

# Yesterday That Monday's Sun

*by* Darryl Price

wrenched its lower back trying  
so hard to lift too many  
stacked November clouds off the  
newly shaved prickly heads of  
the slowly freezing trees,like

ring weights,and had to spend the  
last of its hours setting in  
a small square box in front of  
the whole world, watching it's own face  
give way and sadden, and still

you were not removed from me.  
As I rest here on this sand  
of now, every melted picture  
edge has your charm inside it somewhere  
like a pigment I can't name

but sense as well as many more yet to come.  
Dreams really, anything as  
hapless here without you as  
all this woods, have to be a lie, be nothing but  
stunk death. There is no new sense of

you anymore--just nature.  
If all things together are  
mixing the colors of God's one good  
eye, then let me gaze on it,be granted

faith, drink from its purest retaining light.

Bonus Poem:

Colored Orbs Floating Above Grass  
"We all shine on."--John Lennon

for Signe

We find there to be a great many good  
witches still left all down the western lays who will  
come and wash their glistening rings in the chalice fed  
springs at Glastonbury, mirroring the little  
bright lights who live there and who shine on with their own  
softly sensuous humming party-lines open, to purify

their own reasons for caring about everything, helping  
us to continue the timeless dance we're sending on  
its merry sparkling spiraling way home  
again. Just knowing this prepares us to  
live out the many possibilities for fresh poesy  
within the many tired old stairways just beyond the thought pattern  
hills.

I know those powerful rings are out there pulsating off  
those fingers right now like palm tree fire  
works wanting to crackle and burst forth  
a most colorful, just treatment for one

and all used to defend the holy paths  
of spirit with compassion's brave kindness.

Not Breaking Into Skull  
by Darryl Price

Bumming one of life's  
carsick cigarettes the goodbye  
lesson you hear is all me. With its  
own fading tattoo after-image,  
like a stopped attitude on a moving sidewalk,  
can't be helped. Just  
like I do believe  
the possibility for impossible  
things to manifest, her  
mouth, a single solitary  
goldfish, swims around her  
face disconsolately. There. The  
damnedest thing about any hidden away heart, my  
friends, is fingers do

often make the best skeleton keys. It sucks.  
Like a golden apple  
tree her voice is  
there to remind you  
of your mission--to  
no avail. Everybody I  
suppose wants to lock  
forearms. I've gone to  
sleep with my clothes on, too. In Heaven's  
name that voice goes  
to my head like a tiny feather. Still

I swear I'm always

going to try to  
remember touching things because  
the adventure isn't over  
yet. Wine's no crime.  
Words can only provide  
so much solace. And  
they deserve their rightful places. Her voice after  
all is a lovely  
bell tower, don't you think? Her mouth makes  
each year dream the  
same dream, lets stars  
circulate like sparrows. Makes  
blue waters suddenly add  
their charm to sand.

Bonus poem:

We Need To Change

everyone should have the right  
to love and be loved  
to everyone has the right  
to love and be loved.

dp

