

Opening Your Fiery Eyes

by Darryl Price

as I imagine
only you can
you're the ocean on fire
before anyone else has
broken that ancient seal, or simply
taken the first icy plunge.
You can eat
all the bitter
fruit there is, but that still
doesn't make the

world a more hateful
place. Only people can
do that. Bittersweet
can be a
delightful excursion upon the tongue, but
this doesn't give your
brain the
right to declare
war on all opposites. It's all the more white than the whitest of
faithful
sands. I only wish

I could play
my sweet song into
your lovely head and that pulse
would give you
a purely free thought. Just one. One.
I should very
much have liked
our golden moment

to have turned
into a major forest in our time.

Bonus poem:

That's Mister Big Guy To You

by Darryl Price

All my life people have referred
To me as, "Big Guy!"-- from
The time I was a little kid
To just recently when I was
Standing in line to meet Lady GaGa. Well
That last part's maybe not so true but you get

My meaning's picture. It doesn't matter who,
It doesn't matter where. Total
Strangers will call forth that mongrel
Moniker as easily as
Sliding weekly foodstuffs into
A brown paper sack. It's done with

The flick of a wrist and nothing
More difficult than that. You know
The Bumblebee bat weighs less than
A penny? You could hold one on
The end of your thumb or scoop him
Up inside a plastic ice cream

Spork and probably still have some
Room left over for play. Full grown

He's only about 11 mm in
Length. Yeah I know that's so cute! The
World's tiniest bird is a hummingbird
From Cuba that beats its

Wings an estimated 80 times
Per second. Speaking of bees he's
Scarcely larger than a honey bee. And
My own personal favorite big
Guy happens to be the Western Pygmy Blue
Butterfly usually found in

Coastal regions throughout the
Southern United States. My kind
Of Mr.big that. My kind of breeze if you catch my radar. Flits
About on a wingspan of just around
Five to seven millimeters in length ;with
Little brown wings that become a

Beautiful powdery blue the
Closer they get to his terrier body.
And don't even get me started
On Pygmy Hippos! So from one
Bee poet to the next, my friends, please be kind
To the critically endangered

Among us. Yeah I know that was
A tricky way to get you to
Think about the molecular
Arrangement of things; remember,for as long
As this poem shall last I am only
Refracting words, reflecting light your way.

