

A Pill for a Pill

by Darryl Price

Some things I reject out right. That is I think I disagree
As John put it. You can't play the game. I was never
Too good at pretending. It's not that I can walk on water,
It's that I don't mind getting my clothes wet to get away
From all the bullshit about needing to suffer in order to rejoice.
There's plenty to celebrate within you and without you.
There are some

People I suspect that are way too nice or way too spiteful
In spite of there being no need for it in the room.
Even now this poet wants to rant and rave instead of making
His own beautiful sound. What's the point? Just do your dance.
Don't

Need all the make-up just to break my heart. We'll provide
You with enough light and shadow to mix your energy in. Get

A move on. There's a pill for everything. There are so many
People holding a gun to our heads on a daily basis that
We don't need to add our own to make the point any
Sadder. What do you really want? This morning when I looked out
My kitchen window it had just started to snow and the trees
Seemed to welcome the change. I actually saw a hawk sitting on

A red fence swiveling his head back and forth like an owl
While the soft new snow pelted him with a playful glee. David
Bowie died and there's nothing I can do. War has never
disappeared

From our earth. In outer space the astronauts see only one planet,
But down here we allow some children to be separated from
parents.

Climb highest mountains. We get our pictures in the paper. We all

Die with the light on, the need for love in our eyes.

Some kids are so desperate for contact and communication that
they see

No other way out other than suicide by cop. Exactly how many

Bullets were enough to make sure Bonnie and Clyde never took
another

Picture of their lonely affection for one another? The answer is
plain

To see now. People ask me what is the point of all

This poetry and all I can tell them is I wish I

Knew. Feelings I guess. Feeling something all over. Feeling so
deeply that

It tells me I'm not just alive, all the roads we travel

Are connected. Any way it's a multi-purpose universe, that's for
sure. This

could be just another blank piece of paper, or it could be

the invitation to freedom you've been waiting for. The postage's
all mine.

