

# We Wore Our Hair Long

*by Darryl Price*

You don't have to push back so hard. We wore our hair long.  
We wanted the animals to trust us in their wild open spaces.  
Everything will come undone. We wore our hair long because we  
wanted to

Be able to find our way home in the dark moonlight. It'll be  
All right. We wore our hair long because we walked among your  
tethered

Horses and they seemed to think it was the right thing to  
Do. You can't take these cosmic things too lightly. We wore our  
Hair long because there was no future left. And because the  
bullshit night

Was beginning to pile up and over our heads like an avalanche  
Of thick grey clouds. They offered us nothing, nothing in return  
for our broken

Hearts. This is the world, they said. We wore our hair long

In spite of robot armies with falling bombs tattooed on their metal

Encased brains. You don't have to push. We wore our hair long  
Because we were so in love. It's as simple as that. We were

Able to see all free creatures breathing in every blade of grass.  
We

Wore our hair long to magnify their tears. You don't have to

Push us so hard. We wanted the animals to not be afraid

To let us touch them in our dreams. We wore our hair long to  
show

The ancient dragons that we still respected them. Put your arms  
around

Me now. We were deeply in love. We wore our hair long as  
Long as we were together. After that, the poems came on us like  
rain.

Bonus poems:

Curious Long

We're here, too. It's telling this strange  
familiar music buzzing  
with immediacy in our  
instant dreaming heads, too. I don't  
ever want you to suddenly  
grow anything that you haven't  
already thought of. You're better

off standing there in your own tight  
fitting freedoms than stepping out  
into someone else's prison  
yard. It's only a friendly knock  
on the open air window you  
think is probably another  
lonely landscape wanting some of

your unique attention again.  
That's fair, but sad. Only this time

when you put your beautiful hand  
up to put your curious long  
fingers cautiously through that map's  
eager space they'll go through all the  
way into nothing more than what

you are feeling about the earth  
as a real body any way.  
You're the only person I think  
who could do this kind of simple  
love ritual for me without  
feeling bad about it after  
and that's why I celebrate you.

### The Boy in the Woods Looking At His Hands

This is serious. It feels like walking down a river. It feels like  
Breaking on a bunch of tree-branches, like pulling a kite out of  
the  
Burning sky. What are we supposed to be learning? This is really  
painful

Stuff, like waking up in the middle of the ocean. I wouldn't make  
Anything like this up. It's as if all the world's breathing has  
formed

Into one magnolia scented mouth of whispering teeth and is  
repeating over and  
Over again, hold on, hold on to your shirtsleeves, 'cause you ain't  
seen

nothin' yet. Everything is a lie that doesn't say your name to me

In some way, shape or form. This is crazy. You're not even here,

Yet I can't find where you end. If I search for stars they  
Start at the end of your eyelashes and go all the way up

To your flashing eyes like arrows. If I pass into fields of flowers  
All say to listen to your hair, no matter how far away the  
Strands of fair music. This is dumb. This is impossible. This is  
fake.

I want out of here. But I am so inside this that there  
is only the doorway always entering the room where you smile  
and wait.

All the Happening Things

are happening here. You  
will meet them face to face  
eventually and

probably over good  
coffee and yummy cake.

Confusion is only  
what happens when you don't  
know what to choose. Choose the

loved ones that feel like you're  
running away with your

best friend. All the plans you  
make will change into the  
real whole life you're doing

any way. Don't be so  
hard on yourself. You know  
what you promised you when.

### Don't Watch So Much TV

We're still alive. I mean the real beautiful us inside.  
They think we put on the tight fitting smothering spacesuits  
As we were ordered to and just floated away from  
Everything we loved. They think we caught the final sprayed  
Bullet in the stunned forehead like good little soldiers of  
The universal village should. They see active stillness as having

No motion in the real world of all consuming fires.  
As soon as you say that there's always some big  
Creepy guy munching on his latest hero sandwich who stands  
Up, wiping the wet crumbs from his wallpapered hands, and  
Says you're not even there in his mind's haircut because

You haven't been invented yet. There's always some smoking gun  
Sucking guy in the stands who sees you as a  
Sneaky uninvited weed trying to get to his poor innocent  
Flowers to turn them wild on his watch. There's always  
Some guy talking to your friends behind your back, spilling  
His crude made up oil on your free bird. Always

Some rotten half man who likes to remind everybody of  
How many frightening things are scratching around the jungle  
line,

In case you've forgotten any of them. Some guy who  
Smiles as he kills. A guy who wants to sell  
You something he knows is a lie. We're still here.

We're still alive. Those sticky faced guys haven't stopped the  
Eternal trains from arriving. They can build all the barbed  
Fences they want. The careless rain's not digging a useless  
Tunnel in the caved-in sky for them and their kind,  
It doesn't need to. The dance isn't over. New dancers  
Are feeling their own urges each and every day. We're

Here. Listen. We'll always love you. That's the truth, but  
It doesn't mean they can't hurt you. It means we  
Won't. So there you go. The rest is up to  
You. I can't write your poems for you. You can.  
We wouldn't want to catch their sounds any other way.

