

# In This Lifetime, Oh How We've Drawn This Close

*by Darryl Price*

Together at last, we'd gotten this far toward the warm end of  
those sweet  
Promises we made, once, with our sincerest written and passed  
down smart  
Words, done all on our own deeds, with some real gusto, and  
offered them as Christmas  
Lights, set precisely among shadows to burn full  
Glad away, til dawn, as bright as many glasses of silvery  
Moon water, ever poured freely out of  
Love's dearly scuffed up mouth corners again  
And again I say, and that wants, always wants, only to

Be bearing many new forms, to be more  
Often than not, life's opening  
Salvo. That we find ourselves here at  
All is a welcomed miracle  
As common as finding one slick  
Wet cheek among a million  
Rained on, and yet we will feel it; the  
Overflow of feeling, overwhelmed, thankful, the scramble of  
climbing to the top

Of one another ,our sentences spewing out  
In every language,and in all directions, all crying  
Over to us veering on our sides,"Spin gold, spin gold, or leave us  
Alone forever!" I set the  
Beautiful and flaring blue evaporating  
Match head atop their dry bald spots, and

Splash the sharp hot sparks into my own face, afterwards  
With new relish for the verses already coming alive in the darkest  
throes of oncoming night.

Bonus poem:

We have nowhere to go

Where they don't hope to eventually  
Find us exchanging our new  
Love presents like tiny fireworks.  
So we long for the  
Few unnoticed as blooming moments we actually

Get to sit alone together  
In a soundproofed space of  
Our own dreaming, without hearing  
Their old broken down weather-related questions  
And answers all the time which they offer  
Up in twos (with buns)

Like newly branded mystery dogs.  
Why go any further down  
The rabbit hole of our  
Vanishing futures with that greasy  
Image haunting our panting steps?  
It fits the hole in

Every head so well, they must imagine, a

Gasoline soaked finger, tailor-made  
For such fun occasions.  
They want to see us burn out  
Like them. The brighter, the  
Better to break your heart.

### Revolution, Pass It On

by Darryl Price

There's nothing I could want from those fried bread  
Devils. Don't want to dive into their cash  
Filled channels either, biting my way out  
Like a radio controlled shark, or be  
Seen falling out of their night-time cars like  
A teenager in love, flying face down,  
Or leave the field of battle drugged and dragged  
On the back of some horseshit golf cart, lost  
In a purple haze of flash bulbs, or to  
Worship in their funhouse of cracked mirrors,

Demented as a clown fish, or to have  
My hungry belly filled with their hateful  
Memory soup, chained to their pristine walls  
Like a prisoner in a painting, or  
Be forced to watch their horror films of home  
And hearth, to laugh at nothing more than old  
Shadows, or listen to their traumatized  
Musicals of an American lie,  
A torture of cowboys and Indians.  
Nothing is like the sting of their kind whips.

And since they own everything already

It makes them afraid to dance without a  
Whimpering partner. They've captured the poor  
Naked moon, but it only sits in an  
Unopened box, never to be played with  
Or even plugged in. I really don't want  
Their education rites poured over my  
Head, their money bags saddled to my horse,  
Tickets to an exotic vacation  
On Mars, the hideous joking letters

Of recommendation. All I want is  
You and I don't have to own you to say  
That and mean it. I don't have to build a  
Tall tower to let you know. What I want  
Is to accept and celebrate all of  
You without a precise plan sticking out  
Of my back pocket. Like a wave I want  
To crash into my own freedom and break,  
Like a good day rain I want to put my  
Arms around each tree and flower until

They smile back like happy children, and fresh  
Dreams become our only true faith, like a  
Wind I want to lift your hair from your face  
And kiss you as if nothing else matters.  
There is nothing I want them to know, to  
Feel, about our kind of love, there's nothing  
I want to say to them now, we are not  
Puppets. We are not their wheat. Not their last  
Meal. We are not the late hour. We've never  
Been the answer. We will make our noise. Our

Noise is a joy because we love it. Is  
A bell because we ring it. Our noise is  
Made for no one in particular. We

Are the rag tag army of peace. We will  
Never win the war. Our noise has its own  
Echos to find. Let them take every red  
Food colored cent, let them shoot every cloud  
Out of the sky, we are butterflies. We  
Will walk the pebble paths to our final  
Destination without selling our souls.

