

# The Cake for God

*by* Darryl Price

is all but invisible.  
Some say this is  
because it is within  
a bakery within a  
bakery within a bakery  
and thus appears to  
be everywhere at once.  
The cake for God  
has never been eaten  
except by children who  
seem to later forget what  
it tasted like. Some  
say like eating a  
bowl of ice-cream while

dreaming on a sun-drenched boat deck  
swallowing french-fried light. I  
don't know what that  
means either. The cake  
for God arrived a  
little burnt around the  
edges as if someone  
had been given the  
slap and nod to  
turn up the heat.  
Eyewitnesses swore it sure  
stank to high heaven.  
Perhaps that was the  
intent? To ambush the

magic nostrils atop the

thundering mustache hairs of the  
old deity and cause  
a revolution in His giant  
thinking about you and  
you and you. Didn't  
work. The cake was  
simply sent back with  
a cryptic note saying sorry,  
"Please try again later."  
Ten things we do  
know about the cake:  
It won't go away.  
It keeps appearing on

toast. It can speak  
a dozen different languages.  
It prefers silence as  
a means to communicate.  
It celebrates its own  
birthday more than once  
a year. Cake's got  
no sense of humor.  
Its piping is of  
big thorns and little roses.  
It always manages to  
leave just before the  
police arrive. It makes  
a lot of promises

and never delivers the pizza.  
And finally the cake  
for God is so  
greedy it will steal  
anyone's love without remorse.  
The sad thing eventually

floats away, leaving empty  
paper plates on top  
of the very real  
tears of men and  
women, girls and boys,  
everywhere. It continues to  
baffle like a half moon  
fallen through blue sky.

#### Bonus Poems:

#### The Tiger Who Jumped Over the Moon by Darryl Price

Lord knows we all tried to stop him  
from doing it. You're crazy we said. This  
makes you look like a lunatic. They'll hunt  
you down in even heavier droves now. You've  
upset their delicate memories. I tried to stop  
it. That's cow territory my friend I said  
but it didn't matter. He just made up  
his mind to jump and mean to and

so he did. I'm going to miss petting  
his fuzzy head as we walked through the  
jungle together. It wasn't so much that I  
felt safe with that tiger but I preferred  
his growl to almost any other sound. It

made me feel glad to be alive. Anyway  
what's done is done. He's gone. One day  
I'll be gone. Maybe we'll see each other

again and the laugh will be on something  
other than us. Or maybe it doesn't matter.  
He's gone and so is a pretty big  
chunk of the world. It was funny. A  
tiger taking a flying leap over the moon  
like that. Many astronomers were puzzled by what  
they were seeing in their telescopes that night,  
that's for sure. I don't think that's why

he did it. I think he just wanted  
to feel something else for himself. To see  
if there was more to it all than  
this barroom brawl we've been handed. I see  
some stars look a little more like tiger's  
teeth tonight. Thanks for the grin my friend.  
I'm writing you this poem because it's all  
I've got left. You know what it's for.

Bonus poems:

All These Poets  
by Darryl Price

All these poets with their hands  
Full of poems are driving  
Me into the wheat fields like

A flock of crows. They offer  
You a cigarette and light  
The damn thing with a poem.

They give you a little dance,  
But when they take off their clothes  
Poems are stuck to their feet  
Like blades of grass. All their lips  
Taste like poems dipped into old  
Barbecue sauce. They trail with

You after butterflies or leaping on poor  
Fireflies, but when it comes time  
To free all the prisoners  
Their keys will only unlock  
A chest full of more poems.  
What's wrong, they will say, don't you

Like poetry? Eyelashes  
Wink, but the closer you look  
The more you make out the ends  
Are fastened with small poems.  
Earrings are acrobats with  
Poems to be handed out

Like flyers to the breathless thrilled to death  
Crowds clamoring below the bleachers. They'll invite you  
Over for dinner, but your  
Fork and knife will have been replaced  
By rolled up poems, tied with  
Typed out blurbs. These poets don't

Believe in poetry as  
A way of life, of being  
Awake, they see it as a

Fabulous job and they must  
Get there first for, or die trying.  
All these poets want you to

Swallow their words without chewing.  
Without thinking. Without  
Buttoning or unbuttoning. Without feeling further  
For the poor souls who need it  
The most. Without so much as  
A thank you for the sacrificial listen.

Four Attempts at Authenticity  
by Darryl Price

1. Toothpaste and Dogfood, Galaxies and Quasars

All things want you to hear  
the sound they are making  
from the center of their  
being. That would require

you turning on your lights.  
Not your porchlight. The light  
you are when you are not  
afraid to see. Not off.

The light you know you feel.  
All things get imbued with  
soul pollen. Sometimes this  
leads to brooms dancing by

themselves, but doesn't mean  
they mean you harm. Doesn't

mean someone hasn't called  
them to evil service

out of hate or greed. You  
will know them. All things need  
a friend in you before  
you die. Regardless of

their ability to  
ask your forgiveness. They  
have the shipwrecked life  
and life found everywhere.

## 2.The Little Things and the Big Things

One has a natural tendency to  
roll with the punches. One is waiting for

the cut that can never be returned to  
form. One was out walking alone when the

storm hit. One was already born old. One  
was killed by a wayward one-eyed wind. One's

still trying to find a good ladder. One's  
loudly singing in the bathroom. One was

looking directly in the sun's mirror.  
One caught by a Sunday morning prayer

gave up the ghost like a familiar boot  
to the rushing by leaves. One wasn't sure

what one was singing was true or not. One  
often jumped at someone else's shadow.

One landed on a forgotten bruise. One  
was caught in the rain that never let up

and slipped and fell on the sidewalk. One can't  
explain. One didn't protect you. One did.

### 3. You Have Arrived at Your Destination

But you'll have to go back to the beginning to  
claim your reward. But the game still isn't over. But  
everything exists in a naked bulb. But no one shall  
know the real reason for the blowing curtains. But you  
had that lesson. But you were laughing instead of listening.

But I tried to tell you something lovely. But the  
exploding ground fell on our heads. But I came back  
and you were gone. But I left small silver bells  
tied to the glowing weeds. But birds have their own  
climbing monsters to fight. But the traveling men came down

the lonely road singing a joyous song. But I joined  
their circus in my wildest dreams. But didn't know the  
derby wearing elephant was capable of such grand larceny. But  
you weren't going to remove that splinter, were you? But  
how much is enough? But I don't blame you. But

I never did give up. But the ships just sailed  
on and on. But we came back changed people. But  
only to someone like you. But to ourselves we were  
only gone for one holy moment. But you always wanted  
an explanation for the many unbearable things there are no

words for. But I'm not saying the sea didn't make  
me a sick man. But I'm at the end of



the voyage and you're still a bitter sparkle to me.  
But if you'll let me I'll give you your fair  
share. But please remember me. But we made no promises.

#### 4. Lost Dog

Surely you've seen my face before.  
You know me. Why do you pretend  
you weren't the one? This is the face  
of the one you left behind. Find  
me. I am always looking for  
you. Every day. I waited, my  
eyes fixed upon the door. You know  
me. Have mercy. I need your hugs.

#### The Unbearable Heaviness of Selfies by Darryl Price

All you haters pushing  
poison. Poison kills. Hate  
is dumb. How many have  
you harmed? Why do you have  
to be so cutthroat? Hate  
is dumb. Is my calling  
hate dumb politically  
incorrect? The tragedies  
of war have come  
to our door. Hate is dumb.  
War is rude. Haters piss on  
truth. Words hang in the

air because they can't believe  
in themselves. Hate is  
dumb. John made the mistake  
of teasing weak men with  
guns. You can't tease a man  
with a gun. Or a hat.  
Or a uniform. Hate  
is dumb. War is harsh. Death  
gives lillies a bad breath.  
Hate is a crime against  
the practice of kindness.  
Soldiers will shoot unarmed

students if given the  
right order. How many  
numbers make up a soul?  
How many poets are  
alive in the world today?  
Don't care. People aren't  
numbers. Hate is dumb. The  
world is sick and no one  
wants to do anything  
about it. It makes me  
sad, but that doesn't mean  
I'm not okay. I'm not,

but certain things make me  
glad to believe in the  
magic of being here.  
Dumb hate has no mercy.  
All you haters so sure  
of your propaganda  
against love and compassion.  
It is never too  
late. Hate kills happiness.

Generates suffering.  
Hate is dumb. Life goes on.  
In this we're together.

### These Poor Creatures by Darryl Price

These creatures have always wanted  
to carry us far away with  
everything beautiful. Their true  
feelings seem to be ones of an  
insatiable hunger. These poor  
creatures shun anything that feels  
like it might make them smile without  
even trying. They're dangerous

to the environment just standing  
there. They love gluing weapons of  
every shape and size onto their  
hidden bodies. They are prepared  
for all out war at all times. Can  
you imagine them as simple  
growing children? Ironically  
they are extremely childish in

their pulpits and cruel in their soft  
polished seats, but no child is left  
within their darkened eyes. See how  
they communicate in smoke fits  
and mirror tantrums? You still want  
to see what you are up against?  
What they want to turn you into?  
We've got to find a way to not

only survive their coming but  
survive their going. A way to  
remain inwardly peaceful and  
by nature non-violent even  
as we take up arms to defend  
ourselves, our loved ones and others  
against their hideous trampling  
through the sliced gardens and bruised skies.

This Broken Road by Darryl Price

I did what I said, but the damned  
disappointing road still went straight  
back to the nowhere we started  
from. I'm still wasting my time on  
it I guess. I did what I said  
and it's far too late now to start  
anything over. I did what  
I said and you watched my broken

heart burning in the losing fight.  
I did what I said and you called  
me out as your golden fool, but  
behind my back. Well I never  
wanted to see you be ever  
unhappy. I just never guessed  
that the master sacrifice was  
to be so many of my own

wasted favorite dreams of you  
and me being glad together.  
I did what I said and then lost

everyone in the process. I  
don't know where you ended up. I  
used to wonder, but it's just a  
laughable waste of time. There is  
just no going back, not to new

happiness, not even to a  
shared bittersweet sadness. I did  
what I said, but I couldn't stay  
quiet. I did what I said, but  
I found no one I could trust. I  
did what I said and maybe you  
did, too, but you were the one who  
pulled the crazy trigger on a

real cool beautiful friendship. I  
saw the death falling in your eyes  
like an end of the world bomb. I  
cannot be with you. I'm always  
almost lost. Your mad question. My  
sad answer. One last kiss in the  
form of a bunch of words falling  
apart from feeling. Turn turn turn. dp

