

The First of Many to Fade into the Now We Go Marching Down the Lane for Love Side Street

by Darryl Price

for Tracy Thorn

You don't need a song about fixed stars, you need
a reason to be glad stars are here. The
moon's always been around, but not always like the friend you want,
until now. Don't throw it all away because

you are too sad to care. You've come into your own. All
things are waiting for you to show us your
once in a lifetime heavenly bloom. Don't be afraid.
If you wait too long the stars are going

to coldly shift away, the moon will strike the clouds like a lit match
and disappear with your moment in its clenched teeth. You don't
need a perfect breeze to lift your hair to the rafters on
perfect, soft wings. You need only that smile. That

grin. That laughter. You need only you. You don't
need those shoes. I know you think you do. You need a reason to
wear
them out loud. You've got this poem for company. That's a
start. Go ahead. It's no use pretending

now that you are not something with its own incredible
brightness. I see you and it makes me want
to walk on water. You get it, don't you? You don't
need anybody's permission to shine brighter than all the rest.

4 bonus poems:

The Revolving Wheel
by Darryl Price

The planet looks so peaceful doesn't it? Want a
Gumball? Like a pancake with blue dye mixed into
The bowl and carried out by a winking Victorian
Butler. Like a bowling ball with just the right
Spin for your clumsy fingers. Like a silent psychedelic
Movie playing deep in your head. Like an indulgent rock
Opera performed by a band of rogue angels. Like
A lost hubcap running down the road. Like a political button for a
Nonexistent green candidate. Like a drop of blue striped

Paint on an ancient drop cloth floor. Like a
Hole in your favorite sweater. Like the inside of
A circus lion's gaping mouth. Like a free balloon
Far enough away from the wires of civilization to
Make a good strong break for it. Like a
Seashell sitting on the sands of time. Like a
Telephone ringing. Like a blossom opening its shop for morning
Business. Like a newly silk screened tee shirt advertising
Either a band or a restaurant, maybe a hip new bank,

Maybe a national park. Like a corroded penny found half-buried
In the grass or in your pocket change. Like if
The road was a revolving wheel that you were
Standing on in a dream of leaving and you
Kept having a hard time keeping your balance. A lost
Frisbee sitting in a garage in a little red
Wagon next to a pair of rusty hedge clippers. Like
Something coming right at you at full speed, whizzing like
An arrow, bending like a tree branch, gurgling like an open

Mouthed river. Like a spinning leaf floating around in a rolling
Pond, like a sailboat without a sailboat driver. Like a
Popping sound. Like a painted pony. Like a long dangling
Bracelet. Like a pair of dancing feet wearing nothing
But painted toes. Like a lonely bike ride through
A merry laughing woods. Like the moon holding a sign
That says, make up your mind, choose your celestial
Tea, always pay the Gypsy before she invites you
To sit down at her table. Like the lie that

You have somehow given up on things for good, my love,
Fading in the west of your wounded heart, I don't
Buy it now or ever, no matter how Eastern
Your lovers get. Like a poem that sounded like
A science show, but really is all about a
Certain comedic feeling one gets when the stars align.
Like a jackpot machine puking out its phony stream
Of stamped metal happiness, you're still barely alive in there. Like
a fuzzy

Note from an electrified base player on your wall, I'm just as

Bored as ever over the dirty looks from your
Mad trajectory towards not finishing the game. Like a blue whale,
a stone left

Atop your grave marker by a total stranger. Like
A lesson book scribbled upon with many strange and
Wonderful cartoon faces. Like a mysterious rhinoceros, I wish I
Had the strength. Like a tree planted by the
Passed over clouds, counting all the cracks in the marbled
Sky's blue eyes. Like a Merriam-Webster dictionary dropped into
the bath
with the bubble-making soap beads, what we're all about you
might say.

Human Being by Darryl Price

This isn't another world just because
other worlds exist. You might not know what it is
they know but they don't know you. That's our big one, the
only real chance to escape their stupid
planet of conformed pissing in the pool
insanity. Their brutality has

always just bordered on the inwardly
cowardly. They've always looked for new and
expensive ways to con the lifeblood out
of things rather than to be kind towards
all beings. They're always willing to pay
good enough money for someone else to

climb into a small cold bucket for them
and retrieve the rare precious stuff from the
special life-threatening poisonous goop
boiling down below while they sit around a
handsome fire above and smoke the rolled up
poor souls they've captured in the cracked ruins of

their snug and smug mirrored rugs. You know what they do when they are all gathered there. But poets are generally whistling a different fun tune for you to follow, one that calls you to abandon all enlisted coats of fear and hardened hate for a brighter, lighter way to live

in peace among the gently rocking stars. It's not a pitch perfect way either way. You sometimes have to love things that are wild, uncontrollable, just so they don't become extinct from your stupid indifference. And you have to do it with only a wild song in your heart. You will

eventually be smacked on, stoned for your best efforts one way or the other. But that's your street to live on, no to the lie, yes to the love. Still the only way for you to go my friend is the one you should be talking about all along because it is to your true choice

as a free thinking human being on the shared blue planet bus. This isn't another world. It's the same one. And that's why we can make it better if we do instead of try. War is over, John said, but only if you want it to be over more than

those who want it to continue to burn. How badly do you want things to change? This isn't another world because their staged propaganda says so. Fine gardens grow first because you let them. They believe they only grow because you make them. Somewhere

in between these careless extremes is a small sweet truth
we can probably use to open our
locked minds and hearts to a world of friendly
cooperation and peace. But only
if you want it. Poets will continue
to strum. Villains will continue to take

great advantage of us all, pretending
not to notice our hunger for what it
ultimately is, a plea for mercy.
This isn't another world, although yes
sometimes it seems like it might as well be. Either way it
makes this song and I'm glad I'm here with you. dp

Some of the Poems You Forgot to Remember by Darryl Price

are starting to feel a little left out
of your life at this point. You do
remember being asked by them to always keep
them in their original origami wrappers? As I

recall one was a seahorse you were particularly
fond of calling a sea dragon. Another was
a caterpillar you liked to keep in a
fruit bowl for laughs with your other less

serious friends. And of course let us not
forget your favorite--the typewriter ribbon that also
served as a tiny kite on windy days.
Some of the poems, short and stumpy robots

meant to stare you down from your high
horse. And some were actual wild horses visible

for a moment on top of disappearing hills
outside your window. Others were raindrops I suppose

playing a sad and lonely song on the
soaking heads of certain summer flowers. But that's
just another word for dream. I grew them
into a garden meant to communicate something that

can't be said with words. But here I
am gathering what remains into sentences like an
old comedian on a gong show waiting for
the inevitable missed cue to ring inside my

ears for the last time. The poems you
forgot wanted me to say goodbye. It's not
much to offer after such a long trial
period of mutual creative shennanigans but I do

my best to let you down easy. Some
you forgot have faded away now to paintings
of sail boats bobbing in an endless loop
of sunset and dissolving cloud as you pass. dp

On Your Street by Darryl Price

You turned a blind eye while I sank
like a stone. You turned a blind eye
but watched as I bounced into the
tall grasses. Like a peach pit in

the fuzzy sun's blazing belly.
An empty eye socket on the
moon. You turned a blind eye and like

a cursed leaf in a stormy wind

I was scooped into a jinx of
loneliness and despair before
being thrown back down on your street.
You turned a blind eye but I still

managed a fond goodbye for you.
It may have lasted too many
years but it was never insincere.
You turned a blind eye into

an abandonment of flowers
in a vase. You turned a blind eye
into a bewildered frog far
from any beloved pond's edge and

so murdered its love of lily
pads and flying insects. That's not
just uncalled for, it's cruel use of
one's power to attract magic

out of nature and extract its
essence for personal reasons.
I couldn't go along with it.
I still can't. I still refuse. You

turned a blind eye, pretending to
be in bed with someone new but
there was nothing new about it.
You chose to skip the hard part and

go right to the lie. You turned a
blind eye into a dazzling display
of hypnotic charms. Only the

children could see through it but they

were forced to grow up and always
question their own wisdom. I don't.
You made your choice, I made mine. A
blind eye is an empty promise. dp

