

# You Can Push Things

*by* Darryl Price

to the back of your mind like a box of unpacked yet beloved  
books if you want, but that's no life I want to explore  
any further with you. We don't have as much time as we  
once thought, to believe in something other than empty bottles  
lost in the unpacking of our

dreams. Love is still real even when the mud begins to fizzle  
and leap out of its own way. That's all I wanted to

say. I don't believe their lies any more now than I did  
before I went missing. They want you to spit your love on  
the ground, bitter as drugs. To tear the bells out of the  
golden dragon infested clouds like a fistful of haywires. To sink  
the

last of the flower petal boats with heavy rocks. To smash all  
singing birds to death against their brick statues. But I don't buy

their latest diet wars. Their brand name barrels of bargain  
smoking guns.

Their greasy gravy jars full of deliciously simmering coiled bombs.  
Their sick

little insurance run churches of the barbecued nightmares of  
innocent children. Listen.

Love is always going to be all, even when all else is  
floating to the ground burning. That's what I want you to  
remember, yes I know

you already know it. Not trying to get you to do anything

you don't want to do deep down inside. Don't join anything on  
my behalf. I don't care. Just don't be boring. This poem is

where I stand at all times. It's not some silly broken mystery  
rotting in a forgotten  
cave. I live in the same real world as you. And again.  
Love is all you need. They want you to turn in your  
hopes, but you know better. Love is like the sky, all around,  
always.

Darryl Price    Wednesday, July 02, 2014

### Gift Card

Here's a genuine seahorse. It doesn't matter. Here a puffed-out  
cloud. Meant to float  
through your goo. Blue flowers just to brighten the holes poked  
into your ground. Look.

This is a poem. It's made up of feelings that stretch all the way to  
the moon and back. Just for fun. Watch. There's an

acorn and a leaf and a rabbit and a string of sparrows. They're  
bold

when it comes to french fries. I wish they were warmer in winter.  
There's a  
certain color, let's call it bluish, though it's sometimes tinted red.  
You don't have to  
weep for a living. There are a million ways to

sigh if you twinkle. Ah let them laugh. You'll laugh, too, eventually,  
when the

time is right. So here is your dog and my cat. Here is an old  
barn full of owls. Here is a sentence half-full of strange, familiar  
words. It's a  
crazy world. Come on. There's a snail with a whole

galaxy swirling around on its back. I like pancakes. Wish I could  
play the  
guitar like Eric Clapton if Eric wasn't such a blues snob. Yes.  
Some fireworks sound  
like rows of farts going off in a scarecrow's pants. Here's a lit-up  
sailboat. A  
fuzzy little bat. Box turtle. Mostly here's that friendly toy  
reminder.

