

# Three Easy Steps:the little genuine things in life/ sauteed whole peppers/ easy roof repair

*by* Darryl Price

So, once, we were all like sitting around the kitchen table, and  
it was so kind of like an okay sort of day to  
begin with. We were all like a secret theater of strangers, a  
living children's secret  
circle, meeting right in their midst, where we joined  
magical forces, just  
like in a cartoon show of unwrinkled hands bearing secret rings  
of  
awesome and elemental powers. We would eventually think of  
somewhere else to roll

off to and be unseen at for the rest of the free time. The egg  
faced  
adults were always a nearby danger that had to be very carefully  
avoided, if you wanted to have any kind of real fun. They  
always seemed a little deadened on the painted surface, or  
at their  
absolute worst, ghastly, not all there, like a television signal gone  
horribly wrong.

Even when they did somehow manage to smile at you, you  
thought

they were going to end up trying to cook you up for  
supper that very same evening. But, I can  
still absolutely remember all  
of the very cool things that were happening to us, too, like  
a slowly burning golden edge that floated over the ends of  
everything  
around us, looking every bit like silently flapping sheer curtains of  
some  
sort. The point is, your image caught up in that fabric was

nothing short of a modern day miracle to me. I wanted to  
slam everything to a full stop, stop, stop, stop everything in  
existence, right

then and there, from continuing to continue on past that point of  
silent

motion, and just say, hello, hello, hello in there. It's me, and  
hey, it's also you. And it's amazingly wonderful, isn't it, this  
moment

with you and me in it? I'm just going to be paying attention to

this particularly sweet message, playing like a record  
machine that she alone brings to

me, in my ears alone, if the rest of you don't mind,  
that is. I meant, surely it had to be important to more  
than just me I thought, because I'm going to try to slide  
in there first, if I can. Because you were there at all,  
I thought life must have some sort of truest meaning to it, I could  
learn to feel

after all. We were all there and together. Why did this goofy thing  
have to make its stupid grandiose feelings of falling off a cliff ,  
into the waiting ocean a thousand miles below anything known to  
man, made only to me?

I felt like I was riding away on a horse, far away  
from everyone I knew, and loved, forever, and a day. I couldn't

stop myself from dissolving inside everyone else's eyes. Then out of nowhere,

instead we were still playing frozen statues on the lawn, let's say at dusk, and later moving around in the sparkling dark, disappearing into

different night vision rooms, walking in different lines, forking down to different homes, cooked

meals, talking different temperature baths, oh life, like there always is, I suppose.

Snows came and wiped the world clean of its old scars. In the springtime more people died, and some people cried, including me. Crazy things

happened to the world at six o'clock almost every night. All the time, and I mean every single second of every second, I was alive, though I was hoping to touch you there once more before I died. Through the sad waxy birthday candle smell on the too familiar walls, through the once sun swathed swimming pools of yesterday's laughter,

that'd soon turned to cold ash, any old way, and the coffee, black

puddles, throughout the many car rides with life's too many terrible teachers.

I didn't know that where you had stopped, would be so far from where I was eventually going to find myself, going on. I couldn't feel

myself, more and more gone over to the days that lay ahead of me.

Sorry. I missed you so much then. I miss you that much now. But there's this much to go they say.

There's always this much more. We'll have to find out how it works, together, some day, I hope.

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Bonus:

What's with The Great Grief

by Darryl Price

of my own true heart, that as we're standing  
here, still alive in the sorry days, storms  
approach, that like a monster it towers  
over everything? What is the great grief  
of my own true heart, when there are captured  
children under the same raven stars? Do

you even care? I'm sorry it took so  
very long. What is the great grief of my  
own true heart, when the broken will of the  
innocent peoples cries for kindness? What  
is the great grief when we only see the  
world through a blue glass pane? What is the great

grief compared to the grand sold illusion?  
Whatever you do we had only to  
follow the beauty. Do you still pretend  
we are not sinking? What is the great grief ,  
all that's wrong. What is the great grief but like  
our own self-pity a quick waterfall?

Beyond all the wounding wars is there a  
possible way back home? What is this great  
tender grief that I could not answer? I'd  
like to know how to listen. Slow down. Can  
you help me? What's the great grief that only

teaches you to fall into a hole in

the sky? The great grief that fills my nose as  
I sit here, trying hard to find the right  
poem. What is the great grief that tells me  
what I need, but offers no way ? I need  
to figure it out before I turn to  
dissolving paper blowing at your feet.

Great grief, that plagues our land and lands beyond  
our borders? Oh, my love, where's the fire? What  
is the great grief we have allowed into  
our heart's dreams? It cannot be allowed to  
stand here with us anymore. What is the  
great grief, but called off plans, wasted on rain?

Bonus poems:

How to Save a Shell  
by Darryl Price

The thing that is empty now is me.  
I never thought I'd disappear, so  
crazily far from being myself.  
The love key has been thrown away, dropped  
without much fanfare. I carried its  
incredible hurt for so long for  
only you. You'll never hear me say  
your name again now with so much sand  
pitched into the back of my mouth. The

sprung mechanism thing that is etched  
and forgotten has set the clock back  
to the stone age. The only sense left  
working is one of sarcastic new  
morning light, but I am here, undone  
for you in this precious night, for so  
many years to come. This thing that is

truly empty of joy now is one  
of my own half-ass songs, forgetting  
just how to swing. The voice is drowning  
in your killing silent storm. There's a  
fugitive ghost sitting on top of  
your shell, not knowing which way is up.  
Words, they confess everything with a  
bad black dagger. If you're reading this,

the thing that is empty wants you to  
know how hard I tried, to save it, for  
you. If you're reading this, I'm closing  
my eyes, but my eyes are open. If  
you're reading this, talk to me. I will  
hear you. The thing that is empty is  
no grudge. If you're reading this, I miss  
you. If you're reading this, I never thought

you'd let go with misunderstanding,  
my love. If you're reading this, we have  
this, even if there's nothing more to  
our funny flame. If you're reading this,  
I long to be where you are. The thing  
that is empty, a room no longer  
filled with your face, but unhappy tears,  
is a blistering mess. And that's all.

## When Tears Fall Down Your Face

by Darryl Price

I will be there, dressed in my secret identity as a poet, but really just your lifelong friend, who happens to be a poet. Time only tricks us into looking in the mirror one way far too often. There are other reflections that include stars, and grasses, flowers and trees, clouds and wind. Laughter and kites. Dragons and fireflies. They

tell a much different story. It's old but it's new. When tears fall down your face, I want you to find my hand in your hand. Don't think it's impossible. My hand is here, in the words. If you can feel the words, you can feel my hand. They don't want us to talk through doors, because that would mean

we could walk through walls, and that would mean we can always be together, when we need to or want to. When tears Fall Down your face I will be singing a song for you at my own purpose. That means they can't take it away from you because it already exists as me, and nothing goes away into nothing,

no matter what they say. They like to teach that kind of unmitigated fear to children because it's much easier than telling them the truth, which would mean that all beings deserve respect. When tears fall down your face, it doesn't mean you are weak, it means you are alive. When tears fall down your face, it means you have

arrived at your destination and your destination awaits you. Everything

is fluid, everything is in motion, everything is changing into more. The river is wild and contains more, but so are you. The sky is new and contains more, but so do you. That's what you must tell it. Remind it, gently or not, show your teeth. When tears fall

down your face, they fall on my heart, too. I hope you will always know this, because it is true. When tears fall down your face, you are feeding a million thirsty souls a chance of their salvation. Another moment to live into another. That's not so bad. When tears fall down your face, let me hear you whisper yes.

A Trick of Fate  
by Darryl Price

I'm fine with giving you this. I never thought anything would change. It's just that I could leave you a little love and I thought that was a very fine idea. You know what you are. Giving you this is like a fountain. I'm fine.

Really. I never thought it would fix the whole fucking mess the world is in. I just wanted you to have [the] love you deserve, from me. I'm fine with giving it to you in a sort of song. That's what we call all poems. Nothing will change now,



except you will receive more love.  
I don't know how this personal  
gift will manifest itself. But  
not in a broken heart for you.  
Not in disappointment for you.  
You know I can barely say your  
name without smiling. You were right.

