

Two More Poems

by Darryl Price

1. Weeds of the World (Unite!)

We invade the invaders and they invade us, these little
Blooming weeds. They raise five flowers and let them blow
Into the winds like sheets of stars. All of us
Steer by their turning tide. All of us will eventually
Fall by their shining example into wintry skies, crisp and

Dispersing everywhere, like snow, but they do not give up
That ghost. Instead they regrow even the frozen toes of
Heaven into an eruption of abundant walking shoes, the kind
To take you wherever you are going, and with whom.
This is the miracle of green life. It exists solely

To exist. It will not take no for an answer.
It sucks sunshine like it's going out of style and
Spits it back out in puffs of pure oxygenated cookies,
Baked to perfection and ready to eat. And once inside
Of your guts it works its ancient magical spell like

Clockwork, restoring even the most cynical nature back to its
Original joy in simply breathing again. And then of course
Comes another blast on the field from all the trumpets
At hand to signal the war is not yet over
For some of us, we must go on to the

Gates of forever, some alone and some always together.
At either end the greening will take its rightful place
In the conversation about the meaning of all love within
The meaning of all life. And because of that, this
Poem finds its way to you today, making so sure.

Darryl Price

5/20/2015

2. Morning Comes

Morning comes pouring itself slowly up the road
Like a familiar figure you recognize even before
You can make out any of its features.
You know the gait. You're acquainted with the

Certain slope of its shoulders. And you begin
To wonder if it will make it all
The way to your doorstep with this carefully
Packaged box of new day or not. But

It's a steady come on, even in the
Misty rain. It's a sure bet even in
The barking wind's manic persistence to stop and
Play, to pet and hug. Morning moves with

Trained purpose like a dancer among stars. Like
A dolphin beside a cruise ship. The comforting
Sound is subtle, but undeniably close and getting
Closer yet, until you find yourself back to

Life, back to being ready for anything that
Just so happens to look like a movement
In the right direction. And just as quickly
Morning is nothing more than a dot of

Drying color on the canvas of the trees,
Lifting away to join with all the blue

Heads of angels, making the clouds waft their
Perfumes around and around like broasted heavenly beans.

Darryl Price 5/21/15

Bonus poems:

Being the Importance of Oscar Wilde

by Darryl Price

Keep me tall in the saddle Crazy Horse.
Keep me younger than that Kenneth Patchen.
Brave all of my days Emily Dickinson.
Keep me sane John Lennon, romanticy inclined Paul
McCartney,spiritual in the material world George Harrison
and humble as a lost dog Ringo Starr. Keep me laughing
Lily Tomlin. Keep me kind to all Jesus of
Nazareth. Keep me playful and bird friendly Snoopy of
Peanuts. Keep me in the process of becoming C.G. Jung.
And keep me dancing with geometry
Stephen Hawking. Keep me fiercely openhearted
towards each experience I'm lucky enough to have Walt

Whitman. Keep me using my Ghostshirt against all harm to anyone
Black

Elk. Keep me awakened Siddhartha, the
Brahmin's son. Keep me mesmerized Mister
Murakami. Keep me imagining

a better world for the telling Hayao
Miyazaki. Keep me unafraid of
the morning's blank canvas Vincent Van Gogh. Keep me
grateful to be going through the shit Kurt
Vonnegut. Keep me here my one true love.
Keep me irrepressibly bambooish just
like Sarah Bernhardt nocturnes. Like Mr. Spock
intensely curious about all things. dp

Our Love Is Enough

To stop the world from exploding
Like Krypton. It has to be.
Like purple flowers we're there on
Burnt battlefields. It raises its flag,

Too, and continues the march toward
The dreaming sun in spite of
All the smoke and ash this
World has to offer. Our Love

Is enough to weather the ice
Cold precipitation of all loud hateful
Partiers above and below the radar
Of Kind thinking. It has to

Be. Our Love is enough to
Set free the zoo animals. Our
Love is enough to protect the
Creature that contains all sea creatures

From irreparable harm. It has to
Be. Our love is enough to

Filter the smog into breathable air
Again. Our love is enough to

Write the poems that witness the
Whole truth and not just some
Of the lies that are bought
And sold on the nightly news

Like used cars. It must be.
Our love is enough to turn
Back the four horsemen and their
Spaceships, turn them back into constellations,

Back into fireflies. Our love is
Enough to ensure that walls and
Bridges are there to welcome strangers
And not to incite greedy tendencies.

It has to be. Our love
Is there to remind us to
Always be creative givers. Our love
Is enough. Our love is enough. dp

