

Lemon Citron

by Darryl Price

Here it comes at long last. We just can't do it
like that again. We don't have the same time. But
something's wanting something more to be more than
this. Here it comes again. But you bailed on me
the last time around. Went silent as a cold

lighthouse out of any kind of bulbs. Why were
you so surprised then when I crashed? It wasn't
intended. Certainly not to let the rocked
ocean step on your sinking toes. Certainly
not to let the stars get inside your flying,
promising hair. Certainly never ever

to forget your voice singing over the moon,
streaking like its own comet. Who am I to
deny the natural phenomena of
your coming and going? But my life as I
have said did hit a few rocks as I was stopped,

staring into the shocking darkness of your
felt presence. Here we go. Now you say you want
to always remember my name. Now you want
to email me a sweet letter like in the
golden days. Oh windy stationary, you
want to give me a lock of your light! As if

I am only lost because I've forgotten
the sound of you whispering your name into
my restless sleep. A buried car radio.
Like a flashlight in the grass. Here it comes down,
down the path, rabbit and all. Looking for a

satisfactory answer to up. Up we
go! Up all night. Embraced against the cave wall,
our hands smearing shadows into animals,
with spears in their hearts, in their heads, in their souls,
for something crying at the heavens, bolts of
lightning thrown against the earth for naked joy!

Bonus poems:

Trying to Talk My Lost Soul out of It
by Darryl Price

You won't get into heaven. Isn't that their number
one? But they're always happy there. They always feel
good as gold. Right as rain. Sometimes I feel
so sad. In heaven they're always glad. Sometimes I
just don't want to care about anything any more.
I'm sick of it. Anti-social. In heaven the

perfect weather never changes. You'll only hurt the ones
you love. Isn't that reason enough for you? You'll
turn out all the lights in the house. On
the whole block probably. In heaven there is no
such thing as darkness. Nothing is hidden. Does that
mean there are no blues players? All the music

sounds the same? I don't think I could take
that. I don't like it on this planet's elevators
and I'm pretty sure I wouldn't like it inside
there. I want to be free to feel everything
real without guilt. I think I'll hang onto my

imperfect ego. By the way. I don't want to

be boring the clouds. You won't get into heaven!
I'm not sure I belong. I mean would I
still be able to hold you? Would you still
hold me? You won't get into heaven. .What about
our wildest dreams? Will they be knocked off, turned
into endless singing hills? (You won't get in.) I

know. I know. But I'd rather keep an open
mind. In heaven they never cry because there is
no pain. Help! How will you know they are
just ordinary folks then? You're definitely not going. Yeah,
I figured as much. Is John Lennon there? I'm
going to need somebody to talk with who has

a good bit of bonkers humor in him. Because,
you know, all poets are somewhat crazy. No one
in heaven is crazy? Well that settles it then.
I'm one of those lost souls you read about.
Heaven doesn't need someone like me to mess things
up with more questions than answers. Peace to you.

Bonus poems:

Poem On Poem (Pretty Likely)
by Darryl Price

There is no going back. We are not
in rehearsal. The show must go on.
If there's joy, she is somewhere near us.

One star has already started its

journey across the sky. We are lit
by seeing and by being. There is
no going back. That which is all around
us is with us. Some of it's swirling

on the inside. Still there is no going
back. There is only going. Perhaps
that is the center of our fears, but sadly
I don't have an answer. No going

back. No retrieving, so no regret.
The oceans never stop washing the
earth with rain water. The rain never
stops wiping the clouds clean again. Clouds

never stop blowing around in the
captured light. Light never stops seeking
the truth. Good or bad. Up or down. There
is no going back. Does that really

surprise you? We agree. Feel free to
speak freely to me. I've wondered about
all the sorrow all my life. Shouldn't
the love be enough? You don't go back

to the question. The question follows
you to the table. There's no going
back. We go until we stop. I hope
your love is still going. I am not

the sponge for someone's anger. I only
wanted to give away words in a
moment of truthful invitation.

I know they are not much more than beans;

I've got nothing else more beautiful.
There is no going back. What we make
of this is what we take from it. And
what we take must be let go to float.

