

Elephant with a little Poet on its Head

by Darryl Price

“Every word was once an animal.”--Emerson

This circle has been
Broken. The mother has
Disappeared inside the wounds
Of gunfire like an
Eye drop. Who knows if
Any of them left, crunched
Down, whole into the graveyard's
Sacred cusp after that forced

Crawl? If teeth were
Yanked out while they
Were still crying for
Mercy from the poachers?
What makes for a bit
Of elephant luck in the
World today? A mud bath
Or a hard swing of

Trunk into the face
Of a dental hunter?
They are related to
Us through stardust and
Just plain dust. Their children's
Eyes want the same answers
Our own ask. Are we

Loved and can we love?

Or is that too
Much? A passionate life
Filled with passionate kisses,
And hugs from friends?
Without her they must learn
To reinvent the world once
More. There is no time.
The circle's wobbly at best.

It will take years
To find the wisdom
To understand their heart's
Secret language again. She
Used to sing it to them.
It sounded so right. But
Now something's breaking for both
Of us, Dear Ones.

(Show me the way
you Angels of words
please I pray to
speak and be heard.)

