

Under the Overs

by Darryl Price

If it's over, when will we meet again?
If it's over, I'll be going now. If
it's really over, let's not say goodbye.

That's just too cruel. If it's over, it
wasn't all that bad all the time. If it's
over, don't let it fill your sore head with
unthinkable sadness. There's enough of

that dead empty fluff on the ground already.
If it's over, I can think of some
few things, like I got to ride a horse. If

it's all over, does that mean the bad dreams
finally get to go away? If it's
over, I'm going to write a love song
to no one else ever. If it's over,

all the fruity things left unsaid are said
with lemons in a shiny white ceramic
bowl. If it's over, I had a lot

of naughty fun sometimes. I know that sounds
funny. It's meant to. If it's over, I
guess the sagging sky really was leaking
itself into a blue oblivion.

