoned winds we pretend

not to notice the stench
coming from the ovens.
In the poisoned world, we
accept marching orders
with smart salutes and no

back talk, no poetry.
Inside the poisoned mind
we reason with dueling
televisions. In the
choking winds, we cough with
our hands in the air. Here

in the poisoned world, we
must sit on our dreams and
never need to share them.
The poisoned mind's afraid
to be alone.Poisoned
birds sing without a sound.

The Small Hours by Darryl Price

I have no idea
How to give you
What you need, how
To hold you so
That you won't ever
Feel alone again, you
Won't break. I have
No idea how the

Small hours add up
To so much sadness.
I have no idea

How to always remember
These days. No idea
If you're still alive
In the molten part
Of your soul. I've

Seen the empty eyes
Of the thoroughly corrupted
Staring my way. They
Want everything they want.
I'll take whatever they
Don't need. Still I've
No idea if your
Interest in seeing right

Goes on unabated or
Has failed, is lost.
I have no idea
Because I have said
My poems without you.
I have no choice
But to carry on
Alone. Here's to all

The lonely people. I
Have no idea if
A difference has been
Made that makes a
Difference against the dark
Lord's commitment to turning
Everything good upside down,
But I'll be there. dp