The Goodbye Meets the Hello at the Station

by Darryl Price

"You come to nature with all your theories, and she knocks them out flat."--Renoir

"Dreaming is free."--Blondie

"I can't vouch for my ability to avoid dullness..the odd position in which poets find themselves explains their often-sentimental identification with the disempowered(with whom they identify by virtue of experiencing themselves as outside..)"--Robert Archambeau

This one is for Charlotte

I could right now so much gather up all the proper words said throughout time and even up to this exact moment and place them all

banded together into your one small upturned hand like a sweet little

baby bird and still not have the prescribed feelings I

want to say to you about your path today. You've pressed yourself on through me like a full-body current and my life once glowing with the

extraordinary ability to see how to live off just one lonely shaded dream awakens to new possibility

because of your small presence, now as dark as a thirsty rose

petal no longer a part of its original stem. In comparison they ache my thoughts like a pair of silly legs. When I see you laughing about in a crowded room I find you are the

music the music listens to when it wants to be inspired to continue to break new ground. And when you

look into my eyes at last I swear I am only able to praise every questionable atom in the whole universe

with another one: "How can anything so perfectly attuned to the moment where all possibilities flourish in infinite rolling fields

of calm move among us and not be felled by our lying, our ignorance, our greed, our vanity, our own stubborn inability

to live on as gracefully?" A part of me wishes you would just knock me off now. Your life living out its fully found and beautiful arc

will do the job just fine eventually, I'm sure. But you have actually managed to make me care more about you being

okay in this world than anything else in this room of gloom and doom right now.And so my dear. We come to the here of the always now. You are leaving me forever because

you are gone already in courageous spirit beyond this old day's many recycled stories and the new life can't start without you.May

I always be the first one to welcome you there and never waver in my duty to embrace your many wonderful freedoms as my own personal best dream come to life.

Darryl Price 041510

To the Little Brown Faun Skipping Around the Old Wooden Park Bench at Sunset On a Friday Afternoon in The Late To Summer Sprinkling Rain

Big deal, okay so I see you too. I feel it.I feel you there. That inevitable sad stop at the station that's always coming in for your last punched ticket. It's the non-transferable loneliness of

the unfathomable punched ticket's jaw's stepping off point that's always bugged me like some kind of kamikaze gnat.But I think hey you know what maybe old Mister

Charlie Chaplin had it just about right about the personal power of just smiling anyway because it feels so good when you do.I assume you might agree if you're alive right about say now,next to this sentence perhaps?Because

that's what we like to do.We live right up into the face of it, front seat roller coaster riders.You bet your bottom dollar we do.Your ghosts will have to speak

up for themselves later on I'm afraid if that's what they want from their afterlife. Much later on if you don't mind.Oh yeah.Unless they're

already attached to the spark and go just like another freaking wire to

the ticking clock of doom

or the tightly knotted puppet strings already choking our independence daily--only invisible-- I suppose somewhat like you are forever being, and not so much like me. How is that fair? So it would seem every day I'm walking into a disappearance of my own making. I he sitate

to say it's all of my own making-- through and through-- because there still seem to be a lot more energies at work and play than just me on

this poor old forsaken and taken for granted body of mine. The mind the

brain the wind the sun the moon and the stars the hand the leg the

smell the taste the touch the blah blah blah blah. The living world has seen it all before somewhere else anyhow. How beauty goes on but we,

we must stop being beautiful. For how long I don't know. I've heard all the big and very (very,indeed) small minded ideas. The fabulous lies. The golden

dreams. The feathery hopes. The eternal licking you in the nether regions lakes of ferocious fire. The blissful and splashing about covered in roses naked

gardens. The celestial sex with angels. None of them makes any real sense to me that I'm all that comfortable with.I'm just a man.

If life is one big-ass wheel and we are whatever catches

on that wheel and then eventually falls off into the road... I don't know. That

sounds to me like just some sort of another medieval torture device for fools and idiots. What's the point? If life is just wiping your feet at the doorstep

to some miracle marble mansion in the sky--I'll pass. And if it's all a test I want to know the scores of those grading the

papers because somewhere on the horizon it's got to flatten out into the one hand clapping scenario, right? See what I mean? Where's that leave

us with our hands full of poems, with our lips red from kissing, with our pungent necklines sinking breathlessly down below even the ocean's deepest

hidden crevices to live and continue living large as whales? You know there's got to be something living down there where it suits them just fine thank you very much. You're still a bit

of a nowhere man my man. But you don't have to be all bitter about it. You're at least that free of a person all the way to

the finish line. You grab up your suitcases then, if you've even got them packed and ready, and you go go go go. You've got another train to catch after this one I'm sure. One more after this one.

Darryl Price 041610

There Are Things Here

Simple things. I could name them for you, but my desire for linguistic mastery

over them by squeezing the mystery through the tube of

such mundane aluminum siding doesn't thrill me right now. I'm looking

for the stuff no one pays that close of attention to anymore, but even

that's just an excuse not to write another love poem. Look they're ready

to push me up against the wall without even the last cigarette or a blindfold.So let me say right here and now that there is a certain kind of light swirling

around on the top of my desk being created by the ceiling fan I assume

while the spongy sun's been washing itself up soapily up against the front windows all morning long, hey that reminds

me, quietly now, of your own particular shade of green in the pretty eye regions. Uh oh. They're cocking their hammers

in a frightening row after row kind of way. I fear this may be our last spitball since that's all

I've got left. Still I shall aim it in your general direction in

hopes that the bullets are just superstitious enough to run from such fascinating if futile spectacle all on my lost behalf. Oh will you look at that! They suddenly are gone home. Hitting

their hands down into nothing in disgust and leaving me with yet another

carved plant on a caved in wall in my pants like our beautiful own beautiful song spinning down deep into the brain's woven mat like a whirlpool of delightful dizziness to come.

Darryl Price 041910

Bonus:Wire on a Bird

Jesus the bombs are still spilling out, all over the place like loosened logs. Like spring rain they have not stopped, not

for even one microsecond, and you, you want me to wait here while you sit around and decide

if my poems are any good, or just enough? I can tell you they are not. They can never be

good enough. Some are making twisted metal sculptures out of once loved in bedrooms. Children

with no extra body fat to leave behind craft their dinosaurs out of spent bullet

casings. Dolls are missing more than just arms and legs and still they hug their small audiences

to sleep at night.
I just wish with
all my heart that
it would make some
kind of real difference,

all these scratched off words, this juicing of the soul. Instead you'll go quietly

back to your window, that cycloptic

bunker, and pick up your favorite colors

and paint, while I dissipate on the broken road like a heatwave, a lost letter.

Darryl 03/31/09

Mammal Teeth

Remember the single best feeling you've got to remember, when everything else is lost to the pains of selfish cruelty. And call home with that hidden joy, even if it's only words to begin with that have already been squeezed dry of their precious laughter for the day. Let there be

peace among all the beings everywhere. Use the top most kindest ones that you've always got sitting at the ready gate, those left riding along inside with you in the center's center. Trust yourself. May all beings be happy right now. All. Life can never be completely erased because it is the meaning of being and the being of meaning. A little

light some water and it will speak to you again of new hopes for something better, later on, down the green growing road. Something more generous. Less restrictive. More fun. Less harsh. Listen to those young words that keep coming and growing and keep

them in your timeless heart of hearts. They

are at their truest when you give your own deepest self to the workings of their best soil. It doesn't matter where you are or what the ground is made of. You are in it and it is our one love gathered with yours. And so are you always in our arms. Give us your bounty true. Here's mine. Use it if you need to, at any time, for any purpose you may want on this earth.

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