

Hand Grenades, or The Child in Your Eyes is Exploding the Known Universe

by Darryl Price

There is a war, but is it not
In my heart? There is a war, but
You are not the reason. There is a
War, but we're all doing what we can.

There is a war, but it is not just
Your fight. There is a war, but I
Wished you still walked around amongst us. There's a
War, but I'm fixing to have a good old

Time. There is a war, but it doesn't
Make much sense. There is a war, but I
Didn't know that and neither did you. There
Is a war, but also a butterfly, fanning

The small fire that is your hair into a
Perfectly delicious fragrance of summer. There is a war, but
I'll recite my empty poems to the pissed
Off trees if I want. There is a war, but my

Own doppelganger pretends not to hear any of
this coming out of my mouth. There is a war, but it doesn't
have to be like this, not like this.

There is a war, but you are being

So awfully quiet now. There is a war,
But I recognize it in your eyes. There is a
War, but you should make a picture of
It for someone you once loved. There is a war, but I'm only

Trying to get back home, aren't you? There is
A war, but peace and love get in
The way. There is a war, but aren't
you still sleeping on the floor? There is a war, but

I can't stand being anywhere without you. There is
A war, but the snobs like it best that
Way. But all I've got to get you
Some Heaven now is a scribbled line or

Two about how hard it is to be
Strong, let's face it, that sucks. There's a
War, you can smell it, but do me a
Favor, and pay me back in kisses only. There

Is a war, but smile at me some more. There
Is a war, but it has always seemed
to me that we have seen too much already.
There is a war; the sky's the limit, I am told.

Bonus Poems:

Signal in the Sky

by Darryl Price

They interfere plenty. I don't think that
Angels care if we dance or not. We would

Have felt something, that's how we think we know.
They have only one station. I'm pretty

Sure it's classical twenty-four hours
A day. Talk about nostalgia for

The Good old days. At least we're still searching
For the beat in the jungle. I mean who

Sends a white horse as a nightmare to a
Frightened sleeper? Only someone who thinks

They know everything. The point is, I don't
Believe that believing anything makes

You better than another person. If
It makes you happy that doesn't give you

The right to always declare it in my
Direction like it's the only way to be

Authentic in this or any other
World. Blind obedience to a machine,

Whether it is radiant or not, is
Not my idea of a joyful love.

I'm glad we have each other. I'm thankful
we are still playful. I'm happy to have

an ego, to still feel the great big thrill
of lust. Take your lies and stuff them. Dance on.

Pleasures by Darryl Price

The sun, or whatever it is,
is falling closer. I don't think
that it's going away any
time soon. But here I am a man

still seeking your face on every
leaf. Like a forest of elegant
bulbs this makes it way better;
doesn't make it blow away. I

don't believe in being forbidden
to laugh or to cry. That's my
problem. There's plenty I don't understand,
but it doesn't stop me

from feeling everything on and
on until the end. The sun, or
whatever is shining, seems to
be debating what makes a dream

and what is awakening, but
my question is for you--will you
still be love's message to us when
tomorrow is the only day

left on earth? The sunshine, or the

inevitable squinting sky,
shifts its own pleasures like a
sleeping lion sometimes, but I

and I must allow for the shadows
of our workhorse atoms to
move mountains and swing the maid back
onto her silver saddle before

listing over into another
starry despair. We've a
purpose after all in the grand
clash of the majestic kitchens.

