

# Big Hotel Inside Your 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 freedom. Yeah, I've  
seen some strange things that made me  
sing and others that made me dance, but the price was so long to  
pay off

and more than heavy to pull on. 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  
for 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

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

flag meaning 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 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 new of love love love.

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.

