

You May Telephone From Here

by Darryl Price

There's something in the space you
are tonight that's for me a
sweet presence in my own life,
and so like any other
coward I write a poem
in vain. It will never be
seen as itself by you, but

possibly be mistaken
for an open window. Some
will definitely call it
furniture, some will wrongly
identify it as mere
photography, but it's a
hand, more specifically

my hand. It always was. True
friends long to touch each other
again. Sometimes the best we
can do is to reach out from
the room we are in, feeling
throughout our lives for the sweet
evidence that our love is

always coming after us.
In the meantime we fall
into deep dark sentences,
into words spoken to no

one in particular. I'll
send this any way, a part
of both our worlds, though not the best reason to open anything
up again.

Bonus stuff:

Writing Crawling On a Wall

by Darryl Price

"Art and Revolt will die only with the last man."--Albert Camus

"You'd better free your mind instead."--John Lennon

Cosmic-Consciousness is over. The revolution
Was just in your thinking.
Process this: what's left will
Be swept up into another
Reason for another war. Oh-yes
We may see the wringing
Of some hands for the
Poor sick, but none for
Their fellow man. Paid Politicians
Bellow about the need to

Protect the rich, who barely
Lift their pompous forks before
Going back to their comfortable
Arguments over which outboard motor
Performs best in bright sunshine.
The sky is blue and blue

Is so gorgeous! The revolution
Disappeared as if it never
Existed, turning into a charming
Postcard in a box of

Many more broken sets. Download
The APP today! The soundtrack's
Soundtrack has been packaged and
Repackaged for your phony listening
Pleasure in lieu of flowers.
TV's weathermen will now protect
Us from harm—they have
All the best machines for
Masters. Today's in-crowd have been
Pacified with pet machines of

Their own. The clones have
Won out over kindred spirits.
Gunslingers are in charge of
The darkness in our souls.
The revolution's beacon stains our
Heads with cracked, captured rain.
The innocent judgement of children
Is the only thing we
Can hope for to waken
Us from our stupid pride.

Author's Note

All the slings and arrows won't make it any less true. What will is the unselfish acts of caring people. This is what I believe in. People are capable of anything. They can turn into whales and save the world from hideous eternal dark things at the bottom of the oceans. They can bring their souls to bare--taking the brunt of anything out there with incredible grace. People have poetry and poetry has its

people. So even though I can write a piece like this I do it with a whistle and a wink.

War

The once shining lake was busy draining itself. All the better cared for boats were looking like disjointed discarded single shoes in a messed up paint

chipped closet. No one was thinking well okay a leaky sole is better than a wounded heel. You get the picture, it was pure roadkill. Turns out war causes

everyone to turn into their favorite cartoon animals. That part they got right. They were right to draw it on all the crumbling buildings and more than right

to reward it with its own special day with masks and everything, but you couldn't convince the public. Nothing convinces the public. All they want out

of this particular post life is to bite down into something warmish and finish the whole argumentative night off with a great big slice of Fall TV shows.

Hey they voted for it on both sides of the Atlantic. Only some of us chose to listen to some new music, not the kind you have to dress up for, but the kind

you have to show up for inside of yourself, to wake up to. Well perhaps that's too sarcastic if you care what other people think, it's not meant to be, it's only

a tiny pebble rolling down an ancient hill after all. The real mudslide began a long time ago when the dinosaurs decided to evaporate and the hordes of

walking fish decided to investigate the mountains of trash left over from that startling exit to see if they might have an appetite for monumental change,

too. Then we came charging along with our viciously trained tanks rolling over everything and flattening the script. If we had found a way to also roll up

the sky it would have been done, to hang on some guy's wall while he masturbates to Wagner. Again, too cruel or too polite? The war brought us

together. It forced us into a hole. It washed us out again and again. We gathered our things and told our feet to not look back, but some did anyway.

