

You Were This Close

by Darryl Price

I don't know if we'll meet again
in the sea of light. Circumstances
aren't only up to human
beings. After all maybe it's

all drunk circumstance, but that doesn't
answer the blinding question,
it only poses some more. This
is what we know. You are what I

knew surfacing in the sky, a
deeply frying dream on fire. That
doesn't give you anything to
go on. It's a story stuck to

another story's moisture pack
inside a larger jar of stories.
You can see this picture from
your bedroom window. You can know

its raw material when your
feet hit the ground running. I held you once
and it didn't feel like the end
of the world to me. That's what you

give off. I'm a different kind
of continuous animal.
My hair is full of birds and wheat
fields and luminous leaves. I can't

deny this. I no longer want
to. I only meant to find the
right words to thank you. And gift you
this. All else is what betrayed us.

Bonus poem:

Part of the Map

of you keeps popping up in my bittersweet
dreams like a mausoleum, but I don't know
what for. You are not a ghost. You
are not a passionate rocking chair. There is
no insatiable journey taking place. My travel days
are simple well being and over. I get
that there are different modes that have nothing
to do with flying cars and everything to

do with laser shots of electricity zapped between
certain neurological catchers in the atomic windows of
our physical structures, but I don't want to
rely on that instrument as the ultimate truth
inside the music I'm listening to. Even if you get to the
yummy center it wouldn't change things around for you or me,
except

now you have been thrown back further outside
the (hidden churches of wildflowers by trees) circle of most
future

conversation—because you have seen its deeper meaning
first hand. That's the problem with any kind
of youthful idealism in life—it only brings
you back to the start. You are the

being you are and you are the one
that is. Should this make you a nebulous
mystic of some sort? Only if it helps
you in any way to embrace your own

below the sea human nature radar for some kind of ultimate
happiness.

Only if you mean to grow brighter and
brighter until you find yourself dangerously close to
leaving a sacred shell on the clear night
floor in a silver pail of watery like moonshine like
a long gone silence . But back to the coup
de grace. I've given you my poetry as
an embarrassingly yelling madman. I've given my poetry

as a nice little lover on the side. Because our love,
to me it should have always meant something different
than the regular misunderstandings between the multi-cellular
organisms that
need all that protein just to function. I breathe to convince
myself that you are really a wonderful evening
I'm having and not just an anthill of
shall we say tests. So that's how I
came to write this poor thing scratching at your door this
evening.

