## Okay, I'm In

## by Darryl Price

I get what you want done from me. You want the old one two sucker punch that goes straightaway through to the tenderest part of the aching

heart, the one that tumbles you out of your old worn out gut wrenching way of living

life for the well and for the good. Well, let me tell you, you don't have to worry. It

will come to you like a bee sting to an innocent child's resting open palm on a field of grass. And it will break your heart like a cracker. It will consume you like nothing

else ever could or ever will again. Because something burning this brightly can only last in the purest fields of

imagination for so long before it becomes a

kind of amnesia in and of itself.All

else that matters is wiped out of existence except for

that funny core feeling of losing one's central

bearing to a dream, no matter where one

is left standing. Is that what you want? Of

course it is. But the price is so very much higher than the empire state building.

Very. Very. Very High. High. High. It will take your whole heart's breath as in a single solitary scoop of ice cream in a one-time only such heart struggling payment and leave you with just the one

square piece of cheesecloth draped over a bucket of moon water. How will you keep it safe now from constantly spilling wherever and whenever you have to go someplace else? How will you protect it from all the other foul elements storming around out there in the windy hollows?How will you ever carry its heavy load around with you for the rest of your weary days alone without one day giving it all up for a moment's much deserved bit of rest and peace? I know I know I know. You still want to give it a try. Just because it's impossible doesn't mean it's impossible. That's what I like about you young people. You don't believe in history as being the last word, the last world. Raise the flag then, because here we come. It's all of us or nothing.

Darryl Price 052810

## Fog

I miss you in the pizza box and in the paper plates. I miss you in the silverware that sits alone and waits.

I miss you in that flour moon so spilled upon the gates. I miss you in the stars tonight that spell out hope and fates.

I miss you in the mirror round. I miss our sheets unfurled. I miss you in that Beatle sound that used to save the world.

It is who I am, what I do.
I miss you as before
like rain that splatters through the peephole
and scatters on the floor.

Darryl Price 2003-2010

Goodbye, Mrs. Lusby

Like an angel in my memory, she's a shell stuck in my sand, like a foam horse rising up to birds; I'll be her mirror if I can.

Darryl Price 2004-2010

## Goodbye It Means

This won't find you at home before they do. They'll buy you a house for one pretty and shy smile.

Give you your own gardens for one sweet recorded note. Here I stand with nothing more than my own paper heart.

How could you want to taste their food? Can you say you enjoy their chairs?

This won't save you before you fall.

They'll remember all your birthdays.

You'll never know what alone means but I'm there now. I'm there right now.

Darryl Price 2004-2010

Tell Me, How Am I supposed

to write you when all I've got for words are broken pieces of stick? How

am I going to speak to just your heart alone when every sound is churned

over in waves by more incoming waves? I've tried sending you seabirds but they

only break up in the distance and become more thinning out clouds of sky. I've placed one dream after

another inside a trapped wind's gasping throat and gently tapped it on its weary

way only to find the sun has eaten it down whole somewhere in the lonely hungry night. The wan

smile of the evening's satisfied goddess does

nothing to ease my worry that you

will never get my full message. The fact that the message is you

does little to change the meaning of this impossible quest set before me. I've written

your name between countless grains of sand but your buried toes only

seem to want to provide no shade for that grand purpose. And now, now another poem for

sweet countenance, one more star shaped shell for your bell's shared heaven.

Darryl Price

