

Calling All Feathers, Do You Hear

by Darryl Price

These little things, they are the hopes
We were waiting for, they are everywhere.
I made this one just for you.
Call them feathers. Call them roses. You'll always

See them if you need them. These
Little things carry the good news that
Started a long time ago. Call it
Stardust. Call it sunshine. You'll

Feel them if you believe in your heart
Little things have not faded away. Little things
Are there, in the mornings. Sometimes hanging
From the stars from night. You can't

Expect living lights not to have a playful
Nature about them. Call It rain. Call it breathing.
Call it walking with a golden key. When
People kiss on purpose it can knock

Your socks off. Little things have incredible
Authority. Little things remind us to listen and
To live. Little things are holy beings,
Don't you think? Call it free. Call

It a glowing smile against the utter darkness.
It's a familiar song, a familiar hunger even

In the soul of your central humanity
System telling you to wake up once more, more

Than your ever after body wants. Called being
Inside out. Call it a sisterhood with the
Earth. Call it divine, but only if
You deliver the humor without judgement or

Horror. These little things are never suicide
Notes, but prizes you open with your
Mind's window locks. Wide around you. Sunset. Moon
rise. Can you believe our luck? Good. Quick. Come look.

Bonus poems:

Puppet by Darryl Price

That monster underneath the bed
Is no dancing dog. I wish you
Could feel something, other than your
Darkness or mine. We're all bored with

The same frustrations. No heaven
For the rat in the maze. All these
Years spent believing are now a
Soft memory of doomed love. Thing

Under the bed gives dreamers a
False sense of the landscape to come.
The creeping musk under the bed
Is no prophet telling you to

Let your wife go home to her own
Salt, licking the walls clean of your gone
Presence, but a shadow put there
By your own selfishness and

Pretending to be asleep. The
Monster under the bed is no
Apologist, he might be a
Bomb threat, but not to your person,

But on your tendency to want
Someone else to not bullshit you. The
Tripped claw underneath the bed is
In your head, always has been, but

That doesn't mean it won't bite you.
Mirror under the bed, the heaped
Dust around it, reveals itself
In slow motion, over time and

By years to be less scary than
Utterly pathetic; something
Unwashed, never unexpected.
A Mess that lies lost in all single socks.

Birds and Beasts by Darryl Price(an early draft)

The world has gone crazy, but please let me make you
One of my songs. You can eat it, if you want.
It tastes better when it's fresh, but you can also take
It with you on long journeys. The world has gone crazy,

But not everyone has turned into a gun. The world has

Gone crazy, but the gardeners have not been wiped completely
out

Of our heads. They are still there, planning beauty and
sustenance

With every whistle. The birds and the beasts may run from

Our fires, but they still crave a tender touch. The world
Has gone crazy, but it's not the first time. The world
Has gone crazy, but we have not forgotten them. They were
Children once before the adults experimented on their innocence.
The world

Has gone crazy, and we must forgive them for that horror,
But we won't join them on their march. World's gone crazy,
But the sky is as on our side as it can
Be, diluting the pollution with its own toils, painting the warnings

On a canvas of stars like always, with exuberance and sometimes
Heart-rending beauty. If you bend down and watch the
semaphores of

The tiniest butterflies, you will see that they are saying that
Home is eventually in every direction. The world has gone crazy,

But there is a way to remain sane, if not safe,
And that is up to each one of us to decide.
It's not a trick, it's a choice, it's a living prayer
And an act, but it cannot be coerced, only given, only

Received and passed on. Bless everyone you meet, but be
prepared

To defend each blade of grass beneath your feet. The world
Has gone crazy, but we cannot go with it. You'd be
Surprised how much a merry tune in the middle of the

Fight can prevent further bloodshed. If you can't hear one, make

One up. The world has gone crazy and I don't want
To pretend this doesn't make me sad, but not so sad
That I no longer care. The world has gone crazy, but

There are little blue flowers pushing their soft faces against the
Protective plastic shields of modern living and struggling to make

a

Gurgle of their own. My guess is they have something important
To say. I want to listen. I will be listening for

As long as I can. We don't have to drink the
Spouting-off hatred. Turn it off. Pour it out. Knock it out
Of the hands of your friends and family. The world has
Gone crazy, but we're still here if we keep

Our love alive in everyone everywhere. That is the hope. Yeah,
It's a pretty big concert to give. We'd better get started.
Remember I made this one up for you out of nothing
More than a friendship on paper, but it's worth more folding. dp

