

You Knew It

by Darryl Price

was only a small enough matter
of time before you started to
show up as new words like soft pink clues dropped inside
tiny fingernail teacups to find their
innermost meaning, then wishes, floating up near the top like lots
of chocolate sprinkles.

You were already prancing, wild, practically shoeless--
parading naked behind their velvet panes like
giant bits of windswept hair full

of rain, sparkling with leaves. You brought the smells
of drenched flowers with you. If I
should open the window anywhere
in my world it's you I become
instantly aware of on the breeze. That's
why I'm hiding out at my writing
desk pretending to be deeply
thinking about all the rumbling, tumbling

trouble in the rough and gruff world we live in, but really
I'm hoping to see a shadow
on the wall that reminds me of
that soft slope your shoulder sometimes makes. I'll
put all the rest of the bent back pieces
together from over here. But it won't
be you anymore than this poem
will be me. I need your hand

to hold in my hands. I want your face
to go mute under the blinking lights to a
more natural lighting on your one and

only perfect skin. Your voice to belong
in my ear like a baby in
its mother's arms. Perhaps that won't
happen tonight. Or on any other night very
soon. You can't redeem these charges

for a more open willing heart
to suspend its own falling down star
for a more perfect blue filled sky cure-all. But that's
a blank card at best, inserted into
the deck on the off chance that you
might be willing to accept a
small miracle as repayment for
your simply being the best reason.

