

Dealing With a Small Box Epidemic All On Our Own

by Darryl Price

Sometimes you've just got to dance to
Be heard. You have got to sing out loud
To be understood. Other times
No matter what you splash 'n' paint on 'em

The beauty goes on shamelessly
Not arousing any type of newfound
Curiosity. We're all at
The dangerous end of someone's

Notion of fair play. Sometimes you
Have to beat your wings against the
Bright bulb of this life just to stir
Up a little more texture to

The air. You have to dive headfirst
Into the active ingredient
Before you know you're still alive
Or not. Sometimes you tell yourself

You'll think of something else to battle
The pitiless, dull, corrupt and
Insane emperors of Art. Go
Publish a friendless little ode

Under a nonsense pseudonym,
For instance, for fun, clapping three

Times in the saddest process to date,
Scare away the hypocrisy, if you dare.

Sometimes this means you are about
To cry. I know. Other times you
Blow your nose and picture a kissed
Apple as pink as a Harvest

Moon. Other times, like now, you share
The simple joys of the forest
With nothing but leaves—I don't make
This shit up! Only sometimes, like

When I first saw you then, you forget
All about stepping into the
Taciturn water. Forgot you'd
Already cut open all my flaps and flattened me out for good.

Bonus poems:

Pots & Pans

Looking for a good opening line here,
Can't seem to find one so you'll just have to

Live with this lump of words until we get
Things started. I had this lofty notion,

Banging together a bunch of vowels for fun.
Anyway, might as well get on with it,

But please don't get me started on the real
Reasons I want so badly to clang, clang, clang

Every cloud in the skyway today. I
Think you know what I'm getting at—I've said

It a million times to you before—how hard is
It to hear the sound of one hand typing?

Don't play blind, deaf and dumb with me. You aren't
A wizard and I'm no lamb. I'm going

To pull back every curly sun ray today and
Let it shimmer & shake its way back to those

Heavens as loud as it wants to—that's the
Assignment I've made to myself. I hope you will

Understand. I need the noise. It helps me
To feel ever present. So this is a one-man

Parade and it's coming down your street. Is
This a rain bucket full of growing flames? This is

An iridescent purple throated grape waiting to be discovered.
Ha! Sorry, this poem's not labeled for any kind of

Retail sale. Argument against a heart-
Less circle without the proper bird echoes being involved.

Tennis Ball(early draft)

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. Fuck 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 stars. I didn't
say anything about your religion. Jesus, listen up. There's beauty

in the world that isn't applied through a tube. There's
truth in the world that isn't found in a book.
There's enough tears already to last us until the end

Of all time. Haven't we had enough? 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 come in then?

