

Accepting New Patients

by Darryl Price

You've had some truly awful shit
pumped into your brains for years
at a time now. The practice
started a long time ago. It's
not always your fault. The only
lasting way to get it out

of your head is to go
and figure out exactly where it's
coming from and what it means
and reject it wholeheartedly on purpose.
It has to be your freedom
of choice and your freedom of

expression. Trust yourself. You already know
the difference. No one can do
it for you. Music can help,
learn to listen, think for yourself,
but it is never on one
side, so be careful. Once you

have touched base with your own
deepest feelings remember to have compassion
for any others who might not
be so lucky. Nobody wins a
war entirely. No one gets out
unscathed, but everyone here has a

poet for a friend. Use that
cursed blessing to your advantage. The
important thing now is to not let
anyone put live ideas into your head

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that you don't personally approve of
having, no matter how persuasive they

are sounding in their argument. Because
you are you, You are not
a dumping ground for someone's anger
or hatred. You are a human
person continuing to grow as a
human being into a human being.

Bonus poems:

That Bowling for Rain Feeling by Darryl Price
You have come home to me like
little wooden boats quietly sloshing towards
my own light among the piers, thank
you so very much for your faith
in unseen things, but you have not
the true character of the one
I was seeking-out by dream tom-tom tonight.
You, all you kids, with your
ripe eyeballs still clinging to the vine,
remind me of cellophane detective agency

children, all colorfully garbed and hungry for
the riddle of the twisted truth
to be solved with a snap, snap,
snap of a chubby chipped thumbnail
and forefinger making a triangle sound in
the modern musical winds. Still, as
my honored guests, you are hereby certainly

most welcomed to enter peacefully my

own humming and able abode. I'm grateful
for your presences tonight, truly I
am. Truth is I was feeling a
bit alone just now anyways. Perhaps
that's the funny feeling signal you somehow
read in my rising smoke rings
then from so very far away? It's
funny how a pipe will do
just as easily as a good old
fire to get the message sent

across sometimes, if the writing's clear enough
I suppose. But now back to
the basic business at hand. This is
mine to give, and so will
I do it. Enter. Enter. Something with
a meaning just for us has
brought us to our present moment together
and I'm just as curious a
frog as the next to jump in
and give it a proper name,
aren't you? There are particular and

ancient sounds we could use to stir
the senses alive that have been
spoken or sung many times over and
by better poets than all of
us put together I'm guessing, but we
might as well be wise to
wait and see if we are to
be given that one we haven't
heard from before, between any of us
that is, especially for the new

found circumstances of our being together like
this, huh? I always find these
things have their own schedules to land
on. It does absolutely no good
not to be generous in any case,
and kindness is at all times
and in all places the best key
kept on the ready by the
front door for just such magical purposes.
Tonight we sing what it means

to dance! We dance what it means
to sing! And if we're lucky
we'll give the world its brand new
flowers in time for a little
more morning rain and afternoon sun. Just
in time for making some jolly
good tea. Eh, what? Oh that, that's
just me sitting in my chair
in another year and writing down your
names for safe keeping in future.

Sorry Game of Thrones Fans But Only Miyazaki Seems to Know
What a Real Dragon Looks Like by Darryl Price

So whenever anyone sees a dragon they're
usually showing themselves to you on purpose.

