

Wisdom Is Death

by Darryl Price

for Edward

Victory is death. Rock stardom is death. Life is murderous.
Love's still beaded much longer and stronger than any row of
round headed lovers. You

can't stop death from turning to face you, but its
not exactly expecting your poem's referral either. In other words

stop worrying about the mundane facts. The birds are amazing.
The
trees are amazing. The sky is the best kite to fly in

the world. Frogs and bats are just as plentiful and
colorful as shells. Leaves are always saying the most beautiful
things. Death

is a dark bridge, but all bridges have to lead somewhere. You can
call a bridge a wall if you want to, but

that only makes it harder to pass over. Love eats
death. Love keeps growing from nothing into something more
without ever losing

its balance. Love awakens even when all else is asleep.
You can't imagine love, love imagines you. Death can't dance

the way love can. It can stomp. It's a good enough
stomper alright. But only love can turn you into you, all

the way. Love never forgives you because you are never
forgotten. Death is a beetle good at what it does,

it rolls up the shit and drives it away. So
what if it always comes back for more? Love smiles

more often. And any way it's not a contest. Death
hurts because it has no feelings. There's nothing going on there.
You

and I, here we are. My glow for you is alive
and well. That's all there is to say. That's all

there is to do, to be. Our friend's long gone, somewhere
without us, but neither will our hearts leave him ever cease while
we still live and breathe.

This Exit
by Darryl Price

We are the people who are never coming back. I
would be okay with that, except for you. That's always
been my main feeling. The world can do without me,
but not without you. That would be unthinkable. Something's
always trying
to rewrite itself and stay in the same merry moment with us.
At the last second not many are letting go of
their straws. You were chosen, at least by me, to
be the one who should be saved. How this is
supposed to happen, I don't rightly know. I can't worry
about that darkened path through so many thickening and
crowded dreams in my head right
now. It's hard enough just to see the shapes of

things to come or let go of the muted hour,
but I know the ocean green would never be the
equal to its own sunlight again, no rare bird would
want to soar to that tree of brightly missing cloud, because
no freedom would ever feel as good as coming down
into your open palm like a perfectly sewn nest on a
very high branch protected by an ancient warrior mountain. We
will be marked by markers, if we're lucky, but you
should always be being drawn from new pure stone by
sure hands adept at making beautiful sense of the perfected
lines of both leaf and flower where they often grow best.

Author's Note

I was passing by a graveyard when that first line came to me. It was a beautiful day in every way--a day you couldn't take your eyes off of if you wanted to. I was driving down the highway thinking in spite of it all--all the sorrows,all the war,the hunger,the misunderstandings--the world presents us with an unbelievable place to lay down in. Then I thought how could we ever get along without those we love being in the world with us? The world only went on singing its incredible song, as lovely and as moving as anything ever could be, to me through the air, the sun and the ongoing road ahead.

