

Unseen (a Five-Pointed Star with Four Streaming Lights Coming Out of Its Back)

by Darryl Price

What you see us doing here is not so much and
all we are not being there either. Our kissing mouths may not
always be singing but we are constantly praying for you and for
more rain or less rain, rivers as the situation warrants. Don't worry.
We

don't believe in a god who hates
gay people or believes in slavery or

thinks of women as cattle. We only
play to strum into the ears of
the universe a new difference, a peace
offering. One that proposes a love supreme.
What we are actually doing is dancing

with everything. To dance is to mean
what you say, to feel what you
are as it connects from body to
body throughout time, even bodies of water,
even bodies of stars, even bodies of

dreamers dreaming in infinite space, even bodies
of texts. We do all this on
purpose. You must know this by now. It is
done for you but not only for you.

Because it is in harmony with the
ancient trees on the arms and legs
of mother earth sending and receiving the
wisdom to care. Because it is an
act that can be carried out at
any time from any place by anyone.

It is not a religion. It is
not a joke. It is not anything
but people. I like to think of
it as poetry but that's just me.

All That Exists, Perceived By This State of Mind, Is
Wounded, Ruined, Killed or Just Absorbed
by Darryl Price

Time's a bent to hell postcard. Its meaning gets creased and
folded more each day. You've gotten yours
mailed too late. Can't help it if bad
weather got in the way. Call it
a solar flare. A fizzled failing star.
Your name was written on top of ice.
It melted way too fast on the way down. The one robber
wind we couldn't push hard enough against, sent
your way, be it by fallen tree or half-eaten moon,
heard out in the world's soft places where you
alone would notice its falling feathers, I swear,
in the sky in the water as
it flapped and swirled by like a scrawl

of blowing leaves. All for you. I never meant
those notes to disintegrate. Thought
you'd continue their strange flight straight back
to me again and again til
closing circles would bring us face
to face at last. Until one smile
could be pressed neatly onto another.
One hand would light a candle with
the heat between palms simply by
tipping to the other with real hot
intent. By now that smoke and ash
have melted into the landscape forever.
If there is new laughter among
the pines it stays clearly within
its own distance. But there are still unsaid
things to come. As you can see. There are these
small sad etchings just barely visible
on settled stones. Saying what I
can't fathom. We have not been found.

What I Want To Put To You
by Darryl Price

doesn't give up on new
seasons. I've tried to keep it
in pretty good shape, I'm only
one keeper of that next
eternal go-around. Oh let them
ride their watery horses to death,
sharpened on wheels of trophy
teeth, tearing the earth of its
most beautiful softly lumbering dreams. What
they don't know is it doesn't
matter if the music solidifies

in mid-air. It
will play on. This too shall flicker
and pass. This cannot stand the clock of doom. It's
written across their sun hurt eyes.
In the meantime here we are
and here we shall remain for
our love is in us. They shall
extinguish the sun and still
not kill that lighted reign. There's also
the story of their own hauntings.
Let's switch topics then and return
to see through sad meanings swathed between us.
I realize you have your
own weather conditions to
consider before thinking
about mine. This is simply
why I must address you so,
to speak your name without giving
away your sacrifice. I've
already packed my life back
into the collar of my
coat. It is done without remorse.
This is the closest I
may come to ever holding your hand again.
I do so gladly, with overwhelming
bliss. That's the catch,
if there is one, and if there
isn't, we need never mention
it. I've already seen
you next to me. I know the
beauty that stirs awake in
your presence. I have felt it
awaken all my senses
with a single jolt. It isn't
much, these words, for they won't

feed you, or clothe you, but please
know they also don't abandon you.

