

Well, so Much for That

by Darryl Price

"Earth is the loneliest planet of all."--Morrissey

The most annoying thing is that clothing
commercials have replaced any real communication.
Look around. We're being
bought and sold day and night, night and day. You

won't have to remember me because you
don't know me. You only know how you felt
once when I was swimming around you. We
are starlight in a zoo. Absence is a

rusty presence, too, like a bamboo airplane,
but I doubt you'll believe it. Nobody
believes in much and because the universe
responds to how we use our minds,

many fine things become extinct that should
have stayed within our hearts forever. I've
learned how not to care, but I'm not going
to work for your seashell company. Figure

it out. I've written you many caterpillar
letters, I've sent pods of sunshine
dolphins to your front door. You've got to
spread your umbrella wings or spend your life

crawling through wet grass. You're the one interpreting
poems like sermons on the mount.
I'm just painting skies from the windy cliffs
as I feel them. You don't believe me. Love's

not an insufferable elevator
crime in my reservoir. No stench of
extinct skies here. All clouds welcome. Rain friendly,
but, you know, take care. Do your art. Do

what we can. Your clothes were stolen. Get over
it. Stolen hearts hurt more. Miserable's
a serious enough crime I thought I'd
never commit, but you bring it out in

me. I don't want to stay in your smiling
face. I think I understand. You just can't
say words so plain. I've carried desire this
far. I accept no substitute for hope's

raw landscape. Let me in. Let me in. Let
me in. No, forget it. I am the ghost.
You are the flesh. It's back in the forest
for me. I close this poem like a door.

