

# Lucky Faces

*by* Darryl Price

The people with the lucky faces  
Are always sneaking out more credit  
For everything than they deserve. Maybe  
They are right, maybe it's our fault  
For buying into the myths of the  
Land of mirrors. The people with the

Lucky faces haven't started as  
Many wars as the people with the  
Unlucky faces, but that's playing  
With semantics. The people with the  
Lucky faces are already at  
The beach, are already drunk, are sure

They will make sunset—no matter what  
The sea may say about changing its  
Mind. The people with the lucky faces  
Pretend to be only half awake  
At any given time. The people  
With the lucky faces will never

Make promises before three in  
The afternoon. It's just not done. It's  
Not that they have no problems to solve.  
The people with the lucky faces  
Look beautiful worshipping the sand.  
I think we need to accept their devotion

As gifted grit. The people  
With the lucky faces like machetes  
Arrive safely across any

Packed room with practiced aplomb. I can't  
Help it if they do. The people with  
Lucky faces always stand next to

The intended target with big smiles.  
The people with the lucky faces  
Become bored again and again. The  
People with the lucky faces are  
No luckier than you and me on  
Their appointed day, but feel smaller nonetheless.

### Small Offering

for A. J.

I've been putting off trying to write you something because  
I don't know any words that could even come close

To saying the pain that I'm in over you. You don't  
Deserve some poet's feeble attempt to make you smile. That's

Lame. I'm lame. Words are lame. They only skirt around  
The issue like falling leaves. They only blow the rain

Against the house without gaining true entrance. Oh I'd make  
Rainbows dance in swirling figure eights across your floor,

But I doubt you would be impressed. Your own presence  
Is enough to cause countless stars to illuminate your strides

For free, with a proud sense of truest duty. So how  
Is any poet to equal your gaze? You don't need

Flowers, but I'll bet every field is dreaming right now of achieving  
That crown. All a poet can do is to hold

His happy leaping mouth and hope that no lesser words  
Leak out and spoil the sound the universe makes as

It adjusts itself around you in a perfectly natural fit.  
No, I know my place. These words are only a

Small offering of passing thanks to someone who brought into  
My brain a remembrance of all the things that matter

And always will do so on this earth simply by being  
Herself. That is no small thing, or if it is

This is where all joyfulness lies waiting to happen to  
Itself in the moment of transcendent fulfillment of such dreams.

Bonus poem:

Flying Around A Happy Mountain Top

by Darryl Price

All that gut joy was finally reduced  
To a date on a cheap piece of paper,  
Left to dry, left to burn, to fade away—  
Joy that once smiled in a very real way.  
Here. Let me try. Just let me. All that joy

Like gunpowder residue on our souls.  
All that joy with its own burning bright sun.  
After that all that sticky joy went dark  
As any surrender to any form  
Of destruction of any future fun.

All that cutting joy left us tattooed for  
Life. All that meaningless joy was turned off  
By the powers that be, from some childish  
Need for revenge for the innocently  
Run cartoon of your life. Can't you see them

Pushing back their chairs in disgust—oh it's  
All over now. All that free joy, please say  
You remember me. I refuse to feel  
Guilty about not wanting to kiss you  
Politely. All that joy was a laugh from

The inside out. All that joy was a great  
Place to be, a lustful look square into  
The eyes of all life proceeding everywhere. All that  
Wild joy kicked you in the head and you thanked  
Your lucky stars for it. That joy was us

Making something terribly delicious  
Out of a happy mountain of sad lies,  
And it worked beautifully. All that joy  
Breaking down walls. Yammering on and on  
Like school children. All that joy doomed to fail.

