

Reflections

by Darryl Price

Today the color of the sky
remakes my heart into something
less willing to break, or to judge,
and I am thankful for it. A
color not unlike walking chest
deep in the ocean and seeking
beautiful clouds and thinking I
will be back. Dreaming with the sky.

Please stop lying to me. A sky
like the shining skin of berries,
maybe my obvious lack of
composure here. The color, which
is it, much needed honesty
or simply running away? They
say promises are meant to be
broken. Oh the color like no

walls between us. That would be my
wish. If only, of the sky, so
blue, edible, bell-shaped, azure,
cobalt, you name it, Oxford and
cyan, O the slender shafts of
sunbeams suggesting reflections
somewhere. The color of the sky
today like the perfect dancer

in complete control of the gifts
of natural grace and timeless
storytelling. The color like
no one can kill it, pollute it
or ruin it in any known way

forever. But I know you are
going to be doing something
terrible with wind and rain soon.

Bonus poem:

How Not to Fire a Gun by Darryl Price

They always want you to pay attention
to their drooling evil crap, but I've seen
something else worth seeing in your open
eyes today. They want you to be afraid to die,
but I've never been more alive in your
arms than now. I'm already late for joining up

with their nationalistic crews anyway,
why start now believing in something I'm
never going to be for in this
lifetime? I'm telling you I'm okay just
watching you walk in the sun of each day.
It's everything I dreamed of, your body

making perfect sense of every new breeze,
every wandering cloud. Universal
language. I understand it in my head
immediately. They want you to just
blindly put your head into their money bin
traps, but you were made to wear an ocean

of living stars in your hair, dance under
the biggest brightest full moon ever recorded. They tell me

it's plain stupid to care, but I still do,
each time I hear you say my name. I'm
telling you now I'd rather listen to
your breathing than learn how to fire any gun.

