

Your Boredoms

by Darryl Price

Your boredoms are not my fascinations. Your boredoms
Belong to the ice caves with the Mammoths,
Although haven't they been tortured enough by the
Changing winds? Your boredoms are far from twinkling

Objects in the beaks of ancient crows, prophesying
A new age of heartbreak and misunderstanding. Your
Boredoms, I'll do my best to escape them,
But that means you, too. Your boredoms need

To disappear permanently. Your boredoms send a frightened
Animal into the thorns of no contest, I
Wonder if you could be more gentle? Your
Boredoms have never sung into the wind, have

Always bent themselves towards the death of innocents.
Your boredoms don't love babies. Your boredoms are
Sharing a joint in a back alleyway at
Almost dawn. Your boredoms are like my head

Hurts. Take it or leave it. Your boredoms
Having already used the key, have left the
Door unlocked. Your boredoms like the flu are
Taking a long nap. Your boredoms have set

The wordless table. Your boredoms are upturning the
Waiting guitars with miserable glee. Only the shadows
Agree. Your boredom's pockets are full of damaged
Money. Your boredoms are missing a foot, maybe

A few fingers, certainly a heartbeat. Your boredoms
Are moving noiselessly towards cynicism. Your boredoms, like
The rest of the sheep, are floating with
Nothing to guide them but their stomachs. Your

Boredoms are making me feel sunk, falsely accuse
Every star of failing to shine. Your boredoms
Have thrown my poetry into the bushes. Your
Boredoms have come home minus that impossible kiss.

Bonus:

a friend of mine who wishes to remain anonymous sent this remix.
I love it!

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