

# Whenever I am

*by* Darryl Price

alone and soaring in your eyes  
another new journey for me  
begins; my life  
wants to make sense of  
itself only for you, going  
deeper, hand you

the keys to that kingdom's  
rare maps and say, here,  
"fly, dream, fall to love's  
lake." You deserve it all.  
I swear there's not one  
stale inch on your skin's surface

that's not the perfect  
destination for  
all of my kisses,  
for my fingers to  
land like wings of utmost desire,  
for the tender

weight of my own brow  
to sleepily rest. That's what you  
have given me from  
so far away, again  
and again, sweet attendant.  
Always, yes.

Bonus poem:

Art Museum by Darryl Price

To live in beauty you have to live like an animal; a woman is what she looks like naked, a man is what he

can fool the public into believing; all people can do is exist in their time, to share each other's misery; everybody hates snakes except

for the people who love them; the only mistake in art is trying to make art. To live in beauty you have to completely

recognize yourself in it; you have to open up to get it, in spite of yourself, whatever that means. To live in beauty is

not to live in houses on top of houses, but it can be; the only mistake in art is to not see it right

in front of your face. To live in beauty is to be here now; when you hear a bang, to run off towards it.

Something like a Phoenix goes here, I'm pretty sure  
by Darryl Price

Here we are in the midst of a great soul

battle, but like the tiniest purple  
passion flowers still blooming in the strange  
choking smoke rings making holes in the sky  
of our time on this earth, we will never  
forget our one true purpose today. To  
continue to do our best to unfold

the many gifts of sun and wind and of  
wild rain and ancient star. We aren't turning  
back, now or ever, because our love is  
the true healing. For our friends. And for each  
other. This is what we came to be here  
for all this time. Believing freefall and  
circle of it all. Be the ones to speak

freely to all monsters. To drag our bruised  
and broken and torn hearts out in front of  
the boring enemy's hardened eyes once  
more, now open the secret doorways to  
a higher possibility, again  
and again. And, as for me, well I just  
couldn't be happier to know you in

all your imperfect openness and charm in  
celebration for the most simple of  
earthly things. I am with you always in  
laughter's harmony. In merciful song.  
In romance. In sweetest dream. So yes we  
must go and remember it's okay to  
knock a spirit in the key if you need to.

Bonus Poems:

Resurfacing the Moon  
by Darryl Price

If God solved everyone's problems there'd be  
no need for love. We've always been like young  
lost idlers at the market. All of us  
waiting around to see what will happen  
with so many people pretending to  
be civil. I believe in love I guess.

Just not for people like me. That kind of  
luck I mean. I don't mind. I've seen plenty  
of locked doors before. Roads don't scare me. They  
make me sad like waking up from a sleep.  
Guess some folks don't believe that we belong  
together. Their kind of love must get kind

of lonely sooner or later. Sometimes  
our journey seems so close yet so far, like  
a dream. Sometimes I think I could touch the  
whole ocean, but it turns out to be sky,  
like a ghost. Maybe I'm the ghost. Sorry.  
Should have told you that part a lot sooner.

To the Children in Cages  
by Darryl Price

Your parents marched you right up to the gates  
of hell. It will be hard to forgive them,  
but your need for love is greater than your  
need for God now. The kids you were do not

exist. Only fierce warriors. I don't know if you'll ever hear my words, but I hope you can feel them. The world's been taken over by monsters. We are doing our

best to fight them off daily. This is what's happening. I know the one thing you want most right now is to be held by someone who could never do you harm, be allowed

to cry for all that you've lost. You are the bravest of all selves. You have to be. We are coming to rescue each one of you with every second of every heartbeat.

Four Love Poems to Stand Against the Four Horsemen(Flaming  
Sword Edition)  
by Darryl Price

1. The world isn't so bad. You taught me that.  
You taught me with your lovely long lippy  
smiles. How much chapstick does one person need?  
You taught me that with your broken tears for  
others who are hurting. You taught me with  
  
your terrible joke delivery. Keep  
your day job. You taught me that with your pure  
jumping up and down in sweet excitement.  
You taught me with your eating an apple

in front of my face. You taught me that with

your favorite open-toed shoes being  
a thing. You taught me with walking in the  
rain. No running. That's important to me.  
How you accepted the rain and your part  
in it as a sudden and wonderful

blessing. You blessed me with your company.  
So yeah, I guess the world isn't so bad.  
People like you are still inspiring some  
poets like me to try to find a way  
to believe in love and long may it last.

2. I know you thought I would be back when you  
wanted me, but I never left. That's the funny part.  
I never learned the lesson because I don't believe in  
harm. You're the one who traded in misery. You stood  
there like a Disney Goddess and made a stupid and  
cruel decision based on lies you told yourself were true.  
Or a bunch of hissing others put in your head

for you. It hurts, but I don't believe in letting  
a true goodbye remain a secret that lingers like a  
bad dream. I know you didn't mean what you said  
to be interpreted as a forever piece of raw monumental  
art. Remember, I always appreciated the dance with you. It's  
pretty good. Because, if I didn't say that it's because  
I was trying to form the words with every kiss.

You must go ahead now and cry all you want.  
I won't think any less of us. I know it  
was a bad and foolish mistake. Now it's a long

and fading scar. My life would not be this further along without it. I'll remember you always as beautiful , the one who went with me just before the wheels loosened. I knew you'd end up okay in someone's arms.

3. It seems my whole life up to this very minute always comes back around to you and I finally meeting face to face. I accept the wonderfulness of this, but I don't know why it should matter so much to me so deep down in my soul's cave. Or maybe I do and I'm just too much of a stubborn person to admit that it scares me now to be alone in the universe without you. Either way here you go again. Here and not here. God bless

it, why do you haunt me so hard? I don't really think I can take it anymore. I just want to go up to your doorstep and ring you out and tell you I want to leave with you tonight. I didn't even know who you were until you showed up as best life. I could only feel terrified. As much as I ever felt alive somewhere you were. But for you to know my pain would be for you to suddenly let go of your always expected journey for a few years of

our own selfish happiness. I'd never want to be responsible for putting that light out. I'll put my own shine out first, every time. But, of course, you'll never know

any of that, or any of this, or  
if somehow you think you do, I'll never  
confirm it with anything other than  
a friendly wave in passing. I want life  
to give you everything beautiful it's  
got to offer because you are the reason  
life needs to be bountiful as ever.

4. I just wanted to say goodbye,  
in case I don't get to. It's been  
an honor to know you. And a  
real and fun pleasure to me of  
the highest order to laugh with  
only you. Don't worry. You'll be  
okay. You are completely loved  
because you bring that out in all  
people. Isn't that incredible?  
I added as much as I could  
to that love for you because you  
deserve it more than anyone  
else I've ever known. It's not a  
big secret. I've told you many,  
many times before. Many ways.  
Also my supreme pleasure. So  
it's goodbye, dear heart. My life has  
you in it or it has no light,  
no life, and no season at all.  
You have been my sky, sometimes full  
of holy stars, sometimes full of  
complicated rain, but always  
counted on, an unnameable  
assurance that life is indeed  
an incredibly good thing to



behold when you are the vessel.

