

I Want to Sing To You

by Darryl Price

without looking at the words. I want to draw a picture of you
without setting my hat on fire. I want to swing you around in an
open field

without thinking something's bound to go wrong. I want to touch
your hands

without resorting to an old map found buried in a book on fairies.

To run with you in the downpour without looking for a quick
squeezed

way in. Want to remember your face because it's resting in my
fingers like a cherry

pit. I want to sit with you in front of the ocean without
planning to take one shell. I want to find you in a garden

without thinking I should remove my shoes first and put them
under a

rose bush for safe keeping. I want to give you that dance without
dropping all blanks

in the chamber for good luck. I want to embrace your name
without

falling into an unmade ditch of spears head first. Want to drink
your

trance without going home and putting myself to bed afterwards.
I want to

play my guitar like a wounded warrior without having to explain
the nature of all scars.

I want to leave my most careless poems on your doorstep without
having

to fold up all the moonbeams into neat little rows before I go.

Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/darryl-price/i-want-to-sing-to-you>»*

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Bonus poem:

You Can Push Things(a daft first draft)

to the back of your mind like a box of unpacked beloved books if you want, but that's no life I want to explore any further with you. We don't have as much time as we once did to believe in something other than an empty bottle of dreams. Love is still real even when the mud begins to fizzle and leap out of its own way. That's all I wanted to

say. I don't believe their lies any more now than I did before I went missing. They want you to spit your love on the ground like bitter drugs. To tear the bells out of the golden dragon infested clouds like a fistful of wires. To sink the last of the flower petal boats with heavy rocks. To smash all singing birds to death against the brick walls. But I don't buy

their latest diet wars. Their brand name barrels of bargain smoking guns.

Their greasy gravy jars full of deliciously simmering coiled bombs. Their sick

little insurance run churches of the barbecued nightmares of innocent children. Listen.

Love is always going to be all even when all else is floating to the burning ground. That's what I want you to remember

you already know. I'm not trying to get you to do anything

you don't want to do deep down inside. Don't join anything on my behalf. I don't care. Just don't be boring. This poem is where I stand. It's not some silly broken mystery rotting in a rough hewn cave. I live in the same real world as you. And again. Love is all you need. They want you to turn in your hopes, but you know better. Love is like the sky, all around.

Darryl Price Wednesday, July 02, 2014

