

# 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.

