

When John Fell(Second Revised Version)

by Darryl Price

"I still believe in love."--John Lennon

It was war of the ancient order come to the farthest shore at last.
No one leaves this world

without an arrow through his heart. Why should I lie to you now?
We all fight the truth in different ways

because the enemy is so very good at mutating into the ones you
love. It's a crime against

nature but most hardships are brought on by a dishonest
approach to the young day at hand. Everything turns on that one
awful wheel. And that brings me to tears more often than the
current knife in my back. Yeah so we

might as well gather our spoiled baby dreams out in the open
fields at night and sell them on the pretty grey market places
the very next afternoon before they're stolen away from us
anyway. I didn't want things to be this sad, they

just are. When John fell so did a star but it was hard to tell what
was happening

because the sky is like a pickle jar full of countless shining jelly
beans. Because a tremendous rainfall doesn't stop to

count itself for a silly eating contest...because so many of us are
already too old to still be acting so stupid instead of just forever
young. You

don't want to hear about any of that softheaded nonsense and I
don't blame you. There are plenty of guitar-benders headed in the

opposite blues soaked mind-numb directions out there than me. They'll be more than glad to take you out after midnight dancing. I've got that on my list, too, believe it

or not, but when John fell I missed a step and might have flown over my own crying shadow. And then

there was suddenly an emptiness inside the same old bucket of lies spilling everywhere, where the sloshing world used to rub shoulders with the new wind's bony elbows for some kind of morbid good luck. And

I don't like to pretend that there's nothing's wrong with us. It does no good for anyone. But it's

also almost a moot, pathetic or sad point. You choose. The world isn't going to stop having love. Yeah I recognize that fact as my own doing and undoing. Children climb into

flowers as easily as any parade of goofy worker bees, just might be on purpose I suppose. Clouds come out smelling like warmed up coffins and drop to the floor as stinky mush . So is it a very real possibility, we just might become true enough to ourselves to the meaning of being here alone and together like this to make some real possible difference to the way things are? I don't know. And you don't know. You hope. I used to hope.

I give it a half-hearted try anyway only because I might as well toss up my own dented two cents worth on someone else's possible happiness as not at all. Everybody gambles for one more day, one magic night, one more lingering kiss, one more bloated moon, one more summer's latest hour.

Only accountants are interested in the end of that long equation. But I swear when John fell the needle jumped off the prerecorded history of mankind and left a nasty scar in the wax for all time. No one

wants to hear a warped echo following them around all day long like a senseless wailing child . But that's not what I meant to say here either. Sooner or later you have to go down to the valley and see for yourself if you are meant to live

or die, knowing that you're always running out of the stuff that keeps you stuck here all together in the first place. I miss my old friend, John. Hell, I miss all my old friends. I hope I too gave you something then like new interesting music to hold onto, way back when I believed. I don't know any other way to say this. And now there's this wicked new stuff going around the room, saying there's

always going to be someone else answering a ringing phonecall somewhere, saying, ooh, baby, baby, and that's alright with me. I like it like that. It's got a beat. I can relate.

I'm down with it. Have a great big pretend ball of your own making, if you can. I just can't pretend that it didn't happen once to me and mine,

too, you see. The sort of magic that makes life interesting. So when John fell we all ran off, retreated into our silly self serving (no electricity for us nature lovers allowed!) caves, turned our backs and decided to live on nothing but thin luminous fish for the rest of our natural born lives, but that's a diet that slowly eats you

out of your own skin, from the inside out, brothers and sisters, and leaves you more skeletal beggar than fabulous dreamer. It seals you off from the other musicians of the soulful miles to come. You become another lonely one man band. It steals your ability to imagine a sly lover's smile. That's all I'm saying. Don't forget. Ask yourself. Do you like this life's track record so far? If you don't, what are you doing here? Don't wait. When John fell a train lifted off a golden track and it disappeared into the night's

wailing air sirens and it's never coming back, so we might as well get that fact straight right now. You can

hear the chorus of "so whats" growing ever louder and louder by the moaning, groaning minute, just like a bunch

of puffed-up bull frogs who don't believe in predators in the moonlit grasses surrounding their scummy happy pond. Until. Surprise! Pretty soon they won't even

know what their harmonizing was for. Everybody will head for home with a snooty flip and a phoney splash. When you get there you realize it isn't there anymore, but only somewhere you used to feel pretty good about

yourself. Well, dear family of man and woman alike, that's the whole point of the delicious air we breathe isn't it? We carry on. In that sense we are always it.

When John fell so did the collective, knowing smile, but it's coming back. It's always been right there waiting to happen again.

Let's do what we can to meet that fearsome ghost with something brand new again, this time and every time after. That's what John would have wanted

for us, to find a fresh way to carry each other forward. And have fun doing it. The

higher you fly the deeper you go, said John, who was by all accounts just about as free as a bird could get, as they ever come, into this wilderness of a world and out.

Bonus:

The Doomed Lecturer

by Darryl Price

Life makes me sadder by the minute. It bobbles along and gets eaten up at every stop

along the way by something or other swimming menacingly under the current reality. It

eats itself if nothing else will do the job fast enough. You know what comes out

the other end. We might have each other as people, but we don't take

full advantage of that miracle as friends. We only come together
to bitch and moan
and make a little money. The rest is all about the perfect getaway,
as
fast and as far as we can make it on our two little grubby
feet. It doesn't seem to matter if we live or die alone or together.
That's all I'm saying. I've observed enough coming and going folks
to know the
latest version of true love is a slimy soap bubble at best, pretty
and
constantly in danger of a total meltdown to an extinction of its
own making.
Beautiful and fragile like a tiger mouth butterfly and mutating at
an alarming rate into
something much much uglier. Nothing to do then but get up and
do it again
because modern work is more than for a while for some of the
luckier
ones dwelling among us. They are beautiful to look at and we are
not.
They throw it in our faces constantly because they can. The rest
of us
have to look for meaning wherever we can find it. In an Italian
meal
served by non-Italians, at the whole food grocery store aisle, in a
new being
talked about wildly deviant book on sex, or on a late night TV
show.
Life makes me sick. It doesn't seem to last longer than a mere
lifetime.
It takes about a micro minute to cook, and then you're suddenly
all undone forever.
And nothing has changed. People are still killing each other over
nothing more substantial than air. Everyone's always

on the look-out for sure-fire ways of cheating on everything and still losing the game to fate in the end. We run away into the jaws of the monster every time.

So why am I still so in love with you? What makes me care if you suffer or not? I don't know. I really don't. It's like a clock mechanism that lives inside me that can't be turned off until the end

of everything in existence. Not by hatred, not by indifference, not by any sort

of physical harm, and not by a ton of bullying facts to the contrary. This

is why human beings will always matter. They have this immortal thing swirling around

inside them like constellations. It is in their hair follicles, it is in their searching beaming eyes,

that they are capable of such deeper than a hundred spinning planets feeling, it

is in their wringing hands, their trembling voices. It is in their crumpled clothes,

their busy houses, their bumpy streets. It is in the way they dance like

they are all Van Goghs creating a masterpiece out of nothing but wind and space.

Poets have always brought this amazing gift to our small attention spans. It will

relight any banished candle within a hundred mile radius at any time given a chance. It never

really goes out on itself. It can't. It just seems to disappear from time to

time because of overgrown dark clouds. But any sane unobserved child singing a made-up

song by herself will more than likely bring it back up to full volume

in an instant. Any boy with a trusty wooden sword in hand can
cause
the lightning to strike the rusted gate off the mountain and open a
world
of real, new possibilities again and again. Mind is the real key to
life.

The problem is how to be that pure when everyone around you
wants to
dress you up in a business suit and sit you down on a yacht and
send you half way around the world looking for a lost treasure for
sleeping millionaires.

The problem's how to be like that girl when everyone wants to
buy your
voice and keep it in a box in a room full of boxes. Poets
grunt a lot, or they just shut up and try not to smile so
much when everyone else is trying to be so deeply serious about
everything. The lectures get a
little bit boring, my dears, especially when the lectures of a
butterfly are so
much more fun to have to endure all summer long. Give us a
break! Go outside and play.

