

# Various War Stories

*by* Darryl Price

## War Stories #1

The Germans didn't like that the  
Jews had such beautiful women.

## War Stories#2

There must have been a  
war between the good witches  
and the bad witches. It's  
the only thing that would  
account for such troubling times.

## Woman With Yellow Hat

Why did you look at  
me like that? Now my

life is incomplete  
and always will be.

## I'm a Twenty-Four Hour Poet

I will die young-- no  
matter how old I get.

## Clouds and Everything and Mountains

We chanted to the sun. Chanted  
to the moon. We chanted to the  
stars. We chanted to the grass. We  
chanted to the trees. We chanted  
to the oceans pouring over  
our heads. We chanted to the winds.

We chanted to the new flowers.  
Only the flowers appeared to  
be listening. Because of this  
profound understanding between  
us we fell deeply in love with  
everything. Little did we know

that love attracts a lot of bugs.  
Bugs have no sense of decorum.  
They only know to congregate  
and make a lot of buzzing noise  
before they expire in great heaps.  
This made us laugh. Well it made me

laugh, but only because it was  
a scene that also had your ears  
in it. We made a fire out of  
just the two of us holding the  
universe in our eyes and that  
became something worth knowing. I

was not the one who would hurt you.  
I voted for Strawberry fields  
forever. You bought the dream you

were eventually handed.  
That gave the story an ending  
I'd never have thought of as good.

### Happy Friday

That's what she said and that's what I'll remember. Happy  
Friday. It seemed like a pretty good map. I opened  
it over my heart and turned on a light. There  
it was. The song that was driving me mad. Happy  
Friday, smack dab in the middle of every breath, a  
place of possibility among the mundane facts of a straight  
line to the end of all happy dreaming. Happy Friday  
and to hell with the rest of the unfolding days  
ahead. I'm willing to accept responsibility for some certain words  
only because they seem to know how fragile they are.

### Bonus poems:

#### The Train

The train is you. Everything is you. And  
that scribble applies to your personal  
dreams. You can say it's just black circumstance.  
But nothing works that way. We connect like  
screaming silent comets to stars. Soul to  
soul. It's what we needed then and what we

want now. I can't help this. It's just a thing  
among a million other things. I'd much  
rather make some music out of my noise.  
For some fun. The train is you. The rain is

you. The flowers are you. And all those bombs  
are you. I could say something clever like  
throwing yourself on top of the sheets or  
at the mirror on your wall, I'd rather  
not because it doesn't matter. It's a

true statement or it's a not true line of  
current bullshit. You don't get to excuse  
yourself from the table just because you  
are bored. We're all lonely. Your heart's going  
to break. I know this. You know it, too. The

train is always still coming and yet we're  
already on it. It's a mystery  
that you can count on happening all the  
time you are alive. So don't say you love  
me. Either do it or don't even try.

If I Told You  
by Darryl Price

If I told you, you were looking at the sky,  
would you readjust your dreams? If I told you, I  
was your mirror, would you remove the mask? If I  
told you the story hasn't been written yet, that they  
have been selling you a lie, would you take up  
your pen again? The mask of a poem is the  
same as any other crocodile tear, it doesn't come close

to the real thing. If I told you a tale  
of many moons, would you take up your canoe and  
write to me in swishing water waves? I can't

believe you would do anything different. If I told you  
the words were always true, would you still say I'm  
your fool? Of course you would. Nothing can stop the  
march of men, not even all of us. They march  
over the high lands and smash every living thing to  
smithereens. They march over oceans and turn every sunset into  
a pool of blood. But I thought we were different.  
If I told you the song we were singing was  
the key we were seeking all along, would you remember  
my name? It's no wonder so many went mad. But  
we woke. You were so beautiful to me, it was

hard to believe you existed. If that's a sin, so  
be it. One thing I will not be is a  
liar. Ever notice how old people walk around like they're  
wearing space suits? This is what scares the shit out  
of the young folk. If I told you, would you  
close your eyes and hold me close again, that the  
reason we came here was to love and be loved,  
would you smile and mean it, or is it time  
to pack up the trees and all the birds and  
bells and call it a century in a fast minute.

### Kite Flying

She may never know and it sure  
is a small world. She may never

know and they have a list. She may  
never know, I'm very grateful.

She may never know and I could  
have sworn we were getting along just  
fine. I refused to say goodbye.  
I am still wearing those sun-glasses.

She may never know that someone  
once sent me a picture of her  
on a boat in a little white  
sun dress, looking like a princess.

She may never know and I hope  
I wasn't dreaming. But working  
so hard to show the world real beauty.  
No one seems to care. And I'm still

ringing that bell. It's not a nice  
feeling. She may never know, yet  
she showed her neck to me in a  
passionate moment of silence.

I could make a good can of soup.  
The illusion of money has  
faded away. She may never  
know and no ripple disturbs her

goodwill except my love. I want  
to see her face. I want to see  
her face. Her face again. She may  
never understand that complaint.

