

Brain Cleaning & Repair

by Darryl Price

You've been given some really cruel thoughts that are not your own.

You've been given some really stupid sets of rules which are impossible

to follow. You can learn to manage for yourself. Remember who you

were before they told you who you were. You've been trained since birth to get upset by all manner of things which are not true, at least no truer than the others. These people, they are going to ask you for your life, it doesn't matter what for, but let's say to protect certain behind the curtains money managers

from discovery, there is always a back room somewhere. You've been given

an unopened box in a familiar hotel room. You've been given a pretty expensive watch. A diamond ring. What you have not been given is the embrace you deserve, that belongs to you, because it has been stolen by human beings

who make vampires look like good little shepherds. Remember who you were

when you liked yourself. That person's depending on you now to know

the difference between an implanted feeling and one's own real deepest feeling.

Go deeper. Deeper. Deeper. Find yourself in there. Right now you're a candle in

a row of lit candles, waiting to be used, thrown away and replaced,

all to illuminate the dinners of a very few hungry hungry hippos.

Unless you wake up from this medicated stupor and start to think outside of TV-land. Unless you can remember how to dream something of

your own choosing. Unless you are willing to find out for yourself what you believe in, who you are, and what makes you tick. You've been given a plastic world to play in, but there's a very real world where you come from and where you'll always belong

because it is your home. Call it Rock. Call it love. Call it nature. Call it soul. Anything you want, but use your own sword for it. Experience that force of push and pull. Pronounce it with every breath left in your body. Let it

show you its timeless meaning. Listen. Listen for the undeniable presence that flows

everywhere and nowhere, and then tell me who these people are who

feel like they own you. They say poetry is dead. It is not dead, it is a fucking dragon, it cannot die. They say war is the only savior you'll ever need. What do you say? You've been given a choice by the very nature of your being able to think for yourself. The enemy is large. The enemy is conniving.

The enemy

is manipulative. Just look at the greed in those bulging eyes. The bite

in those snarling smiles. The violence in those bejeweled fingers. But all is not

lost because there is always you. A someone like no other. A free thinker. This is your invitation to the consciousness all around.

This is your chance

to take off the uncomfortable helmet of hate and fear. They've been feeding

you beautiful lies laced with poisonous attitudes, but that's all over now,

if you want it. You have to want it. You have to

be it. No one else can do it for you. It can

get lonely. It's not easy. But it feels good to be alive,

to be out of their device, to volunteer for life on your own terms. Bright and fair. Bright and fair. Oh, and, one more thing, it never ends, this fight to keep off the caps of nothing but despair. They'll march right up to you and clamp one on you faster than you can run away. Just use your good sense:say "No, thanks."

Bonus poems:

Happy
by Darryl Price

Are we happy yet? Life without sorrow is not life. Try again. Are we happy yet? Killing yourself for pleasure after pleasure turns out to be the opposite

thing altogether, but you already knew that. Try some more. Are we happy yet? Love is not all you need, unless you turn everything and that includes

everyone everywhere into love. Are you willing? Why should I be the only one, when I'm not the only one? Are we happy yet? My choice is true hope

I hope for everyone here, but you'll say it's another con game made out of pictures of hands because you can't please them all. If it did I wouldn't be

doing it right. They want a back flipping poet who is always on their silly sides. I don't want to be anyone's golden vampire. Check it out. Are we happy

yet? We've given the children's keys to the kingdom to the
cloud people to hold until we get back from the Crusades with our
bloody survivor stories to

tell. Are we happy yet? I smile into the mirror of your eyes,
but it doesn't work out at all that way for me. Are we happy yet?
It's all good. Try turning it off

and on again. I mean you've given everything you've wanted
to hide away to these unfeeling soul sucking machines and now
you want their eternal thanks

tattooed forever on your bank statements like Christmas cards?
No thanks. Are we happy yet? Oh the magnificent bombs didn't
change a thing. Oh the carnival

ride is over. Oh there's a big shark in the river. Oh I think
we just may have misread the tea leaf vibes after all. Oh there's a
feeling we seem to be missing

in the backs of our minds. Oh I don't feel so good. But you
said. Are we happy yet? Oh you don't love me anymore. I'll put
my pants back on. Oh she

was the most beautiful woman I ever played hooky with. Oh
you're kidnapping my laugh. Oh catch me if you can. Are. We.
Happy. Yet? Oh give

me a home where the monkeys all roam and the sky is a bowl
of freshly cut fruit. Put on a suit. Suit yourself. Zip it. Are we
there yet? Oh life without

sorrow is just not the brown shoe lithium lick we need to
extend our battery life. It never was. It can never be. Oh say can
you see me through all those

sticking together branches? Oh surely we're getting very near
the end, but possibly not. Oh please there's not much more time to
figure it all out. Are we

happy? Oh. Life without sorrow will not help you develop your
telepathic compassion. Sometimes a new approach is needed more
than specific answers.

Tennis Ball

by Darryl Price

Well there must be something to say that doesn't suck.
That doesn't remind. That won't back down. Rewind. There must
be something to say that gets in touch. That keeps
the plan alive. Yeah look at all those drop outs.
Look at all those chickens. There must be something to

say that I had no idea was available to me,
to us. I like that kind of surprise, don't you?
There must be something to say that isn't just swimming
up in a hurry to say a stupid goodbye. I'm
sick of goodbyes. People use them like ass wipes. There

must be something to say that takes a lot more
than the expected public leap. There must be something to
say that is at peace with itself, but still not
quite dead yet. Uh Oh here come all the fledgling
psychologists with their empty butterfly nets spouting their
lovelorn advice

on the unsuspecting world like over eager doggies looking for
another toss of the already soaking tennis ball. You get
it. Well there must be something else besides all the
fuzzy nonsense. There has got to be something to say
that isn't just the echo of some nostalgic longing for

the good old days. Screw the good old days. There's
nobody here but us now. Get with the program and
help me to find something to say that is more

honest than the infinite ache all around us. I mean
it. There must be something to say that the gods

can actually hear in spite of the jealous stars. I didn't
say anything about your religion. Jesus, listen up. There's beauty
in the world that isn't applied through a test tube. There's
truth in the world that isn't found in a used book.
There's enough tears already to last us until the end

Of all time. Haven't we had enough of this? All I'm saying
is there must be something to say that can be
heard through all the constant babbling bullshit about nothing.
Maybe
this isn't it. So? So what? I don't have to
explain my paintings to you. You probably wouldn't understand it

if I did. Feel what you feel. That's the closest
you'll get to an explanation. Just remember there must be
something to say that isn't just about falling asleep again.
There must be something to say that's like planting trees.
Something more than drivel. Would you like to come in? Please
step inside.

Pleasures

The sun, or whatever it is,
is falling closer. I don't think
that it's going away any
time soon. But here I am a man

still seeking your face on every
leaf. Like a forest of elegant
bulbs this makes it way better;

doesn't make it blow away. I

don't believe in being forbidden
to laugh or to cry. That's my
problem. There's plenty I don't understand,
but it doesn't stop me

from feeling everything on and
on until the end. The sun, or
whatever is shining, seems to
be debating what makes a dream

and what is awakening, but
my question is for you--will you
still be love's message to us when
tomorrow is the only day

left on earth? The sunshine, or the
inevitable squinting sky,
shifts its own pleasures like a
sleeping lion sometimes, but I

and I must allow for the shadows
of our workhorse atoms to
move mountains and swing the maid back
onto her silver saddle before

listing over into another
starry despair. We've a
purpose after all in the grand
clash of the majestic kitchens.

