

Various

by Darryl Price

War Stories #1

The Germans didn't like that the
Jews had such beautiful women.

War Stories#2

There must have been a
war between the good witches
and the bad witches. It's
the only thing that would
account for such troubling times.

Woman With Yellow Hat

Why did you look at
me like that? Now my

life is incomplete
and always will be.

I'm a Twenty-Four Hour Poet

I will die young-- no
matter how old I get.

Clouds and Everything and Mountains

We chanted to the sun. Chanted
to the moon. We chanted to the
stars. We chanted to the grass. We
chanted to the trees. We chanted
to the oceans pouring over
our heads. We chanted to the winds.

We chanted to the new flowers.
Only the flowers appeared to
be listening. Because of this
profound understanding between
us we fell deeply in love with
everything. Little did we know

that love attracts a lot of bugs.
Bugs have no sense of decorum.
They only know to congregate
and make a lot of buzzing noise
before they expire in great heaps.
This made us laugh. Well it made me

laugh but only because it was
a scene that also had your ears
in it. We made a fire out of
just the two of us holding the
universe in our eyes and that
became something worth knowing. I

was not the one who would hurt you.
I voted for Strawberry fields
forever. You bought the dream you

were eventually handed.
That gave the story an ending
I'd never have thought of as good.

Happy Friday

That's what she said and that's what I'll remember. Happy
Friday. It seemed like a pretty good map. I opened
it over my heart and turned on a light. There
it was. The song that was driving me mad. Happy
Friday, smack dab in the middle of every breath, a
place of possibility among the mundane facts of a straight
line to the end of all happy dreaming. Happy Friday
and to hell with the rest of the unfolding days
ahead. I'm willing to accept responsibility for some certain words
only because they seem to know how fragile they are.

Bonus poems:

The Train

The train is you. Everything is you. And
that scribble applies to your personal
dreams. You can say it's just black circumstance.
But nothing works that way. We connect like
screaming silent comets to stars. Soul to
soul. It's what we needed then and what we

want now. I can't help this. It's just a thing
among a million other things. I'd much
rather make some music out of my noise.
For some fun. The train is you. The rain is

you. The flowers are you. And all those bombs
are you. I could say something clever like
throwing yourself on top of the sheets or
at the mirror on your wall, I'd rather
not because it doesn't matter. It's a

true statement or it's a not true line of
current bullshit. You don't get to excuse
yourself from the table just because you
are bored. We're all lonely. Your heart's going
to break. I know this. You know it, too. The

train is always still coming and yet we're
already on it. It's a mystery
that you can count on happening all the
time you are alive. So don't say you love
me. Either do it or don't even try.

Kite Flying

She may never know and it sure
is a small world. She may never
know and they have a list. She may
never know, I'm very grateful.

She may never know and I could

have sworn we were getting along just
fine. I refused to say goodbye.
I am still wearing those sun-glasses.

She may never know that someone
once sent me a picture of her
on a boat in a little white
sun dress, looking like a princess.

She may never know and I hope
I wasn't dreaming. But working
so hard to show the world real beauty.
No one seems to care. And I'm still

ringing that bell. It's not a nice
feeling. She may never know, yet
she showed her neck to me in a
passionate moment of silence.

I could make a good can of soup.
The illusion of money has
faded away. She may never
know and no ripple disturbs her

goodwill except my love. I want
to see her face. I want to see
her face. Her face again. She may
never understand that complaint.

