

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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