

Tried

by Darryl Price

to rise and rise for you and rise some more and
catch the next wave into the slickest part of the new
found air of youthful intention. Hard ground seemed to
like me a lot more for myself
than those snobby clouds I was watching, and those few brown

birds probably had a good twittering at my expense, I suppose.
Might as well

welcome the leaves unfurling at me like a shower of suddenly
thrown butter

knives, even let the vines tighten
their grip on my muddied up shoesoles. I used to
dream of walking somewhere with

you. That would have made
a great memory. Now I'm
always looking at the sun's
presence from every sort of off angle. This
can't be helped. I'm glad

you escaped the war zone though. We'll always
have whatever love we were
able to muster down in the tunnels. I've cried
and you've brought me to laughter,
so it's not like I

haven't felt something more than
life's many brazen lies. I meant to always
thank you. It's just hard
enough taking tiny breaths to

continue to talk at all is all.

"Drive to waterfall" was what
I'd written on a piece
of paper with your name
on it. This is not
as mysterious as it sounds, maybe once, but not any more.

Magic Cloud

The way you go isn't always determined by the winds
you love. But neither is it something that has
to always be forgiven. We are the men who are here
to celebrate you like a sailing ship we've gotten to

know by heartbreak. We face the truth of you with you. You're
still all alone and we're still going to die. But the pitch
black darkness always ends somewhere and someone's new steps
rises up and says hello
and truly means it and you find yourself smiling once again.

Kino Has Thrust Her Hip

by Darryl Price

out so sweetly against the fabric of her blameless
time in a black and white blouse like
a frozen knock at the door. She's holding

a blunt gun vertical to her one straight
leg, but she wants her thickened smile to
tell you it is more than probably loaded.
Even if she can't use it as well
as a lingering, violent submarine shadow behind the crackling

radio static in her head, she'd probably end up doing a lot
more damage to everyone's image of her hair's
bobbed heavenly meaning with it anyway. The dangerous
world could still be navigated and brought homeward for
beauty, it just couldn't be stopped from ruining
everything else nice in the process. Ah, the
screaming masses, always good for a fat buttery laugh.
There are always going to be sideways places

one can slide into that will provide the
necessary historical vehicle for a moment's dreamy getaway
from the grime of days to go. Go ahead, run my facial features
and you'll watch the many frames of hiding
popping up just below and beyond the surface
of the reflecting scum like scratches to the
drowning of light. Kino wants to know when it
will be her turn to dance her way

out of this town, to leave across the
floor a trail of broken tries once and
for all. It's all there, in the dark
cigarette circles under her eyes, in the stuck like gum
gasps between her innocent munching teeth, in the feather
pinned
hats and the soft leather shoes that showed
off the curves of her feet with such
undulatory promise in the pouring rain's newly drenched over
heart.

Bonus stuff:

All Hearts Are Broken
by Darryl Price

into and robbed of
their perfect treasures, the secret seeds of
dreams. Children are stolen
at birth away from
the one safe place where they exist solely
to become the new
answers and not just
the same questionable sands thrown back into
the sad, watery
eyes of God for
hateful spite. All hearts are crushed, in pieces,
swept and dumped, buried
under trash, or kept
in a museum as a warning to
all others about
the need to always
find a way to love while you still can. All
hearts are broken
umbrellas, turtle
shells in the end, but that've made us whole, into our
best. It's that simple.

Slow Erase(Made You Laugh)/Jump
by Darryl Price

We've got to try to. Forget the grammar
police. Let them storm out of the building
like bullying children if they want. It's
our pretty star alone that they're after. We
know its forest denizens better than
anyone else knows their own reflections.
It's always been our one soft spot. We found
each other's hands inside its lost skies without
knowing we were looking. And it was right
here inside like a fresh bowl of (just off the
squeezed cloud's) rainwater. We're the galloping
ones who are still charging forward, if anything, and
getting bigger than the seed pods we so
hoplessly cling to, afraid to open
our eyes again and dream of more, afraid
of what forever might bring to our new
love's restless, growing wings. I Know you'd prefer
not to be left inside any kind
of emotional pain by life's random
chemistries, but I know your ache's pinched nerve
around the middle--because it is the same stuff as mine!
I only wish there was some easier way
I could somehow reassure you things are
going to be alright. You'll just have to
experience that meaning's doorway all by yourself.
That's the saddest part for me. I want
to be there with you. But I'll be waiting,
if I can, to hold you and let you cry out
or laugh if you want to let it all out that way. How'd you get my
head thinking like this? Isn't it enough that
spinning gravity and amazing luck

have had such a beautiful child together?
I know you can't leave the world you've made thus far
happen without damaging the one we
already live on. But if you don't and
I do, where's that drop me, my hands still full
of a scrunch of paper towel flowers scribbled all
over for you with silly red heart markers?
Words can be buried and blurred by time. I
get that. It's the slow erase. But, oh, what
will I do without that other half of
your best smile? Keep on looking out for my
falling star messages? I suppose. Alright ,
then, let us risk whatever this life's worth
on maybe actually winning the
whole golden house under its own good authority, of course,
or leaving this town. Nah. You get
the whole caboodle (on me) for free. Go ahead now. Jump.

No goodbyes necessary.

