

# Snow and snow and snow and snow and snow and snow and snow

*by* Darryl Price

A tough enough signal to read under the best of meteoric  
circumstances, this is one maybe I'll keep on thinking about.

I might be able to make something everlasting out

of this crazy price for love after all. I no longer mind the bruises.  
Life shambles forth and falls flatly

forward only sometimes. The cold light of day, it isn't so much a

fist inside your head any more. If anything it's the same  
handicapped note you weren't missing when you weren't that

aware you were missing any musical heritage of birdsong at all. I  
simply meant to deliver it a long long time ago now.

My horse was shot out from under me on the one and only  
available wooden

bridge home. I sure miss that horse. I've tried rolling the whole  
message over and

up again into one of those sparkling orbs and flicking it away, or  
bowling it with real muster

among the pine like stars like a hazy memory on fire. I guess

I've messed up something pretty good now, that's for quite sure,  
but it wasn't

enough to change the nature of my own free floating clouds for  
you all to see. I tried

to bow low enough then open the cage door of my tricked out top  
hat, for instance,  
but no misconceived dove dreamed of its sudden freedom

in that emptying emerging space below. I can't believe  
I had that much shit written down. Most of the words I know have  
come

back to me now one way or the other. Some drenched in mud,  
some covered in fallen ash, but most just limping

silently back into my shirt pocket. I guess  
you can't pretend to have made the mail delivery

if there's nobody home in a world of sad  
constellations. I'm still walking towards that narrow escape hatch  
alone

at which time I'll hand over the bleeding letters I promised at  
last and be somewhat free from the thought of you, but if I don't  
make it,

at least you'll know I tried. Everything else is moondust on the  
carpet.

Only the moon considers there's any other way to go home again.

Bonus poems:

Monkey Pause

by Darryl Price

We live upon a star. With a  
billion other stars, we are  
floating. There are mad coiled things with  
lots of poison teeth. There are sweet  
sad things with awful broken wings.  
We are all made up of tiny

vibrating, speeding balls of light.  
We are birthday moons. And we are  
rumored mountains. We are postcard  
rivers and postcard clouds. We feed  
unseen roots and tributaries  
with the least flow of our silent

thought. We take action and change the  
whole world. We are ill winds that huff  
and puff. We are spotlight sails. We  
are joyous noise makers. We screech  
to a blinding halt. We sing our  
stories together. We add our

music to the picnic of life.  
It can be a deafening, or  
soothing, downright mysterious  
thing to behold, but it's almost  
always human. Our own sweeping  
mistake. Our big blue star is a

most beautiful, swirling bubble  
of hopes and fear, of war and peace.  
Ancient wisdoms and new young faced  
innovations. You and me. Me  
and you. We dance on a star. We

trade places with a twist of the

tied tongue. I used to not know why  
you had to go. Then it dawned on  
me; you are only in motion.  
And that's about all there is to  
it. There's no senseless spree on love,  
Monday's still one bad idea.

Bonus poems

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Why Kill the Moment With Holy Wine  
by Darryl Price

I hope your sick dreams are also filled  
with the screams of dying trees. You don't  
want to grow beautiful cities, you

want to mine uninterrupted beauty  
and poison it with fear to make sad  
money pour out of the wounds. You don't

have enough guns to stop our love. As  
long as one mountain exists, we grow  
without end. One tiny flower and

your world is turned upside down and you'd  
better know it. We are the fools who  
are deemed unwise, but we imagine

something better than your lies. You don't  
have enough bombs to wipe out our skies  
full of stars, within this lifetime or

any other. As long as the sun  
and moon provide even a glimpse of  
their simple glory, our care for this

world will never slip away. You don't  
have enough armies to stop our love  
from happening all over again.

Uh huh  
by Darryl Price

"The spirit dance was unfolding."--John Lennon

And still is. Only some people  
will deny the very piece of  
heaven they are seeing because  
they don't like the other guy's own  
description of a sparrow. Sounds  
pretty petty, doesn't it? You  
don't know the half of it, brother.

Uh huh. You don't need more drugs to  
produce wonder for you. It's a  
given thing. Home. But you get what  
you give, wonder and all. Within  
you like the ocean and without  
you like the ocean, just as George  
said. You belong there. Endless. You

exist here. Born lost and born found.  
Human. That's our warning lock and  
our feeling key. Forever light  
and forever shadow. It's all  
cold in the one eye and warm out  
the other. Look. Breathe light of the  
candle sky. Eat the bread. Eat of

the ringing earth. Begin. Again.  
Dream. Balance the river and sky.  
Against the sky. Upon the sky.  
Listening cloud and listening  
grass blade. Walk up the hill. Thank you.  
Run down the hill. Thank you. One hand  
holding one hand clapping. Thank you.

Flowers In Her Room  
by Darryl Price

You fold me. I know  
what that means. But I  
don't care. You folded  
me. You may never  
be back. But just in

case you are. Flowers  
in your room. They burn  
like candles. They end  
with the light going  
out. It's not a wet

metaphor. You fold  
me into a flat  
tiny square and slide  
me between two worn  
poetry chapbooks,

instead of two bright  
breasts. Let's not play games.  
You fold me like it's  
all the same. You fold  
me like a frozen

lake. You fold under  
the shimmering moon.  
And all those sad stars  
hanging about. But  
I don't care. You fold

me; I may never  
be found unbroken  
again. You fold me.  
Am I lost to your  
song? You fold me. I

don't care. I am not  
hanging my head in  
a dark rain no one  
else can see. It's just  
a flower. Our love.

Ours. You fold me. Don't  
forget, open me.  
Like I open you.  
And never get too

tired to hold me close.

## I'd Rather Write You That Kiss

by Darryl Price

that reminds you of our loss  
of us. It is what it is.  
I don't know if you meant to  
harm the world. I only know  
I don't want to harm anything ever  
anymore. Besides we've  
already suffered life enough.

The parts blown out of our  
hearts can never be retrieved.  
But these holes aren't meant to be  
our homes forever. There must  
be a new place built where the  
walls are trusted again to  
protect us from ourselves when

we are feeling angry or  
sad or acting stupid. Where  
peace is structured into the  
ribs like a firm enough handshake. Where  
the floors are forgiving and  
able to withstand a good  
amount of wild dancing. Where you

and you can give each other  
the space to grow and heal together  
in this world. Where all



are treated fair and kindness  
is always to be found in  
one's singing voice. Thank you for  
the grace of your acceptance.

