

# Mostly I Want to be Walking

by Darryl Price

by myself next to just one wide-eyed moment of wild blued out  
ocean.

You know the one I mean. I don't want  
to have to speak to you, or even- alone- to myself.  
I'd like to be left inside

the poem it makes me feel without  
having to get up and pee every five minutes,too. If you don't  
mind,Mister or Mrs. Universe.

That's a poor metaphor I know. Just let  
me be an invisible part  
of the color of the sunshine,

the rocks, the guttural gulls,whatever  
else paints the next wet sunrise onto the brand new  
daily canvas at hand. Sometimes I want  
you there with me. It's that simple I'd like to think so anyway.  
No surprises there. You're a physical

presence lately and an intense  
one. So your own poem would  
probably have to go south with  
you in the end. If any two  
people are somehow born lucky

enough they can fit their new words  
for each other together and  
make a lasting sentence of incredible  
meaning. Here, the home

of now, which I can certainly

appreciate I can tell you  
is not quite near enough to that  
salt for me but it will have to  
do for the lick. I'm an old dreamer by now.  
What did I tell you about that saying? But if I did

have to choose I'd choose to live among  
a tribe of trees first. Nothing  
makes more sense to me than a fine  
specimen of that living tree essence.  
Give me a hug, a kiss, a quiet

sign that love is manifesting  
its spell all over again,  
all are dignified next to some  
healthy bark. I've never felt the  
need to travel too far outside

of my latest home base because of the many  
rare clouds I mostly get to see from out of  
my own free head space. They are all just so spectacularly  
thrilling to listen  
to as they grumble about, near as all get out. They're

like these huge building block like monuments  
to all earthly forms of life that  
can go somehow missing right in  
the middle of the bump and grind  
or sometimes build and build until

they burst like soggy pinatas.  
You don't always notice the construction

going on until you  
become aware of the light and  
shadow on the ground splashed around

like little scattered rabbits at  
your feet, which by the way are sweet  
to behold. So here is that shell  
I promised you. And that song inside of  
its canal. Your bottled note, my dear.

