

Safety First

by Darryl Price

I am not a gun, but I think I may have
pulled a plastic movie trigger in some kind of real world action
before,
accelerated, pivotal scene, one way or another before, this new
frame came into its paranoid view .You see? I am not a plastic water
bottle,
but I might have already bought into the snobby notion of it's

somehow being so much better for you than a soda
pop, and therefor a pointy badge worthy of being pinned on a crisply
ironed new shirt or just
carried around to show how civilized we are in our own little painted
in the corner of the glued together universe place we share, the one
we all seem to rent in fear and out of sure remorse or boredom.
Why do we make these heavy lies so often so comically

transparent? Show of hands. Today I saw
the most beautiful weeds, I mean it,
growing up through the cracks in the rough and tumble
median as I was slowing down trying to

get onto the free way. Beautifully formed
leaves of such exquisite craftsmanship and symmetry
that it took my breath away to be
made aware of their tiny presences there. I'm sure

workmen will eventually cut them down before
their prime--whenever that is. Will they
have time to flower in more than
my imagination a mere few hours or weeks later? Here's a strange

thought I bet you didn't see coming: whenever

someone says that they like my stuff I
immediately feel like a failure. Like is for
ice cream I'm thinking. Like is for sex and

walks in the park. Where's the love? It's the downfall
of my pretty house of pretty poems. One more thing: even your
most creative impulses should be about your freedom of expression.
Water flowing, describing everything it sees in a timeless, winding
off the grid grin fashion of real painterly perfection. If you ask me.

Bonus poem:

Unseen Impulse #2

I pray for you to just hold
on. Saying that right now
seems rather more childish
than I would want it to. Oh

but isn't that just the
fear that's attracted to
anything that's brand new? I
know that whatever God

is it's not a wishing
well. I still want this to
be said, that's all and said
by me. I ask mercy

and forgiveness for you,
that your time have meanings
full of both grace and joy
even without my hand.

