

A Stolen Pipe Goes a Long Way Towards An Empty Pouch of Nothing

by Darryl Price

We were always blowing stale enough air into each other's
faces from the smallest

roundest tables available looking at each other sideways at the
same sad time as the puppet show now being

played out with mostly different young actors doing their best
posing,

to look like perfectly dashed upon the rocks adults in mid-flight
from death's honking taxi waiting impatiently outside.

I've never understood this familiar allure. Why would you
ever want to

sell yourself so short for so much less than you already have so
beautifully going on right here?

That's what gets us to keep on ordering more disposable stuff I
suppose. If we appear drunk with enough riches they won't notice
how we once belonged up there, too; were found to be
actually worthy to be examined fully

under the closest moonlight, brought to a clear enough view to
the drunken audience under broken, scattered starlight; now

no longer a wonderful, tender surprise to anyone. Is it better
for me then to be left alone in this time-locked darkly bunched
and lighted

murderous thought cove of my own making? If , the one who
can't seem to forget you and
the one who only wants to, finally slump off our polished little
toadstool seats together, might we find that early morning's
mirror just a bit

too lost romantic to be believed in, in so directly a fashion
anytime soon? Grab me a pair of cheap sunglasses, quick, before I
pass out!

But then there's the stark stumble in yet another springlike
zombie
state, walk away, as every last time. The funny thing is how
often the welcome one and all door perpetually opens up like a
magic
brick in an ordinary passed by wall, time and time, again and
again, like newspaper ads. We're

pulled into its swirling watery grim presence by its strangest
pulsating musical tides. We're being
pulled under by the prerequisite stench of so many dreams being
lit on fire at once and then carelessly abandoned to the pull of the
latest fleeting strobe backlight. It's nothing you did.

I'd already turned a meant to be shaded of crimson and blue
a long long time ago. I came into this world already bent over the

battered guitar's deeply tattooed body, a throat like a broken tree
branch, cremating my own talented cornershop to send my
tortured soul tunes happily through its windows and down the
dirty unwashed streets and out into any and all traffic below to
come. If you ever leaned in close enough

you'd have already seen a wounded one, a still trying to fly bird
who was really no different than the hidden and scratched
instruments

freely played against the blackened walls like so many other
crying shadows

that come and go on a daily basis. The strings ran like live wire
right
through me, my fingers played as if broken, as if dipped
in a lonesome cup of their own filth, washed ashore on a
beach, left for dead among the driftwood's last stand, waiting
for the rare
chance to simply blow away. To have meant something again in
the melting lines of a new day's unresolved face.

