

# Lost Clouds

*by* Darryl Price

This is a nice illusion, here with you. The world  
Is meant to fill your eyes. You remind me of  
Everything right now. This is a nice illusion, here with  
You. It's all morning light. The wind playing with your  
Hair lifts my spirits, too. Seagulls seem to be writing

A poem with your face in mind, they are eager  
To paint the sky with your presence. I don't mind.  
I can't blame them. This is such a nice illusion,  
Here with you, knowing that the waves are blocking out  
Most of what lies out there, beyond your hands, your

Feet, your eyes. So, let us celebrate the sand as  
Our own flirting island. The lazy clouds as our own  
Reclining reflection. Here there is laughter between the gushing  
silence.

Here there is always something jumping into the wind, turning  
Even the smallest bit of something into a swirling circus

Of scarves. This is a nice illusion, here with you,  
And that troubles me beyond comprehension. I don't want you  
To think of all the inevitable rains, to put on  
Shoes because you must, or replace your perfect smile with  
A different set of circumstances. I want that park bench

Feeling to stay just a little longer, but I know  
It can't. Still this is a great grand illusion, isn't  
It? Let's take no photographs. Let's make no diary entries.  
The only thing I want to do is be. And  
when it's all over I won't say goodbye, just hello. dp

Bonus poem:

Meadow Grass for the Lonely by Darryl Price(a draft)

"In my life  
Why do I give valuable time  
To people who don't care if I live or die?"--The Smiths

For all the young poets

My broken heart is still alive,  
You can't really trust me to just  
Sail away. My broken heart is  
Still wounded and perpetrators  
Of war are still at it like the  
Little naked emperors that

They always are. My broken heart  
Is still writing and there is more  
Death than bees in the friendly skies  
These days. I suppose that is to  
Be expected. Broken and still  
Alive and some persons have been

Shown to be more conforming to  
Cultural pressure than others.  
Even if my heart's alive you  
Don't owe me an explanation,  
I don't need to be forgiven.  
My broken heart is still around.

So many machines, so little  
Kind words. Is there an answer? Gun  
Sadness, little gun sanity.  
I would never leave you behind,  
But I don't need to talk to you  
Any more as a matter of

Urgency. I don't want to go.  
My broken heart is still alive,  
You're still being personified  
In your female form as cool, blessed  
And tempting. My broken heart is  
Still kicking and sometimes I don't

Know what I'm doing here at all.  
My sad self's still here and I'm just  
A silhouette of strangeness. Each  
Broken heart brings a cold ocean.  
The disappointment tides on your  
Face like a mathematical

Problem. My ruby heart is sunk  
In a circle of overgrown  
Stones. My broken heart is very  
Much alive, sentient as the  
Earth itself. My broken heart is  
Still active and sometimes I wake

Up in the middle of the night  
Lost in moonlight. My broken heart  
Has elected to finish this  
Song's journey. My broken heart is  
Spouting a tiny blue flame. This  
Broken heart is still human and

Not a databased illusion.  
Still beating, I believe it may  
Yet do good if I don't stumble  
Sorry-eyed and afraid over  
My own words. My broken heart's  
Against the loss of any real love.

