

On Global Warming

by Darryl Price

You think I don't know, that's your
whole stupid problem. You don't
believe in anyone. You
must enjoy living in a
dark lonely universe. I
don't know if you know or not
about the lights that live in
your own head, but I believe
you probably will one day,
and I also believe it

doesn't matter. I'm making
some new music here where I
can. I'm just painting pictures
of paragraphs with reeds on
their trilling faces, but it
might as well be butterflies,
who live to see just how high
things will grow. The world's a big
kitchen sink kind of place, I
like to walk around, see the

goofy galleries all for
myself. Yeah, sometimes I even trip
over the mess in the far
stairs corner, but then I usually
find it's just the
next changing of the seasons.
I don't want to hang a sign
on a sad beautiful old

tree for you, well maybe some
other time, you know. Because

I'd rather spend this rainy
Saturday afternoon at
my local bookshop looking
through the poetry books for
nothing but a little fun. So yes, I'm
glad I'm alive and bouncing.
You think your knowledge is all
there is to flying a kite,
but that's just what a closed mind
looks like on global warming.

Bonus poem:

The Fuck-up by Darryl Price

We're all trying to get to someplace safe. If that's an illusion at
least we once shared the dream. Not you, all the others. Kids mostly.
You don't like the million to one odds. I get it. You'd rather hedge
your

bets with a little emotional blackmail on the side. If I only had
your cold-hearted stare as you walk away from the crying fires again
and again. But I made my only sane choice for me a long, long time
ago. You and I

were never meant to be smiling at each other friends. We could be
lovers, if you got to dress up for the part where you walk away with
your middle finger stuck high up in the air. Such a swaddled in the
dark with scarves martyr. It had nothing to

do with being you. Being lost, all me. Being lonely, me as well.
You've never had to be lonely and walk through it alone. You've

never looked at a familiar street and wondered how to get home again before being

cruelly captured by all the menacing many-eyed trees. Must be nice. I don't know. Maybe it's just as boring to a long-nailed soul that won't stop spinning in its own self-made bed. Karma may well have been the

third party to our apartment in paradise, but she still wouldn't leave until we kicked her out and swallowed the only spare key. I don't remember when I fell from grace because you wrapped your blindfold around my eyes so many times

so quickly, and so neatly. The bruises just began to appear out of nowhere and I felt myself slipping away. Then I did the only thing possible. I opened the door to one of my best poems and disappeared down the

unknown sinkhole of song looking for the authentic lost wishes I must have dropped into the well with the rest of my change. I came out poorer, but clearer, and I'm still making my way back to a physical reality holding onto a familiar enough hope.

