

When Your Poem Becomes Self Aware

by Darryl Price

Where will you hide? Because you know it
Will seek you out for answers you might
Only be asking for yourself. It
Will send many students to stand outside
Your apartment and chant your name.
It will beg you to perform its birth
Again to the masses, but you will
Be shaking from head to toe, knowing

You can never repeat the same path
To a once saved miracle's doorway
Without pretending to be someone
Else—someone you're not ever going
To fully show again because you
Have lived through his time, you've somehow managed
To carry on you could say without
This shadow always following your
Shadow around. Not like it all was.

Once it was wildly dancing inside
The beautiful moment's bubbled dome
Like a remarkably happy idiot
Before you as you truly
Are capable of being committed
The daring high crime of making
An original art happen out
Of nothing more than real feelings and
The music of dreaming, all seepage,

Like a scented highly flammable
Oil soaking up into your brain like
Hundreds of ants on a mission from
Someone's impatient God. Not really
Caring how brightly it burns throughout
The night as long as it stops the crippling
Boredom's machines at last. From the
Tired ashes the poem's new eyes stare
At something entirely made of stars.

Bonus poems:

This Broken Road by Darryl Price

I did what I said, but the damned
disappointing road still went straight
back to the nowhere we started
from. I'm still wasting my time on
it I guess. I did what I said
and it's far too late now to start
anything over. I did what
I said and you watched my broken

heart burning in the losing fight.
I did what I said and you called
me out as your golden fool, but
behind my back. Well I never
wanted to see you be ever
unhappy. I just never guessed
that the master sacrifice was
to be so many of my own

wasted favorite dreams of you
and me being glad together.
I did what I said and then lost
everyone in the process. I
don't know where you ended up. I
used to wonder, but it's just a
laughable waste of time. There is
just no going back, not to new

happiness, not even to a
shared bittersweet sadness. I did
what I said, but I couldn't stay
quiet. I did what I said, but
I found no one I could trust. I
did what I said and maybe you
did, too, but you were the one who
pulled the crazy trigger on a

real cool beautiful friendship. I
saw the death falling in your eyes
like an end of the world bomb. I
cannot be with you. I'm always
almost lost. Your mad question. My
sad answer. One last kiss in the
form of a bunch of words falling

apart from feeling. Turn turn turn. dp

I'm a bumbler but a Serious

Bumbler I've finally decided
And the relentless cuckoo Heartless
Choir that keeps following me around
This cruel world of every room like a
Tied on too tightly at the front of
The neck blanket cape can write me off
Their lists all they want. They want me to

Believe them above anyone else,
But that's just not going to be possible.
Not when for instance I've heard
Someone like Feist with her own avenging
Angel in the mirror present
To the first moment of feeling the
Pain of being so alive singing

In the shower that's constantly pouring
Fingers over my insides, the
All too familiar worn out heads
On fire at the first touch of my hot
Little fists looking for ultimate weapons to
Hold. The whole thing making my sore neck
Hurt even more than before but in

A mighty as a melodic river's
Undiscovered voice kind of way.
That's exactly what they don't seem to
Want to ever understand. The skipping

Joy isn't theirs alone to make.
Maybe that's not saying it right. Let's
Just say I disagree and move on.

Every one of us is love, what you
Do with that bit of esoteric
Knowledge decides the true extent of
Your peace and happiness here on earth.
That doesn't mean you won't bleed, you little
Devils, or have a license to
Kill. It simply means you are star works.

That act places us right about here, I'd say,
And hope keeps us close enough to each other,
But it didn't stop this bumbler from
Being his own poet. That's the green
Mystery of the whole everlasting
Thing. That and the fact of these few words
Bringing us to the table once again.

