

What I'd Like to Say is That Something Special

by Darryl Price

that doesn't need any words to arrive
fully formed, or too many words
to be believed in at all I should
say, a little something we can simply
send back and forth across your time
and my space without having to talk
at length about it, but being a
poetry man this is the only
honestly likeable language I
am somewhat fluent in. So if you
don't mind. I wish it were more of a
universal given like music,

say, or laughter. Yeah I'm sure that the
other side of this somewhat flattering
mirror of a page is full of
a million flooding tears. No one is
deaf to all the sorrows. But it means
the same thing. You see? We are here in
the digital age and in my mind I sit
and inside the paper windmill I look out at you and,
well, because of you I want to appreciate
the dead leaves blowing up
a charming ruckus across the still
life lawns of autumn. No, that didn't

come out right, although it is kind of sadly funny.
No I mean appreciate whatever

is at the moment it is because
you are also in that moment
like me somewhere. There. That's close. But it's
no hand rolled all natural parade
ready to take you off to see the
wizard. Haven't we already done
that bit a little too many times
already to make anything newish
happen? Ah the cultural references.
They never die. They mean

so much to us still. But the real thing
is out there. The scary as a black
feeling gnawing at your shoulders like
an escaped monkey from a local
exotic animal farmer's personal
zoo out there real thing. Where anything
can happen, but where the sun actually
is happening right now. Go
outside and live. It's your world, too. You
are as good as anyone else at
who you are and what you love doing.
Your spirit is needed. I need you.

My Own Amazing Weariness

by Darryl Price

This poem is how far we got before
they started killing us off under the hill.
It's not like we didn't expect it, but
the sadness is almost unbearable. What was that
line Brian came up with? Something about a walk
in the woods. Can't remember now. When you

stand up and see that certain of your
best friends are missing, it makes you feel

haunted, not lucky, nor blessed. Not humble, just
lost in a snowstorm of stinging grief. Friends
are better than all the blessings ever uttered
by anyone. The coveted books only got bits
and pieces right. The only way to know
if that's true or not is to live.

I'm not a stranger knocking on your door.
Bob was right, that's an unkind act, if

ever there was one. That's what I couldn't
put down, your willingness to use your power
to do me or anyone else real harm.
How did it not make you sick to
act that way? Maybe that's the point, it
did. You are. Was it worth it? To
poison everything. There's little to do among the
burned out trees, but hope that flowers are

only waiting to happen again, with or without
us. In the meantime we drag our warped
fences behind us up the mountain looking for
something like a thing called love. But the
rotten clouds just laugh and pelt us with
ice clocks. That's what it feels like. You
still willing to make the journey? Then you're
one of us. You always were. Welcome back.

Bonus poems:

Rise and Shine
by Darryl Price

"I don't know how nobody told you how to unfold your love."--George Harrison

"They don't know. They can't see. Are you one of them?"--George Harrison

"I can't save you. You can save you."--John Lennon

The source of one love is always there. All sources have a little darkness in them. The source of radiant light is always there. The sources on which this poem is carefully based are truthful. All sources have a little darkness in them. The source of any kindness is courage. The source of real courage is kindness. But only if you allow them to swim together and

make one clear all-seeing eye out of the magic moment you wake up and are still dreaming. The source of having some caring perspective is love. The source of all love is always there. The secret is there is no secret. That is what's written in plain enough sight in the holy books. They are simply talking about you, you turning yourself from a painted leaden soldier

into a beautiful golden phoenix, but no one can do it for you. The source of true love is in you, but it's also

in the dirt below the floor. In the sweet
or foul enormously crowded perfumed
air we breathe. In the banks and walls of clouds.
The source of love is always free. Always
there. All sources have a little darkness
added to them. The source of love could be

an edible mushroom. But it's not. But
it could be. But it's not. And yet you might
just find that it is there anyway. Was
there all the time. Anyway. The source of
healing love is always there. Mushroom or
no mushroom. The source of love is always
there. All sources have a little darkness
in them. The source of love's available.
The source of love is the story within

the story. The source of love, I notice,
is working extra hard at building up
your lagging trust today. Why not pay the
source of love a friendly little surprise
visit? Do us all and yourself a big
favor. The source of love is always there.
All sources have a bit of darkness in
them. The source of love is getting into
your speeding car as easy as all that.

I Burn My Tongue On the Stars
by Darryl Price

"They just want to steal us all and take us all apart."--The
Psychedelic Furs

"Tell your friends/when you see them again/I love you."--Wilco

I'm not running out of coming up
with some new things to say, sitting on
the indifferent couch. Tell me. Have
you also seen the strangest bunch of
stars tonight? Count them as words you have
never heard before. I'm running out

of things to care about saying. That's
all. But even I know that is just
another form of tender human
bullshit. That awful kind that breaks your
already broken heart into my own
again. As my friend John puts it, you'll

never be without the muse. Okay,
so we are old friends. We will make a
tenuous song out of anything,
anywhere and at any time, day
or night. All blessings are curses. All
curses are blessings. If you live long

enough. What's a pretty thing to do?
Break down the moment or the meaning?
Death or dying? Is it the joy or
all the sorrow? Sometimes it's hard to
tell the difference. Days go by. Days
go by. Days go by. Trying hard to

understand. I'm all right. Not holding
back. Our sound will be drowned out and there
is nothing any of us can do
about it. I'll make my cricket noise
in front of the door when my time comes,
but only because it's what I do

to say I love you all the way to
the end. I've never been a liar,
but I've been everything else. For you.
I want to live in my time. I came
bearing a whale song and a tiger
claw. The rest I made up to please you.

A Flat Sky
by Darryl Price

I'm pretty sure I've never been
a noble man, but thanks for the
hard to come by vote of confidence.
Being lost in the wilds of
the poetry lands makes a person
turn around and around quick.

Just because I remember how
it feels to be falling through a
solid object doesn't mean I
believe in the lovely view. I'm
only reporting it because
you might enjoy colliding with

all the other lonely wheels out
there. But what was once mine is nothing
more than a flat sky on a
moving surface. There's no way to
hold it still anymore. But I
get handed the film and the time

frame. Otherwise it's too late forever.

There's nothing noble about
it. I want to say your name
one more time to make sure its sound
exists somewhere. Simple pleasure.
That's me. Those white sparrows are false.

H's Poem

"Ain't married, she's my friend."--Bob Dylan

I hope I see you again.
We don't get to go back and
softly fix things. I like to
look at your face and be with
you. Thanks for all the times we
spent together. We don't get

to go back and slowly fix
anyone. I don't pretend
I don't know what's right. I'm not
that kind of guy. I hope to
see you again. I can't stop
what's now happening to me

any more than you can stop
what's happening to you. We
spent some thrilling times being
together between all the
words for sun and rain. I'll see
you again. I always do.

We don't get to go back and
change things. Don't pretend. It's so

unbecoming. I see you.
Just laugh and move on. We don't
get to go back and repose
for the moonlight on the sand.

