

Big Hotel Inside of a Jungle Brain

by Darryl Price

He's not something you'll want, waiting for you, inside your living
room's ear.

Go and see your family. 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 unknown freedom.
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

and more than heavy to pull on 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 jumping in
your pretty little finger,

but 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 old

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

Power right now is a simple yellow flame for you that
hangs onto your head and shoulders like a funny tickling silken

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

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

your sleepy reply? It's going to make you 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 with. That's your choice
and my simple labor. Mine was always 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 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.

