

# I've Seen You Naked

*by* Darryl Price

and watched you grinning  
from your opulent spinning  
cages and although you  
were never less than  
always remarkably perfumed, to

appeal I'm guessing to  
the sniffing about masses,  
to me they've simply,  
carelessly, shrunk your body  
to fit inside their

paper windows like smooth and jumbled  
beans in a slowly shining off the window jar.  
They're quite barbaric like  
that. But the wild  
instantaneous perfection that remains

on display is your  
presence alone. Like a simple  
shooting star in the  
sky, it never fails. Because  
it belongs right out

there being miraculous where  
it's at and easily  
gives its own proof  
to the jaundiced jury  
at hand without the

slightest hesitation or even  
play trying. See? Already

you've stepped foot in  
my secret heart and  
I'm a million more

miles away from feeding  
you anything fresh having  
to do with this  
kind of rubber life.  
Sure I'd like to

kiss your fur and  
maybe trust your mouth  
to mine. But honestly  
is that all we  
can hope to glean

from this kind of  
modest eye contact during  
these our latest and  
greatest parade of days?  
I accept those cold sweet

terms, but lay out  
the poem first in  
a solid, plump protest--  
like an unknown doormat in the road  
makes the whole world into a sudden swollen pothole . So watch  
your step.

Bonus material:

## People Love Their Machines Now

more than they love each other. I want to know  
where the real fun is in that. Yeah you get  
to sit in a room all by yourself and push every button.

Yeah you get to control everything. But when it's all  
over will you get that stolen kiss? Will you recognize anyone's soft  
lovely silhouette anymore? Will you make a play for a beautiful  
new

heart string? Will you remember her name? Now you've got this  
plastic hole growing inside. It seems to be growing bigger than  
the

furniture at a most alarming rate. Man, you've got to  
shrink it down again and quit taking on so much water. She's  
just about out the door. The machine's going to leave  
you, too, brother, in time, but that's not going to

hurt as much. She's also got a battery life to her illumined  
feed. Yeah we need to make a best choice scenario happen  
right now. What have you done? Plug into some solid  
ground, dude. Let go of the stick and gain control of your hands.  
They're not going anywhere but you are, you are, yes you  
are. Every story worth a dime is a love story.

Darryl Price

I Can't Help It If Angels Like to Talk

with me. We must have something going on in common, but  
for the life of me I can't think of what

that might be. I'm beginning to die. They  
probably last forever like machines made out of light--at least  
when

compared to us. I wonder, are they trying  
to escape heaven like we try to

escape our debt to the earth? They went back to the  
source before  
us. They'll last. It's been a painful ride as far as I can remember. If

I were you I wouldn't give it another  
thought. Go outside and deeply smell the changes that are  
happening.

