

Bio Bit

by Darryl Price

It was your present world that seemed more than mad to me.
Your polished stiff brown shoes that always squeaked like
mice, while the latest rude
Bombers bubbled up in their comfortable
Dart-board garages like apple pies burping in the oven.
I still didn't want all things to end up like that, before
I had even found a real love of my own,
Someone to begin to dream along to the
Whole wide universe's singing with, someone to make the

Impossible journey look almost believable to even the likes of me.
I had just my own musical ideas to bounce off of
Then, because everything else in life was still so bland
To me and I was sore afraid of being turned
Into a little moonlight in the middle of the night
By somebody's younger brother's stay at home
All day in your favorite Batman and Boy
Wonder pajamas notion of a cartoon

Death squad's yellow muzzled freeze and disappear forever
ray gun blast. Guess some smart part of me always wanted
A much quicker solution out of your sad
Churches, as in forever and ever amen, even though I
Knew there had to be the one inevitable
Glorifying conclusion to growing
Up in a small town full of strangers in the first place. Anyway, to
Tell the just truth, I just don't like all those dividing us into
gender

Rules always being applied to everything

That moves. Never did. I like a sloppy paint
Job as long as it's done with heart. It fits the
Landscape as neatly as anything else that
Has its own time and place. It's a pigment. A signature
Move. Mine was to dig a hole earlier
Than most, all the way to the other side of poetry, man,
And like never return; I don't resent this cartoon version of
things.

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