Darryl, The Biography

by Darryl Price

"I was born very far from where I'm supposed to be. And so I'm on my way home."--Bob Dylan

I don't owe you anything. If I'm a recluse
what does it have to do with you? I
have the right to be poor. Some things cannot
be explained away by letters that are true but

not the whole truth. That's simply politics, bitter and mad.
You are not me. I don't care what the
ancient animals thought. They did the best they could
to come up with an explanation for their stars.

Doesn't mean they didn't know anger or lust or
sacrifice. It only means they came and went. We
are coming and going, too. You think you know
the truth whenever you hear it, but nothing changes

more often into something else. A little piece here
and a little piece there and suddenly you think
you know where all the gold is buried. It's
an illusion, a shared joke. You'll get your fair warm

dumpling in the end. That's not being cynical. Looking
back it does no good to blame anybody for
anything. You never mention the mountain of poems, the amount of
songs I've written or the importance of reinventing yourself.

Art is self realization, it takes a lifetime. They
say we're lost. We've lost some goodness in the

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form of important players, but more will come, there's
always more. In the meantime try to remember who

you really are when the TV's off. You used
to like to hold hands. You loved walking barefoot
on the wave kissed shores. You smiled among trees, young and old.

Nothing's changed. Everything changes. Experiment & explore. With peace and love. Your poet.

Bonus poems:

They Don't Get to Say Everything

by Darryl Price

The world hasn't ended. Your part in it is still on going. The going on world hasn't winked out. Every possibility is still out there. In there out there it doesn't matter where you are. The here and now claims you for its only tribe. They only want someone to tell them they are wrong. Well. They are very wrong. They want war to come and kill them.

It's a suicide in a gummy side show tent. Love can't be coerced. Like gravity it works every time that conditions are present. Right left it doesn't matter where you stand when peace is blooming. The center holds you tight to itself like a granulated belt strap. You can use it to

get stronger than you are. You can use it to navigate a star made of rooms.

You can use it to climb up whole mountains. You can use it to fill in a hole of your own making. You can be digested or expelled from its hungry grasp, depending
on your preference to live or die. Either way you have a say. It's not love if it
has to tell you to move. It's not love if you leave in the middle of the

ocean. It's not love if you decide to feed the tigers your favorite moon in order to
make a quick getaway. The world isn't quite working. The weeds are only trying to make
it to Nirvana. You can't blame them. Yet the collective mob want to blame everything on God. It's
not God if you don't recognize your own deepest feeling. You don't need angels to tell you

if you are thirsty. The world hasn't ended. Your part in it is as unique as a
snowflake butterfly riding on a hummingbird's fuzzy back. So for them to say God is dead
because they have more guns than anyone else aimed at the back of your head is a lie.
It's a lie to believe that new people have nothing new to offer. They always have themselves.

And that's the song of this poem. I'm inventing it right now. It doesn't have to look
like all the other poems. It doesn't have to work the same way twice. It doesn't
have to end like this. You could give it an altogether different name and place. The world's alive.
Your part in it is yours to claim. You can see poets do it all the time.

I'm Tired

in more ways than just my body. My
feelings are all tired, too. Like
a tall drink at the hotel bar, my
mind is many miles away. I

wish I could see the ocean again one
more time. Maybe we were wrong
to spend so much of our lives dreaming.
Now we are nearly gone into

the history books. But the ocean remains, sadder
than blue to me, while I'm
drifting in my room like a balloon without
a sky. I'm walking out of

time and I know how much that hurts,
but I made a never-ending promise
to always be your sad-eyed poet until the
end. I wouldn't say it if

I didn't mean it. But I'm very tired
of some things right now. It all
seems like a very long day to me
here. I could use much sleep.