

Oh, Little Bird, You Send Me

by Darryl Price

Who are all these rough looking people, hanging over me, itching me with their shaggy grapevines for arms? Like twisting, dangling down painted cloth Gargoyles on a quickly coming apart dried up rope?

It's always been the same old perch to view from. You wanted to know what I am always laughing about. About all these people, hanging over me, like twisted animal limbs, blowing in the burning air, some jostling for the only updraft like dumb

balloons. Let's get serious. All these people, with their greasy French fry fingers, like wet spiders in a flimsy paper cup. Like the next train. Like spies in love with swimming pools. I don't want to leave you here without taking you with me. That's always

been my big to do plan of military action. I'll even take your blunt haircut home with me if I have to. But these people, hanging over me have to get their own ride home. Let's find a nice quiet place under the half strung lights. These people hanging over me are like

too many teeth in a grinning mouth. All these people hanging over me like clouds thick with sleeping crouching bats. A row of silent horse riders then on a squiggly hill, waiting for a smoke signal. Sometimes I feel alone in my pain loving you. Who

are all these people supposed to be to us? Crossed over rivers or
hidden figures in the trees? These people hanging over
me make me want to walk into a wall or a river. All these people
hanging
over me like a bush of nothing but plastic bags. With their cigarettes
falling out of

their pores like ashen worms. These wine soaked people hanging
over me like
too much pasta on a plate. Like a tripwire pushing against my
tongue. A tear stained
crumpled red picnic napkin, balled on the ruined grass like a
strange

lost marble. All these people, hanging over me, look like a bath of
candle
wax. A flight of expensive shuttered doors, all competing for a slice
of the same endless trunk of blue sky. Let's get out of here. Let me
be the impossible

one who finds you smiling pretty fed up in all the wreckage of the
hours after all. All these
people can have their enormous beds of oyster shells to sleep it off
in. There's nothing we need here to be happy. A little bird told me
so. It only takes you. I agree.

Bonus poems:

It

wasn't as far for you to fall from the enormous blue sky. It took me a little longer to find my center of gravity. I was already scared. I needed to concentrate to let go. Already, you were walking further away.

Hello Is All There Is
by Darryl Price

to honestly say to you now. Once I would have maybe written a single limited edition book

on a whole forest full of leaves about the uncertain stars shifting above and around you just to prove that

these were the only ones I looked at real close and personal in my life. But that has become too

lonely of a profession even for me to endure. But those same perfect clouds now hang drooling

in tatters out of the basement's banished corners in forgotten boxes like dead paper fish kites,

folded into frozen statues like dropped clocks. But I have never agreed with you about any of this, any,

I never will. I'll see you is as good a new
grown greeting as you're likely to get from me. But I

remember opening the gates and you standing
there firm in the dirt, toothily smiling like a

skeleton key about to turn on all the charm
in the universe, only it was my world, my

room, my heart, my stars, even if I didn't know
it, in danger of becoming a mostly flooded path, a bloody bath.

There's no return engagement. But I've finally
put my hand back in my photograph. But that's all.

But I'm going. But you weren't supposed to forget.
But this is where we mean goodbye. But I dream on.

