

The Subsequent Ferocious Silence Is

by Darryl Price

just another torn & burning journey
flag for the rebel heart. All we know for
sure is that dancing among the toads and
crickets takes a bit of courage. Beauty takes

real living guts these days. Laughing takes guts,
too. Living takes love. Love is feeling. What'd
you think I was going to say? This is
not some lame ass joke about building art

out of tiny silver bells, my friends, or
putting two hands and two hands together.
Takes all your free will, causes centuries
of prickly pain, often doesn't give you

any cause for hope--you are an easy
target just like me I suppose--but I
will, we will. Yet a kiss will do wonders
nonetheless. It does not take hiding for

a living. Seriously hiding should
always be a temporary fix for
the sadness only. Okay? Takes a lot
of imagination. Education

it does not take. Imagination takes
guts. I read books, so what do you do with
them? Reading takes guts. It doesn't take a
steep discount on the price of your next beer.

Living can be lonely. It doesn't
always include enough sleep. It takes hugs,
but sometimes all you get is bugs. It does
not take guns-no matter what they show you

on the news. That's just them thinking about
more and more sex. Sex takes guts. It does not
take a James Bond film. A James Bond film takes
some guts. What? Did you think I wouldn't go

there? Oh ye of little faith. Thinking takes
guts. You have a mind of your own. Aren't you
the lucky one? Living can be lucky
I guess, but it doesn't always include

the right street to meet your audience on.
That's all I'm going to say for now, so
what are you going to do about it?
Doing something takes guts you know. What it

doesn't take is the proper shoes. Sometimes
the proper shoes just don't fit the person
wearing them. And being a person takes guts,
all kinds of guts, versus all kinds of the

darker nightmare bacterium within
and without you. Here are a few of the
truer facts: Sunday in the afternoon,
March, carrying a tune from that same dream as before.

Bonus poem:

When the Light Grows Dark
by Darryl Price

You are going to make another war. I am going
to make a fine paper swan. You are going to
plant a grim bomb or two. I'm going to plant
a Bodhi tree and look for the artful moon entering
my room. You always seem to be chanting on about the
courage it takes just to die. I sing about just feeling

kind of sad, perhaps you've heard no other whispers about love's
price.

You are going to count your money all alone. I
am going to not bother with counting all the stars. You
are going to run over something that once wept real tears.
I am going to lift my eyes for them. I am going
to lay my hands on their wounds. You are going

to smoke something truly foul and push the smokey lies through a
million

pointy teeth, which are really chimneys, which are really
buildings,

which are really dirty windows. I am going to forget
to always be the first one. You are going to pretend you
can't find your heart. I am going to walk with
the ones who need a friendly cane to get along

and belong. You are going to look away behind a

steaming plate full of signature fries. I am going to
let someone else laugh in the perfect places. You are
not going to bend backwards to be made any better. I'm
placing this poem here for you. I'm on your dream radio. Listen.
I'm not waiting to hear the ultimate truth. You're the missing clue.

