

# Three New Poems

*by* Darryl Price

Letter(s)

The sky set itself on fire, but  
it really didn't make a whole lot of difference. Birds  
knew not to worry any more than  
usual. Trees thought and made the most

of their landscapes as a way of  
being modern and yet timeless. It's only  
people who suffer from too much starlight  
and not enough moon. The oceans continue

to gulp their own feelings like blue  
ice. You and I make our musics  
and leave the singing to someone else.  
We count off the same steps of

our eventual dissolving like petals given as  
wishes to the wind, like hats blown  
into another time and space. Again it  
was that sky choosing to live in

a mirror rather than putting on shoes  
that caused the day to crackle and  
explode. We put our heads into our  
hands like letters found in the attic.

A List of Some People

Some people got lost. Some

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people are still falling  
down. People were blown clean  
away. Some people fled.

Some people buried their  
own evenings in good  
excuses. Some people  
became like myths. And some

people knew better. Some  
people starved some people  
with lies; those people  
killed us quite easily.

Some turned to look back. Some  
waved their blinking flashlights  
in our faces like hearts  
beaming smoke signals. Some

people can take the pain  
away. We need to thank  
them. Some people haven't  
been here since John. And all

being flawed, people take  
flight and walk away to  
their own clouds. People are start  
to finish humble spies.

Poem for Lily T.

I only wish there was a  
word I could give you that

no one else could, that's the  
feeling I get when you talk.

I very much enjoy how your  
eyes are endlessly crinkled into little  
bunkered-down windows full of blue curtains  
that turn into soft pastures of

cotton and sunflowers. I imagine making  
you laugh would be like meeting  
a warm breeze mixed with sunshine.  
But I'm just a poet you've

never heard of, still I do  
want you to have this drawing  
of mine. It's all I have  
to speak to you with. The

next time you pay attention to  
any moon, please remember me; I  
was the one who cherished everything about  
your bell, its joyfulness at clanging.

Bonus poem:

This Road

Take this road and swallow it. You won't be hurt. What you'll be  
Is found. That's the truth, but they discovered  
Our joy and it made them go nuclear more than ever. They blasted

Our childhoods wide open rather than have to listen to all that noise.

But the colors leaked out any way, love  
Has a way of doing that, because it seeks every person out for

A meeting with their soulful selves. I feel okay. I don't want you  
To worry. Life is happening to me, that's  
All, that and I wanted to tell you that I'm glad you exist.

Please don't ever think you have to miss me. All these poems  
should

Keep you glad company. And whenever you hear  
New music being made you know it puts a deep smile on my

Face for you. That's another truth. Take the road and follow the  
day

Until night pulls up in his familiar car  
Full of passenger stars and moons looking for someone like you to  
help

Pass out dreams for free. You'll fly, but it won't be just any  
Old wind lifting you out of your seat,  
It'll be you. That's what I wanted you to believe in all along.

