

Two Pennies Towards the Proper Procedure of the Pudding, If You Please

by Darryl Price

I always thought I would feel your hand, always,
Lay with you as we flew higher together, laugh with
You in the little spaces left between certain trees, like tiny blue
flowers that only appear suddenly, made secretly

Of openly exposed light, always find your shining eyes among
A million more, leaning skywards. There has never been a time
When I wasn't aware of your presence in my

Temple of being. This isn't some slowly triumphant dream, nor
A singing desire that flows inside my body, it's just
Something I know without any desperation straining the search

For its share of the holy grail. A familiar absence that calls me
By a name I had all but forgotten in
This lifetime and listens as my response like a

Consecrated prayer burns brightly throughout the air. Together
we make one

Lasting voice calling out of that curse like a blasting of ringing
morning

Bluebells. We belong in this Paradise, but we are not

In its Paradise now, instead we're stuck in the muddle like
Pennies dropped out of a crumbling stoney spire, we're spent on
going someplace

Else completely from now on. It's easy to see why they fear any

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Mention of love. Still when I see you smile
Like that I am happy until the very end. That's
The only message this song really contains, but over and

Over again. Poems are only sticky moon clouds to them,
Nothing more to believe in than that. We do what we can here.
You remain to me the most beautiful utterance in

The world's busy being born vocabulary. I will always
Listen for your many cities and stars. Until then
you are carved on my walls, gathering all life's roads in your
beautiful hand.

Bonus poem:

Blue Chair, Cigarettes, Black Coffee

by Darryl Price

Your once shining stage door where you lived went
vanishing into an unexpected
tighter softer watch pocket, the pocket
sailed away with another man's wife. It's
all too true no matter how carefully
we'd wrap it up in yarn and pearls. Oh yeah,
betrayal smells like a fucking fish head
with a lost bell stuffed in its pretty grim
awful lips, feels like an irregular

rough rock pressed into your hand with a slight

fingers shake on it, but there's nothing
more to be done. Some are left behind. Some
kisses are lies. Some lies are kisses. It
doesn't make the blasted hole you're in less
deep to crawl out of, or the sky less wide
and empty. When you've been bombed to hell and
back by a sensuous friendship you're bound
to want to spend a few days licking at
only shadows, but it does no good to
lurk behind a black and white world. Your eyes

need to adjust, that's all, they'll come back to
know color. At least be a part of it,
a brush of it, a smear, a tear, a stream.
Hey now you get to be a new traveler
as well as a thinner version of your
remaining story. That's more your unique
style any way my beautiful friend. I'm
sorry you got caught by the blues. I wish
we were close enough that I could lift you
out of this hurt forever. You know that.

