

# Frozen Bird Pie

*by* Darryl Price

I like how you completely disappeared  
inside a undetermined and yet planned point of  
pretty view, like a rabbit with a chained  
pocket watch, like a stunned, frozen bird with

a still burning bullet in its tiny  
feathered brain. You could say that one life just  
somehow carried you away into the  
other, like a used candy wrapper piece,

roughly grabbed at and thrown in the air by  
an ill-mannered wind, but we both know you  
let it go. I suppose the rushing gobs of  
wet green and dried brown scenery was as

good as any long blue goodbye might have  
actually been for you. It smeared my  
normal reaction time to certain tall  
shade trees down to a crawl for years. And the

hidden places in rivers where the sun's  
searing fingers poked out momentary  
clear holes now seems obviously empty  
of all possibility for freshly

pumped water meanings or even gladder  
secret meetings. My sad guess is this has  
nothing at all to do with your face. You  
don't want to be remembered that way. That's

the tricky part. Your wish is my command.  
I'm setting these words on fire even as

we speak, for the last time, even as we  
wrinkle into lying portraits of our

own dusty memories, into deserts  
of impossible thirst, into soft cracked  
mirrors of hard regrets. Here's that smooth black  
stone retrieved, not shattered, not worth a damn.

Bonus poems:

### Luminous Shards

by Darryl Price

They knocked you just for one more  
Day, but the number had been  
Rolled. When you offered me your  
Friendship, I felt my feet were  
Both slipping overboard. They  
Marked you from their first bite, but  
They don't intend to share the  
Rest. They rob you in order

To sell what's left, but when you  
Offered me your friendship, I  
Gave away everything for  
Free. Now I have been placed at  
The end of your telescope,  
An individual stamped

Title for a casual  
Star. They chased you hoping to

Claim you as collateral.  
I wouldn't think of such a  
Dodge. When you offered me your  
Friendship the fabric of my  
Guitar turned into a shroud.  
They hunt you for your joy, but  
That's like killing a flower  
For its color, what little

There is. When you offered me  
Your friendship, you missed music  
That had only the two of  
Us holding it together.  
Now the one thought holding this  
Room is the click of fingers  
Weeping against the keyboard,  
Lost in rain. When you offered

Friendship, I ran into walls  
And tossed down stairs. They prayed you  
For your light, but that's smashing  
The moon for luminous shards,  
The glow is false. You offered  
Friendship like you'd forgotten  
Your name, but made sure I  
Never would. Yeah, I hear them,

Too, complaining about us.  
Believe me, I'm trying to  
Live through this the only way  
I know how. The poet begs  
To differ. When you offered

Your friendship it was almost  
Too sad to contemplate. All  
I could see was your pink face.

The music has its own sweet swinging by Darryl Price

pod child hanging in the soft balance  
like an emerging star between the  
maybe and the lonely. We were once  
caught kissing in the tunnels where the  
lazy sky drips into the fields like  
honeysuckle juice. I thought you would  
probably turn into a soulful

magnetized swan with your full sun eyes  
shut so tightly to hold in the new  
tongue taste. It was heavenly to make  
up a simple song out of nothing  
more than wind and debris and sing it  
like a magical incantation  
to no one for the first time. These things

only happen once before they are  
forever blacked out by intruding  
voices of the fearful overseers  
of any childhood escape plan. They  
really don't want to see us go, but  
honestly we're already gone the  
moment we touch each other's warm hands.

