

Treatise on Some Blue Skies

by Darryl Price

It's true, what they say, love
is the only thing that
makes any sense. It is
the bravest thing any
of us will do. But it's
impossible, dangerous,
stupid. I don't want
you to trip into its
beautiful trap without

me. Like being swallowed
by a fish, I'm told, yes
actually I know
there is no warning that
would matter any way.
No one is going to
look away. Love wins. It's
just that awful. You will
disappear from view and

later be found wandering
around with a far-
away look in your eyes.
It's incredibly self-
centered in its hunger.
Never want you to have
to use a cane just to
cross a street to get to
the fair. This thing will hit

like a meteorite.
You'll see people walking
with craters where their hearts
used to be. Numb individuals
with painful
looking brows. But please don't
listen to me. It's best
if you choose your own set
of deepest feelings over

mine. No warning will translate
past love's hypnotic
thump on the head. And perhaps
it shouldn't. You don't
want to miss out on the
rare chance to fall into
blue skies. I'm sorry. Look,
this poem's just a song
I wrote with your moon.

Bonus poems:

Number Nine

We saved the world once, but
it's been recaptured again.
This is the history
of things. Now I'm just floating
like a seaweed. This does

not mean the sun isn't as
pretty as a pink shell
lolling on the sand. It is

still quick and fearsome and
fine. But something has been
lost. Someone will never
return. That's all. I'm tired of

pretending to smile. I'd
much rather sit here, listen
to the music, agree
with the sky, become its clouds.

Cheap Talk Lying at the Seams
by Darryl Price

You're always that place
I can't cross without
upsetting the natural
order of
things. I get to see

you like one gets to
watch a movie, or
feel a bird, hear a
breeze, like one imagines
where a train might

be headed in the

middle of the night.
But it's alright. I
can't save you from any
heartache. I'll give

you my love any
way. That's as real as
I can make the wire
in my heart. You're cared
for no matter the

heavens. This poem
is proof of that. You'll
spend your coin and still
be richer than a
river's stars to me.

