

# Two poems in the same mode.

*by* Darryl Price

(1.) On a Black and White Photography Tour of the Moon with a  
Sweetheart of a Ghost hanging on My Arm

by Darryl Price

Suppose you could bend your whole body backwards  
like she did, you know, like a taunt powerful  
bow and arrow kit, and push the rest  
of your truest self forward into his  
concentrating face, just like Georgia O'Keeffe  
in nineteen-nineteen, push it all over  
inside only for his general  
direction to feel? No. My gaze would certainly  
be more than just the official  
poetic curiosity at work,

posing the ultimate question of man's  
authority, stopping at yet another  
wondrous natural landscape, to be  
professionally framed in the matter-  
of-fact context of a newly crystallized  
awareness of beauty-- cloud-shaped or  
no. And yet she loved this strangely silent  
little man, what she saw in him, more than  
the artist's urges, to so quickly uncover  
what he desired her to be. When

Picasso turned his young muses into  
a stained glass cartoon of sexualized

beauty shots, collapsing even the brutish  
sun's rays into a junk pile of entangled  
Christmas lights at their bare feet, did  
he, in his wildest imagination,  
even notice the tears shed for his own  
lost, humane sympathies? When Cynthia  
Lennon missed that transcendental train to  
the new meditation camp on a near

future farm, (without fear and or hatred  
in her poor heart, God bless her, because no  
one was watching out for her, not specifically,)  
did the antique glass orb in  
her falling breath tinkle into tiny  
sharp pieces as it fell out of her mind's  
glazing eye, smashing onto its own black  
and white crumpled paper street, like so much  
already brown stained pavement or go unnoticed  
as a broken trail of sad trash?

Listen, in nineteen-nineteen, Georgia was  
in the perfectly beautiful nude all  
right, but she was the one setting up the  
historical shot, youthful, secure, possible,  
primitive, weather or no weather  
outside. So let me pose the question  
to you again, are you willing to watch  
the killing waves, knowing that your poet  
is even now preparing to sail towards  
you with all desire for you, that shipwrecked

or not, he will crawl on hands and knees  
to bury his face in yours this evening?  
The moon will have something to say about  
it all, as she always does. But, Georgia,

you simply got to me. You'd probably  
want to give him all the credit. He doesn't  
deserve it. You're the one who entered  
his frame and filled it up with light and landscape.  
And made the impossible possible.  
After all this time, you spoke to me, too.

#### Author's Note

I was standing in the art section of my favorite bookstore flipping through a bunch of art books when I happened upon this amazing, stunning photograph of Georgia as a young woman in the Southwest. The look on her face was completely relaxed, assured and powerful, feminine and brave. I was trying to imagine being in her presence in those days. Then I picked up a book on Picasso and it showed photographs of him with his various girlfriends, all of who looked very self-possessed, but the paintings he made of them showed them as chewing on things and falling apart into different sharp angular pieces. It all seemed unfair. Not to take anything away from these great artists. Picasso is the master of painting. I know it. You know it. But my heart went out to these individual women who sometimes drowned in the wake of these great, talented men, these great souls of artistic expression. I thought maybe it was my duty as a poet to show them from a different kind of perspective. In any case, it's my gift to them, though a bit late in coming to matter, for their real live presences in the continuing story of the spirit of true creativity.

(2.) Old Beat-Up Trunk (containing a brief History of some Forgotten Paintings)

by Darryl Price

The world can still be viewed as a honey  
drop of sparkling rain, but not all washed up  
tears can be revealed as such. The stories  
swirling inside are constantly shifting  
their own gears, searching for the lost highway,  
and sometimes actually finding it. There  
is plenty of love going on, and a  
constant one all around us, I'm told, but  
those eternal shining angels can get  
very bored with all that, and put down their

heavy feathers and grow long horns just for  
the sheer hell of it. People do get caught  
in the middle of these petty holy  
wars over nothing but newly told lies.  
In the meantime all you can do is, well,  
whatever you want, hoping that something  
someday matters to somebody, in the  
bitter or peaceful end. In our youngest  
times we made plenty of interesting  
rhymes and growled right back at the thunder with

our own pretty versions of a beautiful  
noise. If it baffled the many, we  
still really believed in doing it. This  
is more than a trunk full of old paintings,  
my friend, it is a map to the constant  
present tense where all the best opportunities  
for living an authentic life  
are constantly being restored and refurbished.  
Look at our cool hats! We wore them  
to make each other happy. Look at our

goofy round shoes! We wore them to get you  
to grin, not exactly smile with teeth. This

whole Earth thing was meant to celebrate with  
you in spite of the nefarious gangs  
of political thieves terrorizing  
the groovy flower scene with their infantile  
tantrums of hate and money. Of course  
we knew they would criticize us no matter  
what we did, or wrote, or sang, or painted  
across their skies. Sometimes a perfect

world is more of an imperfect try at  
simply bringing something new to the table,  
something wild and unpopular, something  
deemed impossible, something that just  
feels good if you let it, something more fun  
than functional. We fit all together  
then. Then we decided we didn't. Someone's  
got that missing piece in their hands right  
about now. I'm not saying it's you, but  
it very well could be. That's up to you.

