

# 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.

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

