

# This is the Wild Place I was Telling You About

*by Darryl Price*

I want you  
to remember me. This the place  
where I'll always be, if you're looking hard enough.  
This is the place I've let  
go of all expectations, no regrets, and no  
masks. This the place my heart  
bobbs about like a living sailboat for you.

This is the space I sought best  
to envision once. This is the place  
savored to the fullest in my deepest, wordiest  
lines. This is the place where  
I went in, with or without any  
grace. This is the place that  
might as well be a secretive

garden. I can't ever imagine you as  
being a stranger here since it  
was built with your presence in mind.  
This is the place I made  
peace with all other beings first. I  
wished them their own happiness. This  
place my cell wall has to

push itself through. This the place where  
art unleashes original singing like a  
telekinesis machine. This is the place I

smiled back at you from. This  
is the spot I placed my  
hand on the cave wall and  
called across all time to ask for

your true feelings. This the place I finally  
danced, the place I think aloud.  
This the crack where I survived the  
end of the world. This is  
the place they can never understand  
is all around us. This the  
place they are standing on. This

is the space not ever for sale. This  
is the "X" only discovered by  
those who bring their own individual maps  
with them. This is a place  
only a lover would get to know. This  
is the dreaming place. I told  
you about meeting me here years ago.

This is the place that must do  
the talking for us. Keys are  
where you'll find them. This is the  
place, always a part of things, still the  
most natural way to fling open  
doors between nows. This is the  
place I planted you your wild flowers.

Bonus poem:

The sky became its own monster

for some of us. Some of us died.  
We had our blue on the blessed  
days when nothing happened, but you

know otherwise their predictions  
came all too true. The war waged on.  
One by one we were captured by  
the bitter, dull indifference

of certain insulated folks  
and shoveled off to the side of  
the road. It didn't surprise us,  
it just saddened us to our bones.

We left the farms and turned on the  
sickening TV. We drank the  
latest gasoline and choked on  
the way to the emergency

room. The line was as long as it  
ever was. No Jesus could have  
done it justice. And now our kids  
aren't sure what to make of the books

and movies and art and noise that  
our drowning bonfire makes. They don't  
understand the mean destruction  
any more than we did. They'll start

the whole process over again,  
waiting for their own children to

choose another planet to live  
on together. We'll wash to sea.

