

# My Paper Boats, Your Paper Boat

*by* Darryl Price

You make your art when you can and  
Perhaps vice versa. You really  
Don't know what that means? Consult your tarot. You make your  
Art and visualize your mind

As a large pool of water. You  
Make your art and if you're lucky  
They may not want to talk to you about  
Your methods. What do you have to say now, eh?

The only honest answer is  
Whatever moves me because you  
Don't want to put music or any other feeling in a cruel  
Box. You make your art and renew

Your life in the process. You make  
Your art and so plant your trees. Let's  
Keep it simple, shall we? You make your art  
And rediscover the courage

To live. You make your art and that's  
What you are doing here in the first place. You make  
Your art and show up without an approved  
Appointment. You make your art and

Buy someone, a stranger, an ice cream cone. You make  
Your art and dribble the ball. You

Make your art and all that sick crap  
Becomes a beat up country map unto

Itself. You make your art and you  
Go to the lonely crowded beach and you bring back  
The color of the sky and the  
Seashells in her far away eyes. You make your

Art and the most beautiful things tend to  
Happen. But it's still only a small  
Paper boat. You know the rest. You  
Make your art and she continues

To float on by. You make your art  
As you tear at the ugly mask on your face,  
But it's too late. You make your art  
And one day you'll be the dead thing

Losing bone slowly to the mud and grime. You make your  
Art and you enjoy food less. You  
Make your art and it feels so good,  
Until it doesn't. Then you enter

The forest alone. You make your  
Art and try hard not to smile at nothing. You make  
Your art and smell of freshly turned over earth. You make  
Your art and leave the ufo sightings

To the old musicians and their secret lovers.  
You make your art and the whole scene  
Full of stars begins to tremble  
Under your skin like soft and red floating flowers.

Bonus poems:

Your Boredoms(early draft)

by Darryl Price

Your boredoms are not my fascinations. Your boredoms  
Belong to the ice caves with the Mammoths,  
Although haven't they been tortured enough by the  
Changing winds? Your boredoms are far from twinkling

Objects in the beaks of ancient crows, prophesying  
A new age of heartbreak and misunderstanding. Your  
Boredoms, I'll do my best to escape them,  
But that means you, too. Your boredoms need

To disappear permanently. Your boredoms send a frightened  
Animal into the thorns of no contest, I  
Wonder if you could be more gentle? Your  
Boredoms have never sung into the wind, have

Always bent themselves towards the death of innocents.  
Your boredoms don't love babies. Your boredoms are  
Sharing a joint in a back alleyway at  
Almost dawn. Your boredoms are like my head

Hurts. Take it or leave it. Your boredoms  
Having already used the key, have left the  
Door unlocked. Your boredoms like the flu are  
Taking a long nap. Your boredoms have set

The wordless table. Your boredoms are upturning the

Waiting guitars with miserable glee. Only the shadows  
Agree. Your boredom's pockets are full of damaged  
Money. Your boredoms are missing a foot, maybe

A few fingers, certainly a heartbeat. Your boredoms  
Are moving noiselessly towards cynicism. Your boredoms, like  
The rest of the sheep, are floating with  
Nothing to guide them but their stomachs. Your

Boredoms are making me feel sunk, falsely accuse  
Every star of failing to shine. Your boredoms  
Have thrown my poetry into the bushes. Your  
Boredoms have come home minus that impossible kiss.

The Flowers(first draft)

For Emily Dickinson

Home is gone. I'm an orphan now meaning I wasn't  
Always so alone. Everyone I see is running from something.  
But they still sail their candles to the moon hoping  
To awaken someone on the other side of this glory  
Who might send them back a kind thought or give

A smile in the form of birds. I've never received  
The feather from the heavens with my name on it.  
You and I are not alike in our dogs, but  
I still like to think of you walking down streets  
At night with yours, brushing the rain or the quiet

With an intensity unlike any other. That was your gift

More than your red hair, more than your refusal to  
Give up your name or your fight with God and  
The devil, believing both of them to be inadequate to  
The task of being near enough to you to break

Your heart more than it already was. Instead you broke  
Your own heart, and mine with it. Who knew you  
Had power that could wait through centuries to explode like  
A hurricane? Did the flowers ever know this? The Irish?  
Perhaps the good children in the garden? All I know

Is here we are together again, not in a dream,  
But in a sense of the world, getting near the  
End of something terribly unimaginable and I only wish I  
Had your hand to hold. I suppose that is very  
Selfish of me. You let your hand go where it

Wanted to go and nowhere else. You gave it the  
Most important task of all, to put your cruel abandonment  
Into stored letters, without asking for forgiveness, without a  
script

Of regret. You telegraphed that pain to the stars and  
Dared them to respond, all the while knowing full well

How they laughed behind your back. But the dog was  
Faithful, the writing desk was faithful, the flowers were never  
Going to go anywhere without you again, even the rain  
On the windows was a companion you could count on  
To see you as you truly were, valiant warrior with

A sewn booklet of original coded words, meant to open  
Locks, meant to join clouds of butterflies. Your home now  
Is everywhere, mine is still somewhat hazy in the distance.  
I don't know why it means so much to me  
To speak to you in this way. I'm not looking

For your answer. As Paul said to John, you'd probably  
Say that we were worlds apart, but I feel something  
Different today. I would have liked to see you smile  
With some teeth, or the back of your head tied  
In a ponytail instead of a bun. I think you

would have breathed a sigh of relief in a pair  
of old comfortable jeans. You got a message to me.  
I'm not talking about all the others here. This is  
As much as I can do for you, but I'm  
So glad. It's an honor. Thank you, oh singing wind.

Wheatfield, Columbus

When the sun explodes, can we  
Still go to the dance? When the  
Sun explodes, do we still get  
Our vote? Do we have to wear

Uncomfortable clothing  
In case anyone sees us  
Who might think they are better  
Than us because of money?

When the sun explodes, I think  
I'm going to go swimming  
In the nude and I hope you'll  
Come with me. When the dear old

Sun goes on a sneezing rampage  
I'll see if there are any  
Seats left near the exit

Signs. When the sun explodes, perhaps

You would be kind enough  
To let me hold your hand? When  
The stars are flung against the  
Far walls like burning paint, will

You try to remember my  
Name for you when we have snuggled  
Together for warmth? When  
The sun explodes, I fully

Expect you to come walking  
Through that door. When the sun bursts,  
All my poems will become  
A monument to our love.

