

The Cat Pulls No Sudden Punches

by Darryl Price

and springs its ready-made claws into
action and takes a soppy chance
that things will probably go its
feline way today. But you, my friend, must
you always throw the testing switch
to high voltage on me? Yeah I
get that the history teachers don't

want me to talk with their students again about their corporate
methods,

but they have never been smart enough
to learn from us what now is. That's bothered
me a ton in the past. I'm
pretty sure they still don't get it.
The we as we are now part. They think their
aged kind of knowledge is the
supreme skeleton key, but let

them try fitting that stale and polished old
ship into their bottled up sadness
without collapsing the fragile universes around them.
I don't want to sound morbid.
I enjoy life. I've learned to live
with the pain. It simply comes like it
belongs here so who am I
to judge it as unwelcomed or otherwise uninvited?

Pain is one petal. One pissing
cloud. One star. One shoe without
the other. One beamed signal from
out in deepest outer space. For those of you
smart enough to know your elbows
from your college degrees I give
you this one simple list. One love. One soul. One
light. One tragic ballad hanging by a thread. One yang to anchor
your chain.

One multipurpose building on the verge of collapse. One
acceptable
transference. One handwritten history for the hidden pages of
magic books.

One call back. One available
backseat for a fearless driver. One careless whisper.
One four letter word. One priceless forgiveness.
One summer night. One rat. One
carefully buried deep finger. One
lost ball. One will to make it. One living flesh and blood.

Bonus poem:

Feathers On The Things We love

by Darryl Price

I wanted a windowframe between me and the world more
than I wanted your love next to me. Little did
I know that there was a listening presence big enough
to lift a finger in that direction. This is not
a new sad story of some sort. There are no
such things anymore. I suppose the ending will be nothing

more than a subtle shift of light on a wooden floor,
softly fading out of place with nothing left to reveal than the silent
hour.

No time to fold between cool sheets of shadows. So there's where
life begins its invisible journey up to the disappeared lands, right
where you're standing. Nothing is built to last, but oh
didn't we create an interesting dance though, one that brought
stars to the fore fronts? They simply reflected us out
into the stratosphere like blowing streams of pure burning hills.
Let's not pretend. We were open, revealed, generous, and kind
to all others. We were the medicine that the people

so desperately longed for. We provided proof. They took us
apart, and we let them. The only reason for this
vision now is not what you might think, it's to
smile at you again. I stood still before your ocean
and felt at home. I entered your forest and belonged
to branches, the leaves, the many winding paths, as if
they were made out of my own arms and legs, sprouting faithfully
all around me. That's miracle enough to track these words down
and remember them.

