

I Don't Blame You

by Darryl Price

for going for
the river and
being blinded
by its millions
of invisible

fish, all sparkling
like pink enchanted
dreams made of rose
quartz and shaped like glass
roses, who would? I
fell for an illusion

after
my own fashion,
but I could always
admit my
mistakes and catch

a laugh out of
the blue. I always
looked forward
to your smile. It
seemed to belong
everywhere.

Bonus poems:

The Theatre

I'm here
because
you went.

Love and Sex

I won't do it. I won't lose my heart. You should be looking for something with as much time on its clock as you have in your dreams. You wouldn't get anything from this but love and sex. Love, yes. Love. But in the end you would be made to cry. Because it can't be any other way. I won't do it. You can't make me. Please. Go away. Please. Come back. Maybe we could just hug it out.

This is What They Want Me to Say by Darryl Price

I don't care, but some part of me still does. I know that's confusing. Once I held a Swallowtail on my finger. Its feet felt soft as string. Now there are no butterflies in my backyard. I sure miss them. Been standing in the pumpkin fields

before, so cold, so cold my smile

was shaking in my face. I looked
for you, but you were still missing.
You weren't in the clouds. On the moon.
But maybe you were in the winds

that day. I know something beyond
the playful slap on the back was
trying to tell me to listen
for you. It hurt not to pick up

the sound of your laughter mingling
with all the rest. I don't want to
pretend I'm okay. I should be
going inside now. How is the

world still so beautiful? I can't
believe I am walking in it
like I just might belong. I don't.
I've never. I mean not without

your fingers. I mean not without
your brands. I mean not as myself.
Sometimes words get in the way of
my talking with you. Can't get out

of my way. I am in the way.
My poems are in the way. My
tears fall in the way. We share a
rose and some rain. That's all the wisdom there is.

