

Right Now You're Being So Sloshed {revisited}

by Darryl Price

amongst the other gently
gathering flotsam up against
my internal dictionary's borders. Doesn't matter much
if the deed is life rushing
itself through a tube that poured
us out together like this,
or just mutual need that

made the hole in the facts about
the size of the two of
us appearing out of nowhere
and let us easily see
clearer to the sand inside each
other's beings like a couple
of glass bottom boats on
fire. We don't need to ask for

true understanding of its
ultimate purpose. It's art,
simply given, it's present tense
when we are in company
with one another. It's not
a miracle by permission--
unless you want to spot
it one. I don't see the need

to row that far away from
our respective shores. It's only

some kind of immediate
love forming that seems to generate
a pine forest around
us for whatever reasons.
Not that big old, messy, fussy
scientific stuff of chemicals that

cruelly leaves people in torn
apart shambles on the cold
bathroom linoleum all night. It
has no legs to stand on. I
can personally give it a five.
It's not a solid of any
kind. It's just a respectful
is. I'm not going to

deny it, nor am I going
to keep it here for myself.
But I do tape it to my sense of gladness
as it floats here between
us like a soapy bubble fingerprinted with rainbows.
I will say it's more than beautiful
to adore, and looks
just like you do in your old sneakers.

