

Meadows

by Darryl Price

The whole thing is broken. It's like an egg. I'm not saying this to get you to say something else in the sunny opposite direction of the tattooed scar upon my painted backyard scene. I don't really care. It's only on me. Not on you. I'm glad as much as I can be for the

lucky ones who will remain together in one singular piece all their abnormal lives through. I don't know how they do it. But now you think that I should simply celebrate the gentle understanding that has finally come tenderly back to my own front door, while the sad and lonely truth of what's going

off outside is still shattering into plenty of ancient disintegrating pieces all around the tragic gardens we live in. Is that enough news for

you to digest? When it rains it's true, some can see through a whole kaleidoscope of jumping agonies the porous clouds scattering

birds across our thumping head spaces. I don't need you pulling

them screaming out of my burning skin just to prove to me that it can be done. I've got to help them if I can. I've written plenty of paintings on the subject. The holy host of miracle workers has already been here well before you took a cold stab at it. Thinning

angels gave us an emergency number to call, but it was another fake waterfall behind a smiling curtain. No one answered. It was an empty room. I've been given a large number of empty rooms by a large number of

well-meaning angels. It must be harder than it looks to be
celestial. Nothing's

easy, but the poor meadows. Surely we can do better. This
isn't all on one person's dreaming sad shoulders. Poets're
supposed
to add poetry to the fight, but men and women
must add the weight of their own hopes and courage
to the firmaments of war and peace, even as it catches on fire and
drowns us all.

Bonus poem:

A Fine Life(First Draft)

It's not really too bad. The person
I am was me. We laughed inside
their sacred places at all the monies
well spent. We walked in the gardens
without any shoes on. Not one single
flower seemed to mind. And now it's

a forgotten mess or so I imagine.
I'd rather you think about me
holding hands with you as we passed
through a blue sky next to some
golden trees. We stood among sunbeams and
closed our eyes and dared to dream.

That's enough to always remember. We sang
musics out of our haunted hearts. We

dressed like we were celebrating all beings
in heaven and earth. It took a
little while, that's all, to make it
to the light. It's a fine life.

You're never a regret. If anything
you're the lucky answer to the prayers
I found myself mouthing through my paper
bag. I wasn't always thinking, but looking
for the starlight in your eyes. I
don't want you to worry. I took

as many steps as I could toward
my own happiness with you. This is
just my stop. I'll never forget this
life of a poet, the words will
see to it. That's the point. I
wasn't joking. The sun also rises. I

get it. But it was our time.
We took it and it took us
away. We wanted it to. That's what
we came for. I can't pretend. We
followed a path we had taken to
its end. How many can say that?

My heart is free. Don't let yours
come undone. You'll be all right; I'll
bet there's always a star to guide
you. I'm glad because you were always
so bright nearby. I don't know what
any of that means besides goodbye love.

