

I'm Feeling the Monkey Around your Neck Isn't Quite Listening

by Darryl Price

The sky's hand's so big and
so vast that it takes our
huge sun at the end of
day and squeezes it down
to a perfect diamond--
just like Superman
with a lump of coal-- poof!--
obliterates it. And it's gone.

Next day it's seen floating
around everywhere again,
like an inflatable
beach ball. I can make that
one word if I want to--
this isn't scrabble you
know. All of which points us
to the point. I can make

that a period. Let
go of me. Just listen.
There's a tune out there taking its
own particular time
to pitch a note just for you. It wants
obviously to please
you. Personally I
don't care. I only want

to know when to give my
sad slide the flesh and blood
it so desires. It's
a harsh universe. What's
that you're always saying
to me? Christ, if I actually
believed that
was all there was to this

breathing I would exhale
only. Here is something
taking shape in space just for you. And
there is no other you.
Damn the critics to a
lashing hell of their own
sour tongues. I can't make it
last one minute longer,

or stop it going off the final
trail any shorter than what
it takes. Okay? It will
on the surface appear
to be nothing more than
words. Granted oh wise one.
But so do a lot of
things. Figure it out. What

I mean to say is I
hope there's more to this than
that. Why don't we sit back
and see what dreams happen
next? I'm glad you're here. There.
I guess it all comes down
to mundane seating arrangements
after all, dear one.

Bonus poems:

I'm Bored With Your Tomorrow Discounts

by Darryl Price

Thank you for your support. I
just want to walk in the park.
Your failing infrastructures,
your college savings plan. As
I look around all I see

are your marmalade cowboy
politics. I just want to
walk in the park. Your online
contests, your easy chicken
dinners, vehicle safety
features. I'm sick to death of

your limited time offer.
Just let me walk in the park.
Your expert advice. Shadow
always looming over me.

Give me breathing. Give me bees.

I just want to walk in the
park. Genuflection to the
dark angel of our nature.
It's gross. I just want to walk
the park. Give me the shoulders
of Venus. Try coming down.

Clouds and Everything and Mountains by Darryl Price

We chanted to the sun. Chanted
to the moon. We chanted to the
stars. We chanted to the grass. We
chanted to the trees. We chanted
to the oceans pouring over
our heads. We chanted to the winds.

We chanted to the new flowers.
Only the flowers appeared to
be listening. Because of this
profound understanding between
us we fell deeply in love with
everything. Little did we know

that love attracts a lot of bugs.
Bugs have no sense of decorum.
They only know to congregate
and make a lot of buzzing noise
before they expire in great heaps.
This made us laugh. Well it made me

laugh but only because it was
a scene that also had your ears

in it. We made a fire out of
just the two of us holding the
universe in our eyes and that
became something worth knowing. I

was not the one who would hurt you.
I voted for Strawberry fields
forever. You bought the dream you
were eventually handed.
That gave the story an ending
I'd never have thought of as good.

A Sudden Window

by Darryl Price

There is someone looking for you
for him or herself. I don't know if they'll
keep on looking forever when
we live our present lives so far
apart from each other. You might
as well be behind a glass at
all times. But I still would want that

lucky person to somehow reach
you and get consent to hold you.
That would make the whole world worth it.
Even if I can never see
that feeling or feel that sighting
myself. There's someone who completes
your chemical composition

as himself, but he may not be
that unselfish. He may refuse
to know you as you are, and that
would break my heart for you. Coming
close to being almost complete
is not the best way to walk through
this ticking down life. But maybe

he'll feel the inevitable
pull, break the glass, or maybe the
spirit of the glass'll recognize
him and open itself up like
a sudden window or a door
inside the air. That's a moment
I wish for you. That's all I'll say.

The Unbearable Heaviness of Selfies

by Darryl Price

All you haters spreading
poison. Poison kills. Hate
is dumb. How many have
you harmed? Why do you have
to be so cutthroat? Hate
is dumb. Is my calling
hate dumb politically
incorrect? The tragedies
of war have come
to our door. Hate is dumb.
War is dumb. Haters murder
truth. Words hang in the
air because they can't believe

in themselves. Hate is
dumb. John made the mistake
of teasing weak men with
guns. You can't tease a man
with a gun. Or a hat.
Or a uniform. Hate
is dumb. War is dumb. Death
gives lillies a bad rap.
Hate is a crime against
the practice of kindness.
Soldiers will shoot unarmed

students if given the
right order. How many
numbers make up a soul?
How many poets are
alive in the world today?
Don't care. People aren't
numbers. Hate is dumb. The
world is sick and no one
wants to do anything
about it. It makes me
sad, but that doesn't mean
I'm not happy. I'm not,

but certain things make me
glad to believe in the
magic of being here.
But dumb hate is not one.
All you haters so sure
of your propaganda
against love and compassion.
It is never too
late. Hate kills happiness.
Generates suffering.

Hate is dumb. Life goes on.
In this we're together.

The Tiger Who Jumped Over the Moon

by Darryl Price

Lord knows we all tried to stop him
from doing it. You're crazy we said. This
makes you look like a lunatic. They'll hunt
you down in even heavier droves now. You've
upset their delicate memories. I tried to stop
it. That's cow territory my friend I said
but it didn't matter. He had made up
his mind to jump and mean to and

so he did. I'm going to miss petting
his fuzzy head as we walked through the
jungle together. It wasn't so much that I
felt safe with that tiger but I preferred
his growl to almost any other sound. It
made me feel glad to be alive. Anyway
what's done is done. He's gone. One day
I'll be gone. Maybe we'll see each other

again and the laugh will be on something
other than us. Or maybe it doesn't matter.
He's gone and so is a pretty big
chunk of the world. It was funny. A
tiger taking a flying leap over the moon
like that. Many astronomers were puzzled by what
they were seeing in their telescopes that night,

that's for sure. I don't think that's why

he did it. I think he just wanted
to feel something else for himself. To see
if there was more to it all than
this barroom brawl we've been handed. I see
some stars look a little more like tiger's
teeth tonight. Thanks for the grin my friend.
I'm writing you this poem because it's all
I've got left. You know what it's for.

Mirrors/srorriM

by Darryl Price

It's weird to be here. I wonder if you
are here too. You'd probably say oh that
was years ago. And you would be right. But
I like the things we believed in then. Some
of them I still do. You're old I guess. You
were so pretty and golden in your new
bathing suit. And I was too skinny from
smoking too much and eating too little.
But I was always up for writing you
another lovesong. I don't know if we had

troubled minds. We had aching hearts. And there
didn't seem to be much relief for that.
But still we laughed a lot. And we knew how
to take care of each other. That's something.
I don't like to hear the people calling
other people monsters. It makes me think
of broken mirrors. Trees full of them. Stars

flashing them like knives. Windows on houses
where no one has seen a living face in
years. It's weird to be here, incapable

of talking with you without missing the
smallest things, except through a bunch of typed
out words on a computer screen. I used
to love my typewriter. The way it pressed
each letter deep into the paper's dough,
the crowded sentences starting to line
up like chattering concert goers with
thrills and unknown expectations in their
eyes. We held hands once and it seemed like the
only safe thing that made any real sense

to me in the world. Now I'm like one of
those guys walking alone on the beach, no
big dog, no favorite frisbee, just a
goofy fishing hat and some sunglasses.
Not wanting to know what time it is, but
being able to tell any way by
the color of the sand and sea. You learn
a few solid things and try to forget
everything else. It's weird to be here. I'm
still me. I wonder if you're still you. The

you that was the most beautiful person
in the room of beautiful people. I
liked looking for you. And I liked finding
you. It's weird to be here. Now is such a
far away place to be. And here isn't
much better. I wanted to say that I'm
sorry, but I don't know what for. We had
dreams that came and asked us to get into
different cars. I didn't want you to

go with them. I didn't trust them, but I

trusted you. It's weird to be here. The world
is still as cruel as a snake. It hasn't
gotten any kinder. I hope it has
been kind to you. Weird. But not so wrong I
suppose. You knew how to smile. Everyone
said so. I admired that about you. My
crookedly round face could only try to
almost get it right, feeling mostly out
of place in every place, except when I
was anywhere with you. Not so much a

miracle, let them say, but we know, it
was our little secret. It's weird. I made
it into the poetry papers, but
you're not here to read them. It's weird to be
here. It's not where I thought I'd be. It's a
rotten town everywhere you go. But I
wouldn't call it a wasted life. We just
didn't know it would call us to leave each
other forever to the other side
of the moon. But I look up and I smile.

Falling Rocks

by Darryl Price

Not sure I remember what's important, but I remember you.
That's the whole problem I think. You're a drain where
all my words end up ending up. All of them
get lost inside you. Eventually. And I'm left with nothing
to say. Because all my words are gone like toothpaste.

The few I've got left only seem to repeat themselves
in pathetic smears. But they'll have to do. Not sure
I can remember anything important, but I say your name
in my sleep. It's all become a boring animal ritual.
I can admit that. But I remember you used to

wear this yellow teeshirt all the time like it defined
something impossible about you and your motion inside dark jeans.
It drove me mad with desire. And that made you
laugh. Which drove me over a cliff, into an ocean,
and left me clinging to slippery rocks for dear life.
So not sure I remember one important thing about anything
if you want to know the truth. But I know
the song that made you sit still and look at
things like they were puzzles you were putting together in
your head with a little seductive dance. How else am

I going to describe the sadness back to you now?
When you're not even listening. And my readers are expecting
me to swing this crazy thing around and show them
the secret room inside of themselves. But a broken heart
can only make cubist desk paintings out of its overly
hoarded toy stuffs and hope for the best. I can't
remember what's important to me any more. It was so
clear to me just yesterday. Oh. Open my eyes. Let
me see a way. Let me swim before I drown.
Let me swim before I wash away. I remember you

as important but I can't seem to remember why. The
words won't tell me. I'm not sure they think we
deserve to know the reason. Or they just might be
trying to protect us from the tilting sun. Oh. It's
too late for that. Oh, open my head. Let me
see before I go completely blind from all the salt in my
own eyes. Running down my face. For all of us

who are left let my words fight for air. For
all of us here let my words continue to look
for fair meaning. And kiss you goodbye. For all the

lonely floating pieces let my wrecked words shine through the
slumber of time and ruin. Night and day. Open the
curtains. I remember you. You were the question I guess
I needed to hear from this life. Thank you for
asking me. It was a beautiful way to say hello
and a hard way to say goodbye as the next
question on the horizon became more solitary in its insistence
on authenticity. Maybe what was so important is not important.
But it remains with me. And I wouldn't want you
to think of it in any other way than love.

We Are Not Those Responsible
for planes that lose their
precious bombs like someone's been

careless in spitting one rotten
tooth after bloody rotten tooth
all over the greenest of

forest grounds like saliva covered
seeds with no more thought
to the consequences below the

radar than to the awakening
hunger pangs of yet another
dying day for the poor

disfigured animals who used to
be gently drinking children or

for the murder of ancient

and wise guardian trees in
the night for starved dogs
who forever must endure their torturers

September 12, Lucky Number challenge

My lucky number is mushroom.
My lucky number is bat. My
lucky number is pear. My lucky
number is Milky Way. My

lucky number is cricket. is
cloud. is seahorse. Is learning a
lucky number? I think it is.
My lucky number is waterfall.

My lucky number is dragon--
which is timeless but also maybe
untameable so really it
just might zero things out. My next

lucky number is daughter. Then
there's the poem--in which we are all
allowed to say I'll get that right over to you
out loud and mean it. You'll say it's love.

P.S. My lucky number is
mercy. My lucky number is
Beatle. My lucky ones come with

their own regiment of angels.

