

# Free Magic Lessons

*by* Darryl Price

" No honest poet can ever feel quite sure of the permanent value of what he has written: he may have wasted his time and messed up his life for nothing."--T.S. Eliot

I think, okay now I know, the poem's starting to wear off.

But I'm alive, at least for one more day. I need to read more.

I was given these scars you understand to the distant sounds of  
fluted out/ hollowed out veins, pumping against a perfectly  
radiant

coming of big buckets of oceans-- to mean something

well almost concrete, I guess you could say that, immediate like

"Don't

push me out there just yet. I'm perfectly okay right here where I am.  
I'll wait for my own small

tide to come in. Then I'll lift myself off this cloud I swear without  
any more help from all of you, but thank

you very much." Life's pretty business applies to all those present at  
the end of the day. Don't you pretend

to escape any rare kindness offered either. Oh where'd I  
put those darned glasses? You know, the ones I always lose  
when I'm not able to see that it's been getting

awfully late around this funny little town we swim around in? I'll  
probably never finish now the few kindly painted

words you washed so sweetly upon my forehead with your long  
as

the color of the sun swiped sheet of pure and golden

sand combed hair only you possess. All's fair I guess. Although it  
breaks

the door to my garden down without so much as  
a polite little knock. Sometimes even a small whistle  
will do to let someone else know you care enough to  
visit them in their wildest dreams. It's wearing thin though. I'm

becoming a vulgar beggar once more. And I need more clues if I am  
ever

to survive this ongoing deaths-head march I'm on. I'm feeling less  
and less like turning  
the wheel in front of your puzzled faces to make the colors  
collide into a one of a kind mountain of ash and smoke

for your amusement. Be gone, all be gone, soon enough, you'll start  
to

see raindrops on your windshields like bugs. There'll be no other  
choice left but the one. Certainly there must be more to us  
than conjoint sad notepads and scribbles. Why do I continue

to conjure up from their inky depths to the surface  
of the floating mind these alphabetical blocks of  
heart-shaped blunders? No matter. No matter. It's just the lack of  
pure  
symbols to the brain speaking in hallucinogenic

tropes I fear. Go sound to sleep my silvery moon girl --  
where we can at last find the raw courage once more to continue  
to trill our secret names for each other through the various  
holes in the towering stars and fan the universe with our many  
softly blown kissed wishes for some real love .

We'll find more hills of noise if it kills us.

And if it doesn't we'll be back again tomorrow with  
our same plastic buckets and shovels to begin once  
more to build a new home for no one (One size fitting all the lonely

hearts in the universe that is).

Bonus Poems:

Weeping Unicorn With Broken Horn  
by Darryl Price

Love come back. I know you're hiding.  
You're right. They showed us no mercy.  
Yet are you still constant. Come out,  
you're the only thing that works in  
tenderness in a universe

of sharp & broken stars. We need your  
lingering heady perfume. They  
have showed no kindness, fingers made  
of thorns, held together with fire.  
Wagging tongues full of mountains of

hypocrite's lies. You're the truth we  
long to know. Love, please come out. Save  
us with your angel Grace. Love come  
out. Love come out. You were good at  
driving us out of our stupid

self pity. Come out, Amore. We  
are ready now to sacrifice  
anything to get you into our  
wounded breasts again. Love come out.  
Let me start over. Your smile is

legendary. We won't ignore  
you like the fools we used to be.  
Shine your gentle beam right into  
our weary red faces. War will  
never end by itself. Oh, spark.

Bonus poems:

You Don't Have To Face the Darkness  
by Darryl Price

by yourself. You don't have to fight  
the darkness alone. I know what  
you've been told. They lied. They started  
when you arrived. Trust yourself. You

know what feels good. You don't have to  
face the dark like a good little  
boy or girl. I know what they told  
you. It made you afraid. They lied.

You don't have to face the darkness  
without a friend. You are never  
without a friend. We're everywhere.  
Even if you don't see us. You

don't have to fight without feeling  
any hope. It's deeper than a  
feeling. Take a look. You know what  
love is. They lied to make you more

afraid of kindness than anger.

You don't have to face the darkness  
if you don't want to. They can't make  
you be something you're really not

just because they can make you do  
awful things through bullying. They  
don't believe their own lies. They are  
always pretending not to see

to avoid the obvious death  
questions about their own mundane  
existing essence on planet  
earth. And some of them are simply

pricks of the highest order. You  
don't have to fight them unless you  
want to survive, you care about  
someone else more than just yourself.

The Falsely Dancing Men  
by Darryl Price

The world is fallen from Grace. The sky knows this  
because its pretty skin is beginning to peel off in  
dead clouds. The oceans know this because their barely breathing  
tubes are clogged with so much dirt and are turning  
skeletal white. Very little is getting in and very little  
is coming out. The world is fallen from grace. The  
gloomy forests know this because of the interruption of ancient  
wisdom once being passed down from bough to root, and

from root to stream, is over. Each generation is now  
on their own to find out beauty, truth and goodness  
because the dancing men have made off with all the  
whole body healing cuts of sunshine. All that's left is  
like hot knives. The dancing men have stolen soft rain  
from us and hid it in a bursting barn somewhere  
in the middle of nowhere. The world is fallen from  
grace. Every night they fire their guns into the torn

apart skies. Everything is used to build more guns. The  
world is fallen from grace. Earth is a skin and  
bones lonely prisoner of the easy money used to grow  
more of the hungry kinds of money crops. The elephants  
are motherless. The angry dancing men still shoot them between  
the eyes with cannons anyway. Have you seen a butterfly?  
Birds fly around in packs like wild ravenous dogs. But  
I am your poet. And I am here to tell

you I have found butterflies in your eyes. I have  
seen blue skies when you smile. Dip your hand in  
the water where my dreams live and I'll watch all  
hope come rushing back to life. A tree can feel  
your loving presence from a mile away. So can I.  
It's not all on your shoulders either. We are in  
this search for honor together. That's the meaning of any  
poem I write for you. Love gives day and night.

Bark Bark Bark (Flying Portuguese)  
by Darryl Price

The one thing you could do for him  
to make him feel better about  
being crucified every day

of his life, you won't. Instead you  
wait for the stranger and give it  
to him. Bark bark bark. You don't have  
to know something to know nothing.  
Bark bark bark. Duck foot pattern. You

know this makes you smile. Why lie? Bark  
bark bark. Wish there was an easier way  
to tell you I'm still in love with  
you, as you talk on the phone, as  
you roll down the window, as you  
drive away, smiling and laughing  
with your best friend. I suppose you've  
tossed me a kind of absence. The

road looks like a meaningless old  
monologue now. The parking lot  
looks corrupt and sad sacked, as tossed  
aside as a cardboard mask dropped on  
the forgotten grass after some  
major fireworks display. Bark bark  
bark. The new world is coming to  
another end. Bark bark bark. Hope

you can hear me. I've got nothing  
to say. Again. Bark bark bark. Who  
knows? Bark bark bark. I don't desire  
only to make myself useful.  
I am no apologetic  
monk sitting on a roof waiting  
for the gift of grace. You've either  
got it or you don't. Bark bark bark.

And of course you do. Look in a  
mirrored surface. Listen to the

image. Bark bark bark. One of us  
is still thinking. Bark bark bark. This  
is the only way I know how  
to reach you through a million grains  
of sand. Bark bark bark. Remember  
to forget me. Bark bark bark. You

scared? Me, too. Bark bark bark. I guess  
you're entitled. But why are we  
under heaven? The earth is a  
little rock. Does that make us all  
little rocks, too? Bark bark bark. None  
of that is what I wanted to  
say. Say. Hum me another love  
song. Bark bark bark. Why does every-

where have to be so lonesome? Bark  
bark bark. The moon is a dime found  
in the dryer with the missing  
socks. Bark bark bark. They're all thinking  
about something else. Bark bark bark.  
Look the word up. Look all the words  
up. Tell them to all go jump in  
the lake. But do it in a new

way. Bark bark bark. Listen. Let's both  
take it easy here now. Let the  
darling clutch out slowly. Slowly.  
Save your goodbyes. Bark bark bark. It's  
almost beyond recognition.  
Bark bark bark. Bark bark bark. Bark bark  
bark. Bark bark bark. Bark bark bark. Bark  
bark bark. Bark bark bark. Bark bark bark.



## Lusby Sees Some Tulips

The first thing the very first goddamn thing I thought was who in the world doesn't know me well enough to send me of all the people in the whole stinking wide world a bunch

of frilly over the top red tulips, and there was no escaping the fact of the red mind you, like a bunch of tiny paper box kites all tied up in a twisty pile of

snuggled together tree toes, gross, too cute for me, caught as surely as minnows in a shiny tin measuring cup. At least something over in that general vicinity of reality was shining from a polished table top. Could have

been a gum wrapper for all I know now. But that was through some still fuzzy eyelids. What brought the whole thing smack dab back up to me as a sharp as hell relief

was a small little corner of torn blue sky that had gotten itself all pushed into the edges of the one and only window allowed in the antiseptic smelling room like a used and

discarded tissue. I was also thinking I sure could use one of those soft reminders about now but then I thought what for? My eyes were already cleared or clearing obviously and

my nose seemed to be working okay, although all I could smell was some awful

pungent hand soap smell, the kind that is named after a fancy  
fragrance found somewhere in

nature but is secretly made all out of nothing but harsh chemicals. I  
couldn't really turn myself around  
in bed so I couldn't begin to escape the goddamned tulips, although  
by now they

tended more towards tightly fitted pink roses of some sort, which  
was a bit of a welcomed relief I guess. I only wanted to get my hands  
on a nice big

warm mug of chocolate milk and shove myself down into the furthest  
corner of my very  
own comfy couch at my own bit of home and watch a few minutes of  
westerns on

TV. Doesn't matter what's on or what's doing. I love TV. It brings me  
down out of the heights of fear every time I see it shine on brightly. I  
guess that means

I was afraid of tiptoeing through the tulips. I don't really know why. I  
guess it's all  
the so-called canned laughter they layer on the poor puns and bad  
jokes. On TV

I mean. Not the tulips. The situations that can heal themselves right  
there in your living room in oh let's say  
a half an hour or so. And the crazy, fun people hanging out in bars  
and coffee shops. I love to see

all them beautiful young people, living their lives as if we don't need  
to spend so much time worrying about the blazing meteorites  
coming at us from outer space. We've been lucky so far. At

least not all the whole time we've been alive. Sometimes we just want to have a little fun with one another. Perhaps that's what I've missed the opportunity for all my life. Now I'm paying for

it. Is that it? And then just like that the fickle pink roses seemed like a box of squared to be found tulips again and I thought, fuck, sorry lord, what

is this all about anyway? Who are these strange eyed people I can feel here in my room with me but cannot begin to see in any proper sense? I know if something's being spelled out in

flowers or not. Believe me. Please. Do not try to brighten my sleep for me.

I have angels for that. They'll do a fine if not bang up job all on their feathered

own time. And they sound just like a bunch of shaking bells when they are walking towards you. I ought to know. I've been walking with them now for several months on end. Hello. Yes I know who you are.

Might You As Well Then

be wearing each and all of Heaven's smiles, after a baby blue modern mile line of self perpetuating star shine, for your simple shawl this evening? I indeed think so! That's what I'm saying to you. As your shape cascades without needing to see any other light source to perform its own bright miracle on me. The spinning

out of control universe only seems to right itself whenever you lay down anywhere.

This I know for a fact. I've become your beauty's strict apostle. Even now once mighty fighting galaxies are found neatly folded against your secret skin of skins like pulled down for the night bridges or collapsed wings. When you dare move even a small

pearly inch they may or may not decide to click clack back into place and become functional again in all time and every neat space. You don't need

to know the laws of physics when you write them up as you go. When you are somehow become still as lava all internal

functions seem utterly bewildering to me, simply to keep you warming in a

certain spot as a rubber bottle filled with the history of every sunlight ever laid down upon this earth until now; or too like a single spiteful cat who only knows its true name when played

through your split parterre lips. Otherwise you know it doesn't speak any

English at all around the you know who and the you know what. So your mind much like your hips is the receiver of unbelievable and delicate deliverance from the presence of air itself that makes

many more poets than me want to smash everything else in the room to tiny bits until all that is heard is the one swooshing tide of your solitary music on life itself. Please accept this shard of a heart

in going peace. Let our kingdoms know no boundaries except for the right ones that pronounce our love is supreme.

