

To All the Lights

by Darryl Price

I have nothing in me but a raw loneliness
right now. It's as if someone whirl-winded me out
of the sky into the middle of the ocean

in the middle of the red faced night. My
fate seems immobile, sealed, doomed to a rocking nothingness,
like an endless tossing and turning in a fold

of fretting, splashing sheets. There is no sleep, just
minor escapes into a fantasy of heart-chilling sleepiness. Dear
God, if there are any angels left, I sure could

use some company about now. Please don't let me
drown in my own numbness of tears. Head me
to all the lights where some capacity to love

still exists, where I can come ashore at last,
and begin to be the beautifully controlled man that
I am. Please don't let me falter any more.

I want to come home before I am useless.
I want to be lost forever in the poetic,
private family of a Sunday morning. I miss being

loved for being me. Let me have a head
that believes in this, a heart that proves its
starting position daily, and a spirit that always welcomes

what's inside every face. Open my arms. Open my
eyes. Keep my mind awake. Let me relax. That's
all I'm asking. The bricks are stacking quite high!

