

Building This Thing and That Wall

by Darryl Price

The world has long since been bootlegged by madmen. The new
invisible con men are the same as the old
visible con men, hiding and lying
behind their walls of lingering death. There's a weapon
wielding demon hell bent on an insane
vengeance crawling around inside this tough guy's
moneyed flesh suit who would be your willing
angry champion if you so choose it. He
thinks his pale thoughts are his own fleshy dreams. But they
belong to the old self-righteous gangsters

of a sick empire still trying to own
everything and everyone for naught else
but the genocidal trying for ultimate bragging rights. They are
smoke-ringed bored angels, wasting all time, the most
prejudiced dangerous kind. No longer
so interested in doing good works, but in
bigger threats and damaging nightingale
explosions amongst all the innocent
stars of the jungle night sky, blaming every
lending hand in time but themselves for the

smoldering destruction of the all life-
giving forests. It's sad, to be sure, but
it should come as no surprise. The war is
never quite finished with heartbreak. It just
gets handed down. Babies are born melting
into the inequality fight like
so many pelting raindrops. Young men are used like

flat nails to crack down doors with their foolish hard heads, when all they want is to find someone to open their saturated hearts to peace.

Girlfriends weep from every wounded corner, in every dusty crack of dawn, from every stoned and broken window, in every stinking smoke stack town and try to shield the love in their care from the lust of suffocating hate. And still that's just one finger smudged revolving picture of life happening behind the moving cut glass frontier of our modern times. Listen. There are others. You make one. You find one. Share it with us. Be the one. Build not to destroy, but to welcome.

Bonus poem:

The Broken Path to the River
by Darryl Price

You break my heart. I'll give you that.
You're doing it again, but I'm
Not looking. You break me open
Like lost poems that were never

Published. Eating cherries behind
Closed shutters. A wooden plow dragged
Like a comb over the bald head

Of the moon. Like a low green sky,

Okay? You break my heart more or
Less as a vital matter of
Inspired weightlessness. You break me
Down, on a Sunday—I don't know

How you do it—in stunning shifts
Of utter silence. I don't want
These thoughts to continue, but I
Know they will. Like bumblebees. Like

My poor attempt at a joke. Like
A glass of purely functional
Iced coffee. You break my heart. Like
Clouds wherever you go, not so

Much wild as being pulled along
As empty line. I really have
To explain the overarching
Concept? You break my heart. It hurts

Like hell. It leaves me abandoned.
Maybe I should go into the
Words and never come out again
To the path where you are living

With your latest fierce loneliness.
After all our kissed promises
I walk like I can't feel it, like
I can't breathe to remember how.

Some comments below for above bonus poem:

comments



Bill Yarrow, 2 days ago

"Like a comb over the bald head / Of the moon."

Amazing line in a fiercely-moving astounding poem.

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Samuel Derrick Rosen, 2 days ago

I like this line:

You break my heart more or

Less as a vital matter of

Inspired weightlessness.



Mathew Paust, 47 hours ago

If this doesn't get her attention what in HELL will?? This? Alone?

"You break my heart. Like clouds wherever you go, not so much wild as being pulled along as empty line." If that doesn't do it, forget her!

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Kitty Boots, 43 hours ago

This made me ache in a heartbreak-type way, deja vu, nice work

Frankenstein-created-woman-blu-ray-top.thumb

Sam Rasnake, 32 hours ago

Good poem, DP. Especially like these lines:

"Like hell. It leaves me abandoned.

Maybe I should go into the

Words and never come out again

To the path where you are living"

I like the image of movement, motion in the piece. Strong way to close the poem.



Amanda Harris, 31 hours ago

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