

This is Why Your Choice of Music Matters

by Darryl Price

Once there was a real honest to God holy spirit out there that was a gift of kindness for everyone, unfortunately given to all the wrong people, or the wrong people simply stole it. Either way the wrong people are still the same ones among us now who so willingly use this atomic light to hurt other living beings with on a daily basis, to twist them into hideous shapes of horrible death, beneath which their jewel encrusted fingers perform the final blows to their sad lives, and the creepy smoldering designs are put onto their hideous fires and disfigured, their natural beauty

strapped down with brutal lies, all that's left are twigs of civilization and humanity like heaps of scattered and broken bones. They have caused such misery and bleeding among the people, but more than this they have knifed the sacred covenant between animals and all the free stars in man, so that no clear understanding about the true nature of things could pass unnoticed into the hearts of men anymore, and cause their hearts to continue to grow and open, which is the doorway to any fresh wisdom. On this cruel

path of course they could easily collect all the unguarded money and food for just themselves, and steal everybody's lasting beautiful essences for their own privately gated walls and secret dungeons. This caused a growing hole in the brains of artists everywhere—all of whom began to paint only in smeared circles of red and blue, like wounded beasts, caught in a steel leg trap. The weeping

has become a smoking part of the day's unforgiving landscape. These so called guardians next met on high and decided who should get to weld their stolen power next to them, for a hefty price of arms and men of course. Only the grandest bidders were welcomed at

that rich table, in the middle of the blackest night. The rich became greedier, if that's even possible, through the sorcery of hateful manipulation of the true facts of love and peace, the familial sacrifice was made, that

this spirit was being abused by those cowards held in highest esteem throughout the ever saddening darkening land is a grim though honest truth to bear. This spirit was trapped in a book like dried ink on a dirty page, held prisoner there, granting selfish wishes on a lustful whim or two, like a genie in a magic lamp, and simply made to do bad things that brought sorrow and shame to its eternal flame, like a lost soul. Then something else, something young and new and great and sudden came dancing along. New Kids came along, kids who were not buying into the old worn out stories, kids who preferred to dance together in the streets, for the freedom of it, who

were not afraid of the color of the night, suggestively hugged the moon again and again, made her blush, kids who whistled a joyful longing into the air, by some beautiful ragged daylight of their own invention. This alone woke up enough thought to raise dead tree spirits and to move forgotten mountains to roar with monumental life again. The first thing they did was to free the holy spirit from its rotten cage and laugh with him and cry with him and go with him again into the forgotten hills with many joyful echoes seeping into many hungry ears. Love is worth it, they said. Love is all, the Holy One agreed, with a long happy smile and long clapping hands.

Bonus poems:

[Totem Poles \(Click Here To View\)](#)(a first draft)
by Darryl Price

There's nothing so low then that you wouldn't have tried already to
rip it open and spoil it in your dumbed-down sadness, all to
 end the world for not noticing you in its castdown eyes a
lot sooner, but the vain world fought
 back from that kind of silly-assed melting candle wax war,
like extinction on its own
 brutalizing enough terms. It wasn't size that
 matters but substance. Still if I
 have indeed loved you in my own small
 way and that means given you as
 much of this life as I possibly could then please

 accept once more this truly meant for you alone sweet kiss of air
coming your lost way right now...wish
 only that the secret places had made more
 valuable time together available
 out of the tiresome facts of life to us. All it did instead
 was leave me far behind, at the sad end of my own
 lost curb, in a place that never
 looked quite the same again. Sometimes it feels like the
 same thing but it's not. The lamplighter has no purpose anymore

 even to the headbutting moths of painful circumstance.
 Those lopsided sidewalks have no maternal
 purpose either anymore, even to
 the ticking time-bomb shoes of constant sorrow, the ghost garden
parades, the abandoned bikes, the sideways
 rolling acrobatic leaves,
 the frying drops of spattering rain, the dripping off the earth's
arms moon maidens,
 the smelly stacked up stars, the freezing of the lights smack in the
middle of everything,
 the opening breezes like doors, colder from the cracked

 car windows, dogs who sniff every mailbox

for fresh news that travels in and
out of other dogs . And now I myself
am to find out if I've got yet another
strangely filled pocket crammed full of more words that
somehow meanings, less and less, they start
to disappear even before
they fall from my broken away hands and fingers. Once I

would have simply fed them to the sparrows, if there
was no one else around watching me,
or given them saintly unto
the sleeping grasses, like a quick shot of
Kentucky bourbon, or a broken
string of love beads, or a no longer
maybe so perfect scratched cat's eye marble with a chip in its
otherwise perfectly round face, or a
missing wooden eye, then or even a miniature plastic model of an
alien

spaceship tripod, or a mysterious souvenir scroll painted on a
bark
canoe-- the cheapest kind you can get--
and later wonder why you'd
buy such an unremarkable ugly thing to put on your desk blotter
in the first place.

When I was a kid I was fascinated
with totem poles. I
collected dozens of them like
other kids collected WWII airplanes, or tiny plastic molded
colorful gumball

trains that flew anywhere on tracks only found in the minds of
childhood countries. They gave me a false sense of rainbow comfort.
I now know that
is something I usually

found rather frightening on
a daily basis, but all that's
so far from the pages you're reading,
we'll soon be on different books
altogether if I go any further. I never wanted
to see you crumble. That's the decoded truth. Goodbye.

bonus poem:

Nothing Will Be Left

by Darryl Price

This isn't a where for you to what down upon with your heavy
handed hurtful stares again and again. No. Well
some would say counting down the
softly rising rows of constantly
crumbling ancient guardian
mountains in the emptying rooms of shadowy

mists is still being some reason enough to go on that long trip
anyway , but in the end they really
couldn't add up to such loveliness as holding hands, to
simply being alone
with you. That's all
there is to say. Someone else
might find this lost passageway

and coax the tossing
sun from behind
its own glowing head

of darkly flowing
hair for you. When you look into
that dreaming face

there is every promise
and every hurtful
ash to come. How long will
you always forgive
that unfair comparison its deep and lingering bite on the inside of
your mouth?

That's the problem,

isn't it? We're
all up against the impossible
possible. Yet
I stumble over
these buried words myself like
any child would. I add my

still tiding voice to
the farawayclimb that's only
partly there and is
only going to
presently sound out
completely in the

new order of things, those
made specifically from light (that you'll
hardly remember).
All this would be fine
if I thought you'd specifically be
given your heaven.

