

# What I find

*by* Darryl Price

is every word is a small step taken  
away from you that arcs back to me like

a mamba's mouth. I'm not going around  
in place so much as running in circles.

You can see my devilry here. You are  
the truth here and that makes me the lie. You're

new morning. I'm much, much more sleep. You're birds.  
I'm bats. You awaken while I cry in

my sleepwalking state. Every single word.  
No matter what I write. You're laughter. I'm

floorboards. I want to be all of the stars  
for once. You've already got that situation covered.

I'll take the white wafting flowers that  
blow down by the lake like summer's curtains.

No, you'll have every petal, every drop  
of lake, even the differing winds. Well

then I place this poem high on branches  
of pine among a hundred branches of

pine. But no. Clouds are your closed eyelashes.  
I know that when you open them again

I'll fall away into a nothingness.  
Your skin's what I'll breathe if I breathe at all.

Bonus poems:

How to Murder a Butterfly Tree

by Darryl Price

Round up  
the men!

Bonus poem:

Just Before They Break Our Hearts Again by Darryl Price

I'd like to say something. I know it's lonely. It's enough to make you want to walk into the dumb hungry teeming ocean waves and shake hands with Virginia Woolf. It's lonely as fuck. We're not better

than this. That's a beautiful lie they want us to sign to prove they weren't complete assholes. They were. But that doesn't mean it's plain to see, now or then.

If we're too proud to admit anything

it's that we gave our love completely. It's everyone's darkest secret, our emperor's clothes. I know it's lonely. Not going back down there either. It's too dark for that anyway. I don't want you to hurt like

me. I'd like to say something, but I've got nothing that doesn't sound like an old song desperate for one more lovely moonlit mouth full of haunted kisses. If they told us about the miles I wasn't

listening. I believed in finding the one who was lost in this world without me. I'd like to say something, but I'm not sure my current heart is not a complete fake. Something sadly missing a beat

replacing the hanging one. It doesn't get any better just because it gets easier to swallow. It's hard for me to say what my closed eyes wished for. Dreaming is just a photograph I don't remember making.

Is it still okay to say I miss you? Every day the road was harsh. You were my candle in the dark. My expressionistic freedom seems to have cost only everything in wasted time. Guess I'm good.

Young Lovers(first draft version)

Have to slug it out  
with the whole world. Everyone says  
they are for that love but they lie. No one wants  
to believe anyone else could find it, what they could not.  
Just not possible. No one could try harder than me. Yeah well  
you'll see when love flushes you down. You won't see it coming.

It's  
not something you can plant  
and grow just because you have

the land. Strangely enough it  
can sprout up just about anywhere and  
from anything. It can come out of a look given on  
a passing piece of sun glass. You never know. In the meantime  
we pretend to have it in our pockets like a good  
old sturdy plastic comb. All we have to do is simply  
reach for it. The lie  
perpetuates itself .Everyone agrees it works, but secretly they don't  
believe it.

But young lovers are shunned,  
disbelieved, and finally dismissed. They are  
treated as children in danger of becoming swallowed by waves  
too  
huge to imagine. How could these kind eyed strangers have found  
the beautiful fountains and not shared its location with all of  
us? It's selfish. Self serving at best. So unfair. Lucky bums need  
their priorities set straight. Oh  
we'll see to it for them, won't we?

