You, the Real Story

by Darryl Price

I don't need to be told
how natural you are, not here.
I'm reminded every single
time I open my eyes.
What I want to know is
where have you gone? Why

has it taken you so very
long to return? But I
know the answer. You are
somewhere fighting for your dear
life. It's what we all do--
in our own way. I chose this

poetry. You didn't
believe in it, not all
the way, and so we were
parted. I don't blame you.
I couldn't be untrue
to the muse. You couldn't

be what you are not. Those
are some sad but good enough choices.
I've seen mine through to this
very moment and still
I want to tell you how
much you mean to me. I'll

never stop telling you.
Because we are always friends. And
friends stick together no
matter how far apart

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they are. You'll receive this
letter in whatever

form is currently possible. I
hope it's something like a
flower or a star that
only you seem to see
has a peculiar happy little
glow about it and smile.

Some old Bonus poems:

The Cliffs by Darryl Price

The flying trees had always gone back to being
the forest on its knees again, building its own
army against the encroaching birds and their blue widening
scarves. You could say it another way. Peace is
made but only kept by an emphasis on space.
Otherwise everything bites everything else and nothing gets any

sleep or sympathy. Listen. Grab a branch. Humanity is
just another one of those endless philosophical debates. The
flying trees flew into the mountains and stuck there.
It was a long time before they decided to
open their eyes and look down the cliffs at
what their lives had become. The nobility of having

traveled all that way got lost in the translation
from leaf to leaf. It doesn't make any difference.
Roots began their own religion and taught the stones

to speak. Then the rivers tried to buy hedge
favor with certain fish and on and on. Oh did
I mention the owls? They waited until the mice

were good and fat before they came out as
the moon's spies, with their saliva full of stars,
with their feathers full of stolen forks. Snails smeared
a warning on the ground, but weeds covered it
up with a bunch of oversized heads, too big
to be mistaken for a migration of moths. The

flying trees had made the classic mistake of believing
in a god that only loved trees. And now
as you can plainly see they have poetry written
all over their faces. That may not tell the
real story but it does hum the right tune
in this rising heat. I can't help it. The flying

trees are beautiful in their practiced sorrow like any
group of amateur dancers. They may still have a
long way to go, but I want to whisper
something tender to them before that happens. The flying
trees are remembering something all together, and when it finally clicks in
there will be no more need for such raw confusion ever again. dp

Two Flowers Thrown Into a Vase
by Darryl Price

For Emily Dickinson

My home is gone. I'm an orphan too now, meaning I wasn't

Always so alone on this earth. Everyone I see is running from something invisible.
But they still sail their candles to the moon every night, hoping
To someday awaken someone on the other side of this glory
Who just might send them back a kind thought or give

An answer in the form of some spelling birds. I've never received
Any kind of feather from the heavens with my name on it yet.
You and I are not alike in our choice of dogs, but
I still like to think of you walking the quiet night time streets
Alone with yours, breathing in the soft pelting raindrops that others mistrust and run from

With an intensity unlike any other person alive. That was your gift
More than your red hair, more than your refusal to
Give up your name or your fight with God and
The devil, believing both of them to be inadequate to
The task of being near enough to you to ever break

Your heart again any more than it already was. Instead you broke
Your own heart, and mine with it I might add. Who knew you
Had such power, that could wait for centuries to explode like that into
A sudden hurricane like force? Did the little flowers know this secret? Did the Irish?
Perhaps the good children playing in the garden? All I know

Is what's here, we are together again, not in a fanciful dream,
But in a real sense of the world, getting near the
End of something terribly unimaginable about to happen and I only wish I
Had your hand to hold. I suppose that is very
Selfish of me. You let your hand go where it

Wanted to go and nowhere else. You gave it the

Most important task of all, to put your cruel abandonment
Into a letter, without asking for any such forgiveness from them, without a twirl
Of singled out regret. You telegraphed that pain to the stars above and
Dared them to respond, all the while knowing full well

How they laughed behind your back. But the dog was
Faithful, the writing desk was faithful, the flowers were never
Going to go anywhere alone again without you, even the rain throwing itself
On the windows was a constant and faithful companion you could count on
To see you as you truly were, a warrior with

A sewn booklet of original coded words, meant to open emotional
Locks in people, meant to join clouds of butterflies together. Your home now
Is everywhere, mine is still somewhere hazy in the distance up ahead.
I don't know why it means so much to me
To speak to you in this bolded way. I'm not looking

For an answer to your being. As Paul said to John, you'd probably
Say that we were worlds apart, but I feel something
Different today. I would have liked to see you smile
With some more teeth put squarely into it, or the back of your head tied
Into a beautiful power ponytail instead of an acceptable practical bun. I think you

would have breathed a sigh of fantastic relief in a pair
of old lived in bluejeans and some comfortable open-toed shoes. You got a message to my future blockhead self somehow.

I'm not talking about all the others who also may hear your voice today. This is

As much as I can hope to do for you, but I'm

So glad for even the small chance. It's an honor. Thank you, oh little singing wind.

Yours Truly(first draft) by Darryl Price

This is the sound I make. I don't know what I'm doing here other than being me. You can shut the door if you'd like. I'm making my art out of something that already feels pretty done inside. It's not always so sad to me. I don't

want you to be sad either. It's more like taking a picture of the impossible ocean. It's useless. Really, it doesn't change anything. Facts may be true but they don't necessarily tell you the truth. I wish I had something more

interesting to say to you, just for fun, but you've heard it all before—we all have. Why take another familiar seat in the shadow of the audience? You're on the other side of the story there from someone else's

foreign perspective. I don't want you to stumble around quietly in the dark for me. There's only one reason to settle for things the way they are. Either you want to be free there or you don't feel it in your soul here. I don't like

dividing things up into opposing camps. It's just another way to lie to yourself. I don't envy people their spectacular speeding lives on cash. But I wouldn't wish mine upon anyone else either. Not that it's so bad. It's nice enough,

but I still want to see if you can imagine an action that would make you genuinely happy all the time. If you want to go out and dance you don't need my permission to let go of yourself. If you want to be a kind person

no one is stopping you. Get started. We don't have that luxury, nor do we need it, nor do we want it. You're the forgiver or else there is no forgiveness. You've got the power within you now or there is no time. I can't say what your

actions will bring to the table, even if they are done with a lot of deep care. You can't think in terms of rainbow colored physics all the time. It's too cold when you can't touch another human being. That's all I know. We

all want to get somewhere far away very badly, but we are somewhere all the time. Everywhere is somewhere real. You are here. Still in the garden. Staring at the gate. Home is a bigger concept than you remember in your absence of

daydreams. Welcome. I've thought of all the big questions for you. But I don't want to die in a philosophical hell just because I wouldn't let go of the memory argument. It's stupid. What isn't stupid to me is making a

kind of music as you go. That's the best I can say it. So, I say it. That's my choice. I like it. I really do. And I seem to care about you for some reason. That's why I make this sharing thing hum for you. To cheer you up and not let you

down. Making a funny face. Tipping my hat. Walking away. Walking away. Turning around. Grinning a grin. Waving a wave. It's not much, but it's not meant to end that way. It's meant to return hello with a simple smile like a grinning rainbow.

How to Break All the Rules by Darryl Price

I don't want your brand-new world order alibi. Your latest
twist off politics. I haven't been true to any faith,
but I still like people. I don't want to fire
any shot. I will not fight you, but I will
not join. We are not saints. We are not the

masters of angels. We are ordinary. We are doomed in
our limited capacity to love. We are like you. We
are expiring all the time. We are losing everything at
an alarming rate, blazing as we walk or run through
each day. But I still see beauty all around us.

I don't want your money. I don't need a gun.
I haven't begun to read all the books I look
forward to visiting in this lifetime. I'm still discovering
the joys of music. Nature is much bigger than all
us humans put together. The stars are trying to tell
us something important. I still don't want to harm any
other being, but I may have to. I'm not an
idiot. Peace is a pretty good dream to have, but
I'd settle for a little cooperation. I'm a poet on
purpose. I believe in love, but it may not be

enough. It's still the best ingredient we have, to make
sense out of our lives, to heal the pain and
to deliver any true goodness we possess as kindness in
action. I don't want your fingers remodeling my brain for
the new century. I don't buy your bullying tactics. I
don't believe that rules should be built like impenetrable walls
to keep out new ideas. Art, like trees and plants, must always
be given its own free space in any blueprints for
change to preserve the integrity of the designers. We are
builders because we care, not because we fear every shadow.