

# No One Will Ever Give You This Poem

*by* Darryl Price

and say did you know it was written just for  
you? But I will. No one will walk up to  
you on the busy street one day and say did  
you know he loved you this much? But I'm telling you  
now. What good

would a pyramid be or a hanging  
garden or a starry night without your delightful creases capturing  
the ripening songs in their own wondrous folds? I want  
to be where you are. Not to travel not to  
stand

before a charming place nor to be present where  
you are not but always exactly where you are. What  
good would it do flying in a car or on  
the back of a horse or sleeping under an arousal  
of spread leaves if

there was not your arm to  
touch your hair to sift next to mine your face  
to press up against? I get it now. That song.  
Nothing Compares.

How'd I ever come so close to this falling off the  
edge of a clearly unfocused notion of just one heart beating? A  
little  
bit more and I'll be buzzing

to flying pieces like  
the moment already gone then I'll be becoming your poet from

a completely different angle and you'll still be living in  
the same world as my love. Somebody please find her  
and give her her poem. Do this for me. She  
is the only true reason I still want to believe  
in this dream of a world. Anyone can view our story for its sorry  
truth. I was once with her and without her. There  
was no other way I could function. I know she  
deserves only best love. Crack open this heart then and  
  
eat what's left together. But that's for later. Right now  
I just want you to know that these feelings still  
exist in our time. May I never utter a false  
word again but always keep her name where I am going.

original version

No One Will Ever Give You This Poem

and say did you know it was written for  
you? But I will. No one will walk up to  
you on the street some day and say he loved  
you so. But I'm telling you now. What good

would a pyramid be or a hanging  
garden or a starry night without your  
delightful creases capturing the songs  
in their own wondrous folds? I want to be  
where you are. Not to travel not to stand

before a charming place nor to be present  
where you are not but always where you are.  
What good would it do flying in a car  
or on the back of a horse or sleeping

under an arousal of spread leaves if

there was not your arm to touch your hair to  
sift next to me your face to press against?  
I get it now. That song. Nothing Compares.  
How'd I come up to this edge of notions?  
A little bit more and I'll be buzzing

to pieces like a moment then I'll be  
becoming from a completely different  
angle and you'll be living still in  
the same world as my love. Somebody please  
find her and give her her poem. Do this

for me. She is the only reason I  
believe in this world. Anyone can view  
this story. I was once with her without  
her. There was no other way. I know she  
deserves real truth. Crack open this heart then

eat what's left together. But that's for later.  
Right now I just want you to know that  
these feelings exist in our time. May I  
never utter a false dream again but  
always keep your name where I am going.

(an original draft of many)  
and say did you know it was written just for  
you? But I will. No one will walk up to  
you on the busy street one day and say did you know he loved  
you so. But I'm telling you now. What good

would a pyramid be or a hanging  
garden or a starry night without your

delightful creases capturing the ripening songs  
in their own wondrous folds? I want to be  
where you are. Not to travel not to stand

before a charming place nor to be present  
where you are not but always exactly where you are.  
What good would it do flying in a car  
or on the back of a horse or sleeping  
under an arousal of spread leaves if

there was not your arm to touch your hair to  
sift next to mine your face to press up against?  
I get it now. That song. Nothing Compares.  
How'd I ever come so close to this edge of  
a clearly unfocused notion of one?  
A little bit more and I'll be buzzing

to flying pieces like a moment gone then I'll be  
becoming your poet from a completely different  
angle and you'll still be living in  
the same world as my love. Somebody please  
find her and give her her poem. Do this

for me. She is the only true reason I still want to  
believe in the world. Anyone can view  
this story for its truth. I was once with her and without  
her. There was no other way I could function. I know she  
deserves only best love. Crack open this heart then and

eat what's left together. But that's for later.  
Right now I just want you to know that  
these feelings still exist in our time. May I  
never utter a false dream again but  
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Bonus stuff:

Something's in Progress/ The Lonely  
by Darryl Price

Tomorrow will you not remember so many good and interesting people? But they will probably have affected your life anyway. These words seem like a pretty good idea now, but who knows if they are strong enough to matter when you might really need them for whatever reason you'll need them? I get the feeling I won't be wanting them. But you may. For your own picture of a human being. For your own story to continue. To

simply replace the holes in your heart with. That would be useful. And it's not even what's being said here. It's more about what's being felt. That's our common place of glad origins. A place where we may once more gather and just be our imperfect selves. It's not really a secret, because it's out in the open, but it still might not be able to be heard. You alone make that miracle happen with your own film crew in your own head. It's all in your head.

All I'm doing is inviting a new interpretation along. You might ask, hey, what for? What do you get out of this?

The answer is I don't really know much more than you about all this stuff. I think every act of poetry is a pure leap of faith. I guess that's why I like to do it this way. It feels good to believe in something like a mountain you've never seen. I've got a garden in here somewhere. Feel free to visit whenever you wish.

The Lonely by Darryl Price

Where does it go? Flowers  
used to be all the rage.  
Now rage is all that's left  
of those flowers. You slide

away, you slide away,  
la la la la la. Fear's  
a misunderstanding  
I can't subscribe to with

any sane reasoning  
right now. Hope is a fear  
that somehow belongs to  
the lonely. And still you

slide away, slide away,  
la la la la la, as  
easily as ancient

ice with too much smog on

its mind. I'm not looking  
for you. You know that, right?  
You are never alone  
because I'm always with

you. That's how the mystery  
of the universe plays  
it out. You slide away,  
you slide away, away.

Bonus Poems:

Mercy by Darryl Price

Animals remind  
us to be human.

Our Times by Darryl Price

Think: when was the last  
time you saw children being  
killed with impunity in history?

