

We Are

by Darryl Price

for Melissa

together today. I like that feeling. I want to pound
a piano into the ground just for you. To your
warmest heartbeat I raise my glass. Thank you. It doesn't
really matter if they think that's a velvety Elvis painting or
not. I think it perfectly matches the sun melting

over
their putty sea of promises. They only wish they could see
you smile like that. I've been walking in the drenching
everything again rain again. I've felt nothing above the soaking,
but
looking at you I begin to dry off. I start
to see life full of purpose and plans again. I get up
off my knees one more time. Prepared to take on
whatever comes through that door.

That's all there is to
this moody dreaming nod. It doesn't have to mean a damned
thing. I'm okay with the direct feel of it. Standing
in the familiar doorway there's nothing else here but you.
Because either the stars are drawing you a beautiful gown
to wear or

they are dropping breadcrumbs on the old
cold floor for me to follow up to your secret
bedroom. I will do as I am told by the
entwined flowers in your hair. What do I care for

harsh things that are all mechanical teeth and no smile found in
nature? Let me
flow inside of your

presence and be made whole and
new and now. I'm more interested in kisses than food
or money. I want to go where I don't have
to pretend. Let me be where I am myself always.
Where the color and the sounds move

with an honorable
peace at last. So I brought you this falling rain
inside, please excuse this mess, because it's alright, yes, I
see where I am standing. Thank you once again. And again.
We are a hurt that will not kill us. We
are a

disappointment, but not to each other. There we
are always going to be an opening hole in the
saving graceful air. They don't have to know what that means.
Only you, after that I am surely free as any brown
bird. And you are a heaven's swinging gate, the sad truth. We will
survive.

