

Water Break

by Darryl Price

Whenever you act as if you're one of them
it makes perfectly sad sense to
me; you are one of them;
we're supposed to believe there are
no shadows in that particular choice? When you are

one of them, they say you
fall asleep with a peaceful drooping
lip to your smile. When you're one with
them, watch as I run to
her naked body. When

you are one with them, you
have no star to guide you
home. You are one of them--
it's a holdup! It's a
nice Christmas. It's a

fall between death and life on its knees.
A felony report.
The winds tearing exposed leaves
off trees. When you are
one of them, it's sad for me to witness, not

too early to get stoned, out of my mind.
When you are one of them
it's beyond belief. Alone and knocking;
the lettering of my
speech, a pinprick of barely there light.

Bonus poems:

A Leg Out of Bed by Darryl Price

They trip you into traps with their well-aimed armies of spitting
fire
tongues. Where is love? They hang you upside-down just
to prove the world is so flat. Where is love? What
makes you think this isn't a love letter to you?
Fumbling over your works must start somewhere to make sense.

Even if you begin your spiraling
out in space, the drain is calling you back
to the center where all feelings converge
into one nuclear big bang. I don't care. The
truth is you matter to me. I don't know

about anything else. I look at life
and you are at least an always part of it. That
gives me enough electricity to
lift and swing a numb leg out of bed. There are
other things of course. Bees bouncing on windows. Laughter
somewhere

calling below the window. You know. Normal stuff. But I
gave up a long time ago hoping for
the right words to warm you. The words are you. Warm yourself.
They are safe where they are. But let me see something new,
this poem is only a leaf in your

hair for a bright moment. Only a shining
crack of sunlight on a well-worn wooden

floor that instantly begins to fade. Only a car radio going by. Only
a collar turned up on a cold neck, if
you must know. A guy singing softly to himself.

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Life in a Human Body by Darryl Price

This is what we do, we stand there and maybe
feel little unfurling leaves like welcome flags
eventually sprout in our way; it happens to
everyone. You think for instance trees don't
walk like us or talk as much, but they travel
at their own pace and speak through a million winds, branches,

clouds and stars, until we disturb the long
natural gate of their personal sap
journey with our belching farting machines
of oily stacks of black death. We really
do work for the wrong giant sandal shod
god. But we do it all with a cheap-ass smile. We'll

do it then for some quick coming beers. Here's a question
for you: when they feel their bendable kid's
bones snapped in two like toothpicks, do they cry, well
wouldn't you? We assume nothing matters
quite as much as the air we push around
in our own spaces. We do it for silver

coins and fantasy sex. We do it for possible
golden gambling tickets covered in chocolate. We do it for
a double cheeseburger with everything on it. We certainly
don't do it for love, no matter what bright
absurd cosmic claims are made in all those

treasure books about the secret meaning
of life in a human body. You make
your own meaning out of life and you find out if it's
at all true or not as you go. You live
until you die. You fall until you fly.
Sing or sigh. Do or try. So, so boring. No
wonder all the kids want out of this crummy town.

We've given them no real other choice to make. That's
why they walk around the place—they're looking
for that hole in the wall we never found.
More power to them. I'll leave these poems
as a sign of goodwill to their dreaming
of something more. Something worth the sharpest pain ever
endured.

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