

# The Sun's Curtains

*by* Darryl Price

It must be nice not to have to worry  
About certain things because those things are not yet  
In your circle, or in your circus, of life.  
I don't begrudge you for being almost grown in  
A much different, sweeter place and time. I'm thrilled  
By your unique circumference of fragile beauty in the

Ragged fields of stars, holding your own against the  
Gods who rush upon you like anthropomorphic winds to  
Drive you mad with desire or something worse. To  
Still be beautiful inside when someone has deliberately set  
The sun's curtains on fire around you is simply  
Courageous, and unique. But my protection of you is

Made up of my own life's nearly spent words,  
Words as deeds, deeds as songs, as actions sprung  
From the only imagination I know, they are meant  
To armor your thoughts, always with yes, not to physically  
Carry you over the raging waters of whatever personal  
Demon is frothing at the mouth over your innocence, but

For dreaming big enough for two or more together. You  
Must do that all by yourself, no matter who  
You are holding to your favorite breast this time. But I  
Assure you now, and I want you to feel  
This, too, that I'm doing this with all my  
Heart for the living, not especially the dying. I give you

My hands freely. It's not a duty. It's no  
Mere ploy. It does not mean you are less.

It's an honor. It means you deserve nothing less.  
This is my way of accepting that happiness that turns on joy. This  
Is my smile. They're sure to mow my place  
Down to make way for the next new comer's buildings and cars,

But I won't be there. I'll be with you.  
And you'll be with me, no matter who is  
Sitting across from us at the table. Now go out there and  
Make a great big difference, make your own difference. I sing like  
this because  
I can. I sang it all on purpose. And while I  
Was doing that, I heard you, loud and clear.

Bonus Darryl poem and Lyrics:

The Ashes by Darryl Price

It was a cold day, but we still  
went outside to be with the world. This  
was something we had in common. I knew  
I belonged out there more than inside any  
room. But it made me so sad to  
see the stranger faces stretched into laughter and

oblivious to our close-by wandering. I didn't know  
what you were looking for, but you seemed  
okay with not finding it with me. I  
wasn't kidding when I was holding your hand,  
I meant it, whatever holding hands means. It  
got dark on us, but I could still

see only you, I could always see you.

Those stars said don't be a fool, let  
her go. The trees said come here and  
put your head in our laps, she won't  
turn back now. She's gone. Rocks wept softly  
with their faces in the choking dirt. And

they were right, all of them. I guess  
I've always been a good friend to the  
urgently whistling road just around the bend of  
just another day, wishing I was someone who  
could feel something permanent instead of this deep,  
deep lonely pouring of blue, but that's not going

to happen when it's never happened before. But  
I've still got you with me, even if  
you've already left me for another life of  
light, light and more rooms of more light.  
That's a thing I know, but I keep  
it to my tired self. It's a knowledge

that no one else wants to know. They  
throw it on their fires and walk away.  
I'll crawl into the ashes later and look  
for any trace, any trace will do. I'm  
a ghost in their windowed backgrounds. If you  
miss my river, please hang up the waterfalls. dp

Fire or Flame (Low Tide)

When you wake up in  
The bad dream and no  
One says a word listen

For your silver bird and  
No one understands no one  
Lends a hand listen to  
Your best band even if  
It's only in your head

I don't care if they  
Are made of flesh or out  
Of mists they have no  
Right to scare you out  
Of your wits oh no

When you wake up in  
The bad place and no  
One seems to care look  
For another human face there's  
Someone like you in there  
If you wake up in  
The bad land trust how  
It feels to be in

Love it fits you like  
A glove like a glove  
We don't care if they  
Are flesh or made up  
Of mists they have no

Right to scare you out  
Of your wits oh no  
When you wake up on  
The bad plain listen for  
Your poet on the wind  
Each song will know you  
Like a friend extend you  
The helping hand in the

Name of its godsend and  
Show you another kind mind  
I don't care if they  
Are flesh or made just  
From mists they have no

Right to scare you out  
Of your wits oh no  
When you wake up lonely  
And lost be a companion  
Yourself to those who suffer  
That feeling don't abandon them  
To a harmful reeling keep  
Connected to them keep all

Your bells ringing for them  
We don't care if they  
Are flesh or made up  
Of mists they have no  
Right to scare us out

Of our wits oh no  
When you wake up in  
The bad funk and no  
One is around listen for  
Any natural sound coming right  
Up out of the ground  
You'll be found on the  
path again you're not sunk

chorus

