

# Agendas as Toys

*by* Darryl Price

They may know some fascinating  
things about physics, but  
that's still not enough to get  
my vote on their card. Ring out  
them bells. I don't need to be  
taught how to float above the  
patchwork ground while I contemplate

nothing and everything.  
Ring out the bells. It's all too  
boring. The logic teachers  
always have hidden agendas  
stuffed between their well groomed  
plastic teeth. I don't like the  
chemical minty smells of

that kind of hot baked philosophy.  
Just don't hurt nobody.  
That's simple enough, isn't  
it? Ring out the bells. Why  
do you have to memorize  
so many uncanny facts  
that may or may not be true?

It's nothing that I care about.  
Why can't we live together?  
The rich boys with their nuclear  
toys on pull strings are nothing  
more than bullies and brats.  
They certainly don't rule me.  
Ring out your bells. It's a love

thing or it's nothing to get  
hung about, eh? You've got the  
bells in your hands, ring them. I  
won't be forced to do anything  
that requires so much hate  
for it to happen. It's self-  
centered, stupid cruelty, instead

of humane creativity.  
It's poison gas, not  
common ground. Hurt nobody.  
You know what is true. We are  
not merely powerless animals  
at their disposal.  
We are the sacred living

bells of life. Do your job. Ring  
beauty with truth for its pleasant  
echo. You're not alone,  
but don't forget to sing your  
real words all around the world.  
It's just a poem, until  
it's flowers (smelled together).

