

The Thank You Parade

by Darryl Price

Let's go now with those precisely marching shiny cloud band members, so eagerly clanging their golden sleeves together over there in the valley of new light, for instance. They can lift whole oceans up, like baby children, for a series of smooches, all of unprecedented and unapologetic radiance. Ah. Ah. Ah.

Oh, surely they do get angry from time to time, enough to darken our view of the rest of the planets, but they are quick to forgive, and to offer hugs all around,

so that the sky's once tearful eyes turn happily bluer than newly born balloons. Then there's my favorite aliens, the trees. These most ancient of beings are the wisest of all pulled together

atoms on the planet. They push and pull every kind of energy all around the world with their gnarly toes and beautiful fingers at blurring speeds. They appear to be standing still. Instead they are lighting and

relighting their feathery bodies with the eternal green flames of nature's finest care. They provide a much needed warmth between the dreamer and his forest of dreams. We are most grateful to you for this free and revolving

service to all living beings. And let's not forget our flower-faced friends who're involved then! How could we ever find our way out of the fearful memory fields without their wafting heads bending the way, full of songs leading

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us onward to so many more smells of all the new tomorrows? And finally, here we come along, with our own wondrous selves! We are here to provide the four directions of the wind their central function, as a rightful purpose for life's passionate daily play. See you next time, around this place. Same yes place, as yes is always remembered by us, one and all, in every sphere.

bonus poem:

Likely Story

by Darryl Price

Everybody's out to get me. They follow me in their cars, but never visit me at home. I won't find out they love me till I'm dead. If I had a time machine I would go back and rescue Emily Dickinson. These

are just a few of the interesting things. Everybody's out to get me. They watch what I'm watching to see what I see when I see the empty road stretching out before me. Do they ever know me looking at the sun

and clouds? They listen closely to what I listen to and transfer secret ominous playlists for themselves on

to cassettes--because it's cooler that way. They talk amongst themselves like a bungling gang of cartoon cat thieves. All

whiskers, long legs and dark clothing in the starry night. They take notes on old wedding napkins. But they never will talk to me directly about la la love. I'm starting to feel LONELY in the bursting universe; that's full

of other colorful universes. It's enough to drive a person crazier than a raspberry. I won't find out they love me till I'm thrown into the tunnel of white light head first. That's my only regret. That's why

I want to save Emily. She needs to hear someone say thank you. Love you just the way you are. Right to her face. Love your words. Everybody's out to get me, but you don't get me, as John puts it. No use wondering why.

Allergic Reactions #1: the Sun (1st draft version)
Well I too woke up and outside there was the shining sun literally smashing itself against the window like a crazed yet determined yellow

bird but it just couldn't break through the little rows of shuttered blinds like it wanted to. It would hit and fall and recircle

and try again, over and over again. Okay, I said, I guess I'm up. You can knock it off now. I stuffed the rest of my sleep under the pillow for later. The usual things followed. I opened the door and there the sun tried to stick its huge foot in but it still couldn't enter the house altogether. I got in the car and the sun immediately clamped down on the silver top and beat it with its fiery fists until I turned on the radio. This seemed to scare it away to some distance. However it continued to glare at me from behind several boulder shaped clouds. These clouds in turn were trying desperately to roll away and gather against some other part of the sky by themselves. The sun hung on with all ten fingers. I rolled down the window and none other than the wind reached a hand in and tousled my hair about and then swam on beside the front tires like a friendly dolphin. The sun poured on the heat and finally the wind went beneath the pavement and stayed there. I pulled up to work and got out just as the sun settled on a corner of the old building like a vulture looking disinterested but nonetheless a little bit hungry.

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