

# Two More Poems

*by* Darryl Price

## 1. Weeds of the World (Unite!)

We invade the invaders and they invade us, these little  
Blooming weeds. They raise five flowers and let them blow  
Into the winds like sheets of stars. All of us  
Steer by their turning tide. All of us will eventually  
Fall by their shining example into wintry skies, crisp and

Dispersing everywhere, like snow, but they do not give up  
That ghost. Instead they regrow even the frozen toes of  
Heaven into an eruption of abundant walking shoes, the kind  
To take you wherever you are going, and with whom.  
This is the miracle of green life. It exists solely

To exist. It will not take no for an answer.  
It sucks sunshine like it's going out of style and  
Spits it back out in puffs of pure oxygenated cookies,  
Baked to perfection and ready to eat. And once inside  
Of your guts it works its ancient magical spell like

Clockwork, restoring even the most cynical nature back to its  
Original joy in simply breathing again. And then of course  
Comes another blast on the field from all the trumpets  
At hand to signal the war is not yet over  
For some of us, we must go on to the

Gates of forever, some alone and some always together.  
At either end the greening will take its rightful place  
In the conversation about the meaning of all love within  
The meaning of all life. And because of that, this  
Poem finds its way to you today, making so sure.

Darryl Price

5/20/2015

## 2. Morning Comes

Morning comes pouring itself slowly up the road  
Like a familiar figure you recognize even before  
You can make out any of its features.  
You know the gait. You're acquainted with the

Certain slope of its shoulders. And you begin  
To wonder if it will make it all  
The way to your doorstep with this carefully  
Packaged box of new day or not. But

It's a steady come on, even in the  
Misty rain. It's a sure bet even in  
The barking wind's manic persistence to stop and  
Play, to pet and hug. Morning moves with

Trained purpose like a dancer among stars. Like  
A dolphin beside a cruise ship. The comforting  
Sound is subtle, but undeniably close and getting  
Closer yet, until you find yourself back to

Life, back to being ready for anything that  
Just so happens to look like a movement  
In the right direction. And just as quickly  
Morning is nothing more than a dot of

Drying color on the canvas of the trees,  
Lifting away to join with all the blue

Heads of angels, making the clouds waft their  
Perfumes around and around like broasted heavenly beans.

Darryl Price      5/21/15

Bonus poems:

Being the Importance of Oscar Wilde

by Darryl Price

Keep me tall in the saddle Crazy Horse.  
Keep me younger than that Kenneth Patchen.  
Brave all of my days Emily Dickinson.  
Keep me sane John Lennon, romantically inclined Paul  
McCartney, spiritual in the material world George Harrison  
and humble as a lost dog Ringo Starr. Keep me laughing  
Lily Tomlin. Keep me kind to all Jesus of  
Nazareth. Keep me playful and bird friendly Snoopy of  
Peanuts. Keep me in the process of becoming C.G. Jung.  
And keep me dancing with geometry  
Stephen Hawking. Keep me fiercely openhearted  
towards each experience I'm lucky enough to have Walt

Whitman. Keep me using my Ghostshirt against all harm to anyone  
Black  
Elk. Keep me awakened Siddhartha, the  
Brahmin's son. Keep me mesmerized Mister  
Murakami. Keep me imagining

a better world for the telling Hayao  
Miyazaki. Keep me unafraid of  
the morning's blank canvas Vincent Van Gogh. Keep me  
grateful to be going through the shit Kurt  
Vonnegut. Keep me here my one true love.  
Keep me irrepressibly bambooish just  
like Sarah Bernhardt nocturnes. Like Mr. Spock  
intensely curious about all things. dp

### Our Love Is Enough

To stop the world from exploding  
Like Krypton. It has to be.  
Like purple flowers we're there on  
Burnt battlefields. It raises its flag,

Too, and continues the march toward  
The dreaming sun in spite of  
All the smoke and ash this  
World has to offer. Our Love

Is enough to weather the ice  
Cold precipitation of all loud hateful  
Partiers above and below the radar  
Of Kind thinking. It has to

Be. Our Love is enough to  
Set free the zoo animals. Our  
Love is enough to protect the  
Creature that contains all sea creatures

From irreparable harm. It has to  
Be. Our love is enough to

Filter the smog into breathable air  
Again. Our love is enough to

Write the poems that witness the  
Whole truth and not just some  
Of the lies that are bought  
And sold on the nightly news

Like used cars. It must be.  
Our love is enough to turn  
Back the four horsemen and their  
Spaceships, turn them back into constellations,

Back into fireflies. Our love is  
Enough to ensure that walls and  
Bridges are there to welcome strangers  
And not to incite greedy tendencies.

It has to be. Our love  
Is there to remind us to  
Always be creative givers. Our love  
Is enough. Our love is enough. dp

