

Yesterday That Monday's Sun

by Darryl Price

wrenched its lower back trying
so hard to lift too many
stacked November clouds off the
newly shaved prickly heads of
the slowly freezing trees,like

ring weights,and had to spend the
last of its hours setting in
a small square box in front of
the whole world, watching it's own face
give way and sadden, and still

you were not removed from me.
As I rest here on this sand
of now, every melted picture
edge has your charm inside it somewhere
like a pigment I can't name

but sense as well as many more yet to come.
Dreams really, anything as
hapless here without you as
all this woods, have to be a lie, be nothing but
stunk death. There is no new sense of

you anymore--just nature.
If all things together are
mixing the colors of God's one good
eye, then let me gaze on it,be granted

faith,drink from its purest retaining light.

Bonus Poem:

Colored Orbs Floating Above Grass
"We all shine on."--John Lennon

for Signe

We find there to be a great many good
witches still left all down the western lays who will
come and wash their glistening rings in the chalice fed
springs at Glastonbury,mirroring the little
bright lights who live there and who shine on with their own
softly sensuous humming party-lines open, to purify

their own reasons for caring about everything, helping
us to continue the timeless dance we're sending on
its merry sparkling spiraling way home
again. Just knowing this prepares us to
live out the many possibilities for fresh poesy
within the many tired old stairways just beyond the thought pattern
hills.

I know those powerful rings are out there pulsating off
those fingers right now like palm tree fire
works wanting to crackle and burst forth
a most colorful, just treatment for one

and all used to defend the holy paths
of spirit with compassion's brave kindness.

Not Breaking Into Skull
by Darryl Price

Bumming one of life's
carsick cigarettes the goodbye
lesson you hear is all me. With its
own fading tattoo after-image,
like a stopped attitude on a moving sidewalk,
can't be helped. Just
like I do believe
the possibility for impossible
things to manifest, her
mouth, a single solitary
goldfish, swims around her
face disconsolately. There. The
damnedest thing about any hidden away heart, my
friends, is fingers do

often make the best skeleton keys. It sucks.
Like a golden apple
tree her voice is
there to remind you
of your mission--to
no avail. Everybody I
suppose wants to lock
forearms. I've gone to
sleep with my clothes on, too. In Heaven's
name that voice goes
to my head like a tiny feather. Still

I swear I'm always

going to try to
remember touching things because
the adventure isn't over
yet. Wine's no crime.
Words can only provide
so much solace. And
they deserve their rightful places. Her voice after
all is a lovely
bell tower, don't you think? Her mouth makes
each year dream the
same dream, lets stars
circulate like sparrows. Makes
blue waters suddenly add
their charm to sand.

Bonus poem:

We Need To Change

everyone should have the right
to love and be loved
to everyone has the right
to love and be loved.

dp

