

Horse With One Big Ass Smile Plastered All Over Its Purple Petaled Pucker Just for You

by Darryl Price

Tired, so tired of it all, but oh we'll always go on, won't we,
still carrying on about the love the love the love we shared, only
again and again. Ooh the oozing life blood is slowly, slowly, slowly,
slowly now going to shit I say, practically thawing and slipping and
sliding like a faraway saw into my fizzing ear canals right here and
drizzling like chocolate wax into my world weary and worried eyes-
- you can feel it carrying on inside your crazy disappearing shoe
steps yourself if you listen, and

that means something is shaking it up all over the known weary
world under the pretty sweaty covers tonight, shake it up, baby,
like there's no tomorrow, anywhere in sight, somewhere though
maybe, not right now in the act of these typing fingers. Oh, yeah I
know. Don't worry. I'll emerge eventually, probably

we all will until there's simply nothing left to crawl
out from under. Even that sounds way too fatalistic for the likes
of me and my brain drain

to swallow down whole. I don't want to be in like with
a perfect goddess on somebody's holy fur-lined wall. That only leads

to jealousy and envy and false notions of granted immortality.
Someone will pull the trigger again and you'll all go down to

the river to rinse. I want to know right now,
whatever happened to our beautiful young friend named John ,
where'd he head off to this time? Where the heck's he gotten himself
off to at this

very late moment in the roving night time's criminal visiting
hour? And I don't mean heaven or hell either. What
really happened to him? If love is just the physical

sensation then what's the use of dreaming? I know how
dumb that sounds. But what is this thing that's got

us all tangled up in its dick wad drama like
some kind of bowling ball made out of wire after crazy wrapped wire

after crazy wire wire wire wire?We're tightly packed in like
centuries
of farming.We only grow what we are taught to

expect might grow and find as we wind our way on down the
oncoming hill slide of the
next ride home. We fight but we don't ever get out

into the bright lights like our little begging insect hearts want us
to. We make due with every mistake we can think of and still

go nowhere new together like kings and queens of the
one and only earthly paradise should.There are great green
moments in the viewing I guess.

There are real persons too who do lift their sunken heads and
say go ahead and take a good long look, it won't kill you. Go

ahead and dance around if you feel like it. Go

ahead and act crazier than shit if you must. You

just might get the attention of the next great big nothing. Sooner
or later we all rock and roll back over and go sound to sleep.

The blankets are a good enough reason to go to world
war III. But first let us feast our hoarded hopes on our fabulously laid
out sweetly golden slumbers

another few hundred years or so. Whatever this is it can wait to
happen to us some other time. And
if it won't then we'll tear the whole damned thing down

with our bare fingers, until what is left is only the
awful bloody stench of the last silences left on earth and then
we'll start it up all over again like nothing ever happened in the first
place. That's the scenario they

love to write into their awful droll movie scripts. But whenever I
think
of your perfectly smooth foot curled up to the newest hour against
my frozen leg I

know there's every good reason to get up and start
to heat whatever I can in the belly of the

nearest hatch-ling day. Of course they laugh their asses off and
say that's a good one, Darryl, you always could make us

laugh, but seriously you need to get out and get yourself
a real job. All I need to do is look

in no particular direction and jump, jump right in. I'll do
it, John. Me and my girl. Just like two gifts from the most ancient
of gods themselves might, if they weren't so busy winking at each

other with real and delirious fancies of delight.

Bonus poems: looking at a rosebud

I Don't Know

how many more
times I can

see her without
falling in love.

There is nothing

here you could not expect anyone looking at it not
to see coming. Cold skinny trees
with their once proud leaves
only a wind polished buried memory
away from pure nakedness. Wish I could go
out into the street like that myself and
just blow away.
Maybe I will. I could you know. Anyone can.
Don't know. It's so hard to muster
anything more than a string of paper
skeletons these days. When I think of
all my few minutes I've got
left to go, there's no better gift

I can think of that you haven't
already rejected right out of
hand. I can't
help it. The
lonesome poems still
jump out of my frayed pockets like
loose change through a hole, but I no longer care
what they might add up to
some day down the line. I say let them spill and
roll. Let them eventually sink through
the ground like rotten old rubber toys.
Say you think it
feels cold in here? Oh yeah I almost
forgot you're standing
on the other
safe and sound end
of these obviously pretentious letters I've mine.
You've made it to the
hillside without me. That's cool. You're cool. We're good. Good as
gold.

