

# 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.

