

# Two Poems: With the Whole Crowd/Apparently So

*by Darryl Price*

With the whole bizarre crowd  
surrounding us like birds on shit covered cliffs, offering up a bowl  
full of choppy seas to the many bored and stuffed sky gods,  
we danced our way  
into all their hard shell covered hearts  
as one thing. Still they never  
knew our hiding  
places at their side. It's someone's shame, but I'm not sure exactly  
whose.

Oh yeah that splendidly imagined  
air kept fanning  
its brilliant wings up and down for  
us; like some unholy golden  
breath it caused  
our glowing skin to burn with each

newly risen  
piping hot note. Others  
thought, "they're just  
simply reflecting to sad  
stars like resurfacing  
fish," but they

bent their cold wicks upon our frightened  
faces anyway -- like angel children  
with their hands full of unlit cold candles.  
The circle would not be

broken for them  
no matter how

hard they pulled on  
its golden twisted belt. She tried out many sweet  
smiles, her gentle  
gait being much the preferred wheel  
spinning all around them in their fizzy heads like any cool breeze  
would at that circus.  
I wanted to

go first to bear  
it for her but  
she insisted  
that our loss should always be one  
shared breath. And so their  
sharp stones buried us together.

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Apparently So

"Fun is the one thing that money can't buy."--The Beatles

And the unwinding rain that blew against us  
became black and reddened  
like so many had always  
dreamed it would. Did that make it  
any less true for you? The kids refused

to murder their  
own childhoods in order  
to appease the  
adults who were always so terribly busy

digging holes again and again

in their own thick as brick skulls,  
the frightened sad adults.  
And birds refused to  
act like muted cats.  
And branches refused

to stop groping for  
more sun. And secret  
stars still came out. And  
lovers refused to  
stop caressing hands.

And the poets sang  
into their battered  
top hats upon the  
filthy alleyways  
without asking for

an audience or food or more  
money. And there were  
lights in windows and  
windows in rain and if  
you chose to look at it really

close up then finally  
you could stare and just  
make out a million  
little new flowers  
pushing up the dirt

with their tiny soft heads.  
And no one thought peace  
had a chance in hell

of making the news at midnight.  
And the TV comedians

made everyone  
cry. And so  
the children sang, "Enough  
already, rock  
and roll all night long!"

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