

It's a Beautiful Banana Moon

by Darryl Price

and I can't help it if it is. I
know it won't stay that way for long, but
for now that's all I've got to work with, shining
in my window, made of all eight fingers
and a couple of thumbs. But the latest pushy
words still want to give themselves over
to you tonight like ants marching on the beach. I
definitely tried to stop them. I
even said you wouldn't want them to
be so boldly needy right now, since
knowing nothing of their very artful plans
for a love song later on tonight. And so,

nothing quite as new as a golden
nugget of hope cracked open on a struck rock, for you
or for me, so full of potential
as a gestating pearl might be. It's just a
regular miracle fruit in a
deep blue basket of folded, wadling about
stars, wanting to spoil or rotten, or
be eaten, but that's a pretty far
stretch to go for a potassium
high, don't you think? Guess I just wanted you to know
about this particular Thursday
moon because you seem to like such things.

They kind of belong to you. They make their zigzag way

to you like sleepy children or half
dozing cats, finding just the right size
crevice among your hills and valleys
to fall asleep in, dreaming at once
of warm comfortable satellites of love, just like the song.
Not my fault I say. Blame it on the
flimsy inflated orb we're all going on about. That plastic
toy started all this mess with its tricky mesmerizing
transformations. All I did was put
two and two together and add up
the poem to equal you, which it definitely did. The end.

Bonus poem:

That color of sky in the sky we get to

have together is like the perfect world in this case,
the case of me trying to say something without sounding
too awfully stupid. I don't even see why you of
all people need the company of words, it's me that
needs them. They're like a brilliant pair of glasses. Whatever
you are seeing now you don't need my words to
survive. But here we are. I'd at least like to
present you with a token of my care: these days

of you have been perfect for me. I'm not silly,
I know we won't be able to remain enchanted by
all the world's simple things. But right now they all

tend to make me realize how beautiful you are among them. I find it fascinating to note that even a blade of grass has a tendency to remark to strange clouds your feet alone provide me with some sense of gladness for all things living everywhere. These are my own true words.

