

Big Hotel Inside of a Huge Jungle Brain

by Darryl Price

He's not something you'll want, waiting for you, inside your living room's ears. Wax is wax.

Go and see your family alive. Breathe the broad daylight, whenever

you can. I got lost in some free form
dog caves. That's all. That's no path to aspire to,

in following me, taking on a few steps toward new unknown freedoms. Yeah, I've seen some strange things that made me sing and others that made me dance, but the price was too long to pay off in time

and more than too heavy to pull up over this life. I'm just a little tug of a boat. You on the other hand

can go anywhere. That's the flurry of so much freedom juice, jumping in your pretty little curling finger,

and you've always got the moon. It's not some mystery in a little white pill box. It's a funny coin, fingered by the eyes of every living thing more than once. It's an odd

skeleton key that only works if the night's lock is presently fading into view. Otherwise, it's just a used oyster shell. But you were made from another daylight altogether. So aren't you the lucky one?

Power right now is a simple yellow flame for you, one that

hangs onto your head and shoulders like a funny tickling yet
silkening

scarf, but soon it will be large enough
to stand beside you, and wave like a real red rainbow

flag, meaning as much as real business. What will you do with so
much resting on

your sleepy reply? It's going to make you as a person a whole lot
to take

for awhile, I guess. After that it's going to consume
the world around you, unless you find the right amount

of candy to bribe its next tantrum's tears with. That's your choice,
and my simple labor. Mine was always been tied to things like
wild

fishes. I'd invite you there, but your hand now
needs so much more than mine to guide its true miracle all the
way home to the newness of love love love and even more love to
come.

Bonus poem:

The Long Drive

The day has finally begun to grow up. We begin once more to
say yes to ourselves through the electric guitar sound of
breathing in with as much purchase as possible. I'll go the extra
mile for you. I've

been into the music for as long as I
can remember. I hear it everywhere. We'll be glad

to share the friendly objectified noise as one with your heart alone
if it makes you happy. It's our little
campfire, isn't it? The whole thing is to give
off a little light of our own and enjoy

running through the sparks together. I mean the noise
is one thing we love to consume, but really the whole
thing only comes alive in the people you meet.
Why does it have to be so mysterious as to only
be believed by sad passengers on a bus? I only wanted to say I
still

believe in love, too. That the world of mankind's
on-going , apologetic pain isn't all that bad when I'm being held
prisoner

in the same room as you. It's a pretty simple sort of human

formula. The art room itself gets constructed by our freshly
applied

lives and it deconstructs just as quickly. That's sad
if you want to let it be, but don't you let it be, or it will
destroy us way past the time for our need to manifest. We've still
got plenty of new train whistles in our Dumbo ears
coming right at us from out of the new
day, firing like a string of very active volcanoes at the singular
moon. Let it be a
new direction, if you like, just don't let the

waves carry you so far away from this very shore we're on. There
are those who only want to take up the
old tracks and go home to someplace less lonely, completely
erased

by time and circumstance. This is always wrong. We
are here, we are not there. If we have
another discontented, brave chance, let's take it up and go
for full character content all the way. As we should

and have done all along, each and every time, well, so far, and so good.

