

My Moon's Famously Caught

by Darryl Price

behind your one

perfectly showcased yet irreplaceable earlobe, like a still
inflated island-- in order to float
away on any slight rogue gust of
gregarious wind-- seedling tool
kit and so I mistakenly
thought I'd just go right on ahead
and maybe point out that precious

fact to everyone within a
close hearing distance from me for
all eternity. It is your
perfect lake after all that makes
it seem worth noticing anything
after tonight's illuminating
skies. I know. Pretty dumb
idea in the best of times--

because it's supposed to be all
about two being together
right in front of the unknowing
others and somehow living to
tell about it inside each other's
private arms. There is another
love story I can solve. Certain
stars move certain mountains like certain

fish move certain seas. This goes
all the way back and forth and in

and out until it may appear
to be pouring itself into
only a single flat space on
time's huge new flatter screen. It may even look like an
ancient statue of an embodiment
of the laughing Buddha boat that

isn't (for sure) living out a
real monk's potential earthly life
of waiting until all are cared
for, but it's only taking some
mighty tiny steps towards
reaching your central nervous system
with its own simple message of cool
kindness. Whatever it is

it wants to tell you is probably
already inside your mind. I
know that's a left turn, but listen
to those fabulous grass strung crickets
rub their hairy legs all over
the place like a sliding candlestick
holder for violins and
your bound to get the sleepy world's dancing for love at all costs
picture in a
micro mini second of happiness. O

yeah.

Bonus:

There is none

closer to me now than you.
Don't you breathe that in these
few words of mine? It's the rarest of moments
we've been waiting for, where

our lonely ships finally get to give their last
ragged chances to the
twisting winds that may be and hope
for something glad to go with us, to

let loose from the unwillingness
to set sail in the first
place. The tall stories are jutting
out there, all of them, to

express the need to travel
and arrive, lifted wave
by broken weeping wave, beyond
their own mythologized

adventures into something
much more real, a much sweeter
tasting meaning for all of us. We'll bring them
home if we can. Alright

the air does seem to be made
of tiny rolling bells
being blown like grains of sand through
a giant straw. Give the signal. We'll go, we'll go. Here we go then.

Monroe

We don't often get to see the prosthetic wailing child
within the speaker walls blasting her hopeless, beating fists from

inside her breast because there is no actual frame of reference behind which she is so kindly, patiently waiting for you to put your tender ear up against, that's just the shared and foolish illusion of cellular paint anyway, but everything else was absolutely real and full of water and bread, that's the tiniest sadder part, she was made like that, all of that, and left like a stranded beluga whale waiting for a friendly environmentalist to herd her back out to open sea, like a sudden attack of light, meant to as permanently blinded by you as if you were walking through a dream of nothing more than sunlight after sunlight, clutching sheer curtains that don't hang so much as float in your face in the air all around you.

Through these enlarged artifacts she watches you thrash, but she doesn't get emotional about it, not until later, when she wants something from you she can't ever have. That's why you don't get to react for more than a micro second before she demands your blood be spilled on all of it, in a cup and a pill. We only have their utterly charmed faces now, by suddenly either laughing uncontrollably all the way or gaining in frozen sadness before suddenly being mysteriously drawn back to awakened life,

flopping

back into regular, jerking fast motion again. By this count can you really believe she wasn't living cautiously with her hands on the bottom of the pull cord at all awake times? She pulled the curtains opened or closed in her wake at will. She clicked the shutters for them, like magnetized castanets, with her many-legged golden eyelashes. She

alone parted the waves of days or nights or else simply let them drown in their wretched sorrows. She couldn't turn off the mirrors because she was the entire body of light. There was only one switch. She found it

eventually. Was her finger in the way? Someone must know the truth.

Band

The image left us
feeling so alone. It
wasn't anyone's unhappy
fault. Exactly. We
had all made it happen together.
It just became
bigger than all of
us being together and
got up on its own one day and walked away from us

of its own lumbering
energy.
This surprised us too. How
could it take from us our shadows
like that and have a
palette of its own without consulting
us? That's when we
had to do the unspeakable move.
We had

to track it down to its lair and
take it apart in its sleep again,
leave it in broken pieces,
scatter the portals
of its electrical
firings to
the four cosmic winds. This of
course caused our own demise.
We turned away and quickly into a mythologized salt.

