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

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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.