

# Dealing With a Small Box Epidemic All On Our Own

*by Darryl Price*

Sometimes you've just got to dance to  
Be heard. You have got to sing out loud  
To be understood. Other times  
No matter what you splash 'n' paint on 'em

The beauty goes on shamelessly  
Not arousing any type of newfound  
Curiosity. We're all at  
The dangerous end of someone's

Notion of fair play. Sometimes you  
Have to beat your wings against the  
Bright bulb of this life just to stir  
Up a little more texture to

The air. You have to dive headfirst  
Into the active ingredient  
Before you know you're still alive  
Or not. Sometimes you tell yourself

You'll think of something else to battle  
The pitiless, dull, corrupt and  
Insane emperors of Art. Go  
Publish a friendless little ode

Under a nonsense pseudonym,  
For instance, for fun, clapping three

Times in the saddest process to date,  
Scare away the hypocrisy, if you dare.

Sometimes this means you are about  
To cry. I know. Other times you  
Blow your nose and picture a kissed  
Apple as pink as a Harvest

Moon. Other times, like now, you share  
The simple joys of the forest  
With nothing but leaves—I don't make  
This shit up! Only sometimes, like

When I first saw you then, you forget  
All about stepping into the  
Taciturn water. Forgot you'd  
Already cut open all my flaps and flattened me out for good.

Bonus poems:

Pots & Pans

Looking for a good opening line here,  
Can't seem to find one so you'll just have to

Live with this lump of words until we get  
Things started. I had this lofty notion,

Banging together a bunch of vowels for fun.  
Anyway, might as well get on with it,

But please don't get me started on the real  
Reasons I want so badly to clang, clang, clang

Every cloud in the skyway today. I  
Think you know what I'm getting at—I've said

It a million times to you before—how hard is  
It to hear the sound of one hand typing?

Don't play blind, deaf and dumb with me. You aren't  
A wizard and I'm no lamb. I'm going

To pull back every curly sun ray today and  
Let it shimmer & shake its way back to those

Heavens as loud as it wants to—that's the  
Assignment I've made to myself. I hope you will

Understand. I need the noise. It helps me  
To feel ever present. So this is a one-man

Parade and it's coming down your street. Is  
This a rain bucket full of growing flames? This is

An iridescent purple throated grape waiting to be discovered.  
Ha! Sorry, this poem's not labeled for any kind of

Retail sale. Argument against a heart-  
Less circle without the proper bird echoes being involved.

Tennis Ball(early draft)

by Darryl Price

Well there must be something to say that doesn't suck.  
That doesn't remind. That won't back down. Rewind. There must  
be something to say that gets in touch. That keeps  
the plan alive. Yeah look at all those drop outs.  
Look at all those chickens. There must be something to

say that I had no idea was available to me,  
to us. I like that kind of surprise, don't you?  
There must be something to say that isn't just swimming  
up in a hurry to say a stupid goodbye. I'm  
sick of goodbyes. People use them like ass wipes. There

must be something to say that takes a lot more  
than the expected public leap. There must be something to  
say that is at peace with itself, but still not  
quite dead yet. Uh Oh here come all the fledgling  
psychologists with their empty butterfly nets spouting their  
lovelorn advice

on the unsuspecting world like over eager doggies looking for  
another toss of the already soaking tennis ball. You get  
it. Well there must be something else besides all the  
fuzzy nonsense. There has got to be something to say  
that isn't just the echo of some nostalgic longing for

the good old days. Fuck the good old days. There's  
nobody here but us now. Get with the program and  
help me to find something to say that is more  
honest than the infinite ache all around us. I mean  
it. There must be something to say that the gods

can actually hear in spite of the stars. I didn't  
say anything about your religion. Jesus, listen up. There's beauty

in the world that isn't applied through a tube. There's  
truth in the world that isn't found in a book.  
There's enough tears already to last us until the end

Of all time. Haven't we had enough? All I'm saying  
is there must be something to say that can be  
heard through all the constant babbling bullshit about nothing.

Maybe

this isn't it. So? So what? I don't have to  
explain my paintings to you. You probably wouldn't understand it

if I did. Feel what you feel. That's the closest  
you'll get to an explanation. Just remember there must be  
something to say that isn't just about falling asleep again.  
There must be something to say that's like planting trees.  
Something more than drivel. Would you come in then?

