

You May Be

by Darryl Price

beautiful, but you don't own beauty. You may
be sexy, but you don't own desire. You
may be smart, but you don't own wisdom.
You may be good and kind, but you

don't own love. You may like trees, but
you don't own the forest. You may like
to swim, but you don't own the ocean.
You may be a poet, but you don't

own inspiration. You may be quite capable, but
you don't own how and when healing works
for others. You may see and talk to
ascended Angels in your meditations, but you don't

own any part of heaven. You may be
a survivor of fear and hatred, but you
don't own courage. You may be broken-
hearted, but you don't own sadness. You may

be cynical as hell, but you don't own
dreaming of something better for yourself and your
loved ones. You may be alluring, but you
don't own attraction. You may be strong, but

you do not own perseverance. You may be
unique, but you don't own originality. You may
like to read, have good taste in books,
but you don't own the only library. You

are not the only librarian. You may like
clouds, but you don't own the sky. You

may like to make wishes, but you don't
own need. Or want. You may like to

make me shut up now, but you don't
own me. You may like your own mind,
your own take on things, better, but you
don't own my thoughts, which are with you.

Bonus poems:

To Fly
by Darryl Price

Where you belong is where you are,
simply because there you are. It
may be unfair, but you can't live
somebody else's life. We don't
like to talk about it, because
it means that eventually
leaving everyone, everything
without one exception. Where you

belong is not to forget, where
you belong is happening now.
It may be unfair, but there will
always be warm movements to heal
and carry you on. Because home
is always at the center of
goodbye. No one wants to hear this.
That's why poets are often burned

at the stake, driven into the
dark sea of despair. So sorry,
Virginia the Woolf. Where you
belong is where you try something
new. It may be frightening, most
things are, but you were the one who
broke down to pieces the lovely
moment between us. I'm here. Hi.

Hello. Sometimes I wish I weren't,
then I wouldn't have to know how
you chose to ignore the problem
two hearts can make as one. Where you
belong is however far you
get to before you disappear.
It may be unkind, but you lied
and I let you feel nothing for

it. Where you belong is not where
all the faithful are winning. Give
us a break. It may be foolish
of me, but I'm so tired of not
laughing with you. Where you belong
is where things are alright even
when they're not perfect. It may be
I'm leaving on the wings of a

worried dove. It may be just a final
true breath of dreaming. But oh I really
wanted you to know these few songs from
the garden. Where you belong we
have not forsaken ancestors
for modern conveniences.
It's early spring. It may be a

good place to get lost in the rain.

Half the Words
by Darryl Price

are gone. You didn't have to keep them flying, but you could have put them down more tenderly. Birds are singing. I very much like the sound. Someone told me that birds are losing the memory of their songs. Can you imagine a forest full of silent birds?

We know now that trees do actually talk to one another, through roots and wind and leaves. Through water and bugs. Like all families they nurture each other, especially the young. We murder them all the freaking time without a thought for their feelings, same as we do

with elephants. We want to use parts of their bodies to make some transitory money. We are a greedy bunch. Heartless. Cruel. Look how our leaders pretend to look the other way. No wonder aliens don't want to be seen out in the open. They probably get dire

warnings from whatever universal council they belong to: stay away, as far away as possible, from that planet. They shoot each other every day down there. Completely innocent people are mowed down at an alarming rate. And their leaders shut their doors and hide inside alcohol bottles. Yeah,

so half the words are meaningless because no one reads them with an open mind any more, much less an open heart. Words are whatever you make of them. Make some empathy. Make some compassion. Stop making them accuse us of everything wrong with ourselves. And if you

don't make anything of them, someone else will. Therein lies the danger of refusing the gift of music as it is given. After the initial experience it becomes a soft memory, neatly stored in your nerves and your brain like strands of a rope hanging down from a

tree house. So half the words are extinct. Whether you smoked them or not. Your story is being eaten alive. Unless you invent more words to be fully present and alive with, no matter the circumstances.

Words that mean what you mean to say. Words that come to

the rescue. Even if you're the saddest person on the planet. Words can help you discover and recover your inner creative person But you already know that, don't you? Somewhere along the line someone's words reminded you of this power, this potential within you to greet the new

days with chosen words of love. I chose these for you because you are my friend and you deserve the best words I can come up with at this time. That's about it. Everything else is just somebody pushing the repeat button. Hope you have a pleasant Spring.

