

Two Takes on a Flickering Moth

by Darryl Price

Take 1. The Love Letter to an Unspoken Name

Well we're beyond our appointed
Moment now. We must step
On what's left, alone, but
That begs some explanation to
These days that pinball between
Stars and to the sad dreamers everywhere—

That we were not kind enough
To ourselves, that our deeds
Contained no exits to each
Other's arms again, and forever. You
May say this is not something
Hateful, but just ordinary life, still

I wish to err on
The side of the impossible thing called love.
Looked into your eyes when
First we met and the
Contract signed there by my
Own free soul was made. I was not

Coerced. I was not bewitched.
Simply, I was glad to
Be alive because that's where
You were to be found.
The voyage out was all your

Lack of courage, while I

Drowned on those many waves. We
Must stand in line with
A bunch of familiar strangers now
For the final count of
Our capacity to care until
Love buries itself, and the universe,

And its molten embrace implodes. I will
Not fail to carry your
Name forward. You can know this
That it was true then
And so remains my heart's ultimate
Purpose, to always pronounce that flame on high or even low
planes.

Take 2. The Talk With the Moon

Some part of me knew
I was melting at your
feet. I didn't mind one
bit. The hardest part was
watching you walk away into

the reflection of my fading rippling apart
heart. All these years later
I still miss your unabashed song,
the way it coughed up
your words in the sweetest

possible way. I can't help
but leave you this poem

now while I'm still around
to give it true meaning and
I do. I don't regret

any moment spent in your
presence, that's the remarkable thing,
the really beautiful thing, that I'll always
cherish. I can't wish any
more for you than you've

hoped for yourself already. I
trust you to pursue your
dreams and isn't that quite enough?
I don't believe in goodbyes,
so hello, I see you now as then.

