

# Water Break

*by* Darryl Price

Whenever you act as if you are one of them  
it makes a perfect sad sense to  
me; you're one of them; are  
we 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  
smile on your lips. When you're one with  
them, watch as I run to  
her naked body. When

you are one of 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

step between death and life on its knees.  
A felony report.  
The winds tearing the leaves  
off the 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 light, barely there.

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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