

First the Newborn Birds on High and Then the Awful Climbing Beasts

by Darryl Price

"Stop watching the news!
Because the news contrives to frighten you
To make you feel small and alone
To make you feel that your mind isn't your own"--Morrissey

The world has gone crazy, but please let me make you
One of my healing songs. You can eat it now, if you want. Or
It might taste better when it's fresh, but you can also take
It with you on many long journeys. The world has gone crazy,

But not everyone has turned into a gun. The world has
Gone crazy, but the gardeners have not been wiped completely
out

Of our familiar heads. They are still there, planting beauty and
sustenance

With every sweet whistle. The birds and the beasts may run from

Our home fires, but they still crave the tender touch. The world
Has gone crazy, but it's not the first time. The world
Has gone crazy, but we have not forgotten any of them. They were
Children once before the adults experimented with their
innocence. The world

Has gone crazy, and we must forgive them for that horror,

But we won't join them on their march either. World's gone
bonkers,
But the sky is still as on our side as it can ever
Be, diluting the pollution with its own perfumed oils, painting the
warnings

On the canvas of stars like always, with exuberance and
sometimes
Heart-rending beauty. If you bend down and watch the
semaphores of
The tiniest butterflies, you will see that they are saying that
Home is eventually to be found in every direction. The world has
gone crazy,

But there is a way to remain sane, if not safe,
And that is up to each one of us to decide.
It's not a trick, it's a choice, it's a living prayer
And an act, but it cannot be coerced, only given away, only

Received and always passed on. Bless everyone you meet, but be
prepared
To defend each blade of grass beneath your feet. The world
Has gone crazy, but we cannot go with it. You'd be
Surprised how much a merry little tune in the middle of the

Fight can prevent further bloodshed. If you can't hear one, make
One up. The world has gone crazy and I don't want
To pretend this doesn't make me sad, but not so sad
That I no longer care. The world has gone crazy, but

There are little blue flowers pushing their soft faces against the
Protective plastic shields of modern living and struggling to make
a
Noise of their own. My guess is they have something important
To say. And I want to listen. I will be listening for

As long as I can be. We don't have to drink the
Spouted-off hatred of others. Turn it down. Pour it out. Knock it
out

Of the hands of your friends and family. The world has
Gone crazy, but we're still here if we keep

Our love alive in everyone everywhere. That is the hope. Yeah,
It's a pretty big concert to throw. So I guess we'd better get
started.

Remember I made this one up for you out of nothing
More than a friendship on paper, but it's worth something more
each time. dp

Bonus poems:

A Song the Lorax Taught the Table While We Were Playing Cards
Late into the Evening by Darryl Price(an early draft)

The trees have become afraid of our love song. They used to bend
forward with all their might, clicking into place and building
impressive physics. Now they carry their frames backwards and
upward trying to flee something always behind us. We were not good
shepherds. We only wanted something to eat and a

place to sleep. You can see it in the faces of the colonized leaves.
They hate us. The trees have become afraid of our love song. It used
to mystify them and bring them into listening range. Then we fired
the first shot, we swung the first axe, we cleared centuries of their
stories and put them in toothpick jars.

They used to love our determined broken trails through the snow,
but now they toss the moon high above our heads and weep. Their
armor is broken all the way through. Even the haunted forests have

become more abandoned than full of millions of tiny lights. The trees have become afraid of our love

song. They are shutting their eyes again and ascending to the heavens without us. Maybe at the top of the world they still throw flowers at each other. The trees have become afraid of our love song. They hear it now as the end. Their march is no longer to reach the center of everything, and join in a

beautiful, joyous windy celebration of branches and bark. They need a healing circle, but it's all in their heads now. Only the saplings have the old dreaming heart, but even they are caged and kept behind miles of tar and soot. The trees have become afraid of our love song. That seems a real shame. Where

do we go from here? A butterfly with something important to say is still going to have a very tough time being heard as anything more than a butterfly up to butterfly things. The trees have become afraid of our love song. It is printed on their hardened faces. They do not agree with the meaning of lots of space. The trees

have become afraid of our love song. But some of us want to understand again. Some of us would like to be part of the healing circle without causing any pain to other living beings. Some of us will always admire the fierce beauty of their construction and join the council in the sky to pledge our own individual

devotion to their rooftop safety in this craziest of worlds yet. The trees have become afraid of our love song But, this song before you is a poet's attempt to make contact and say we are indeed friends forever. You will be included in our thoughts and prayers. Nothing would be the same without you. Thanks for such a lovely hill. .

These Poor Creatures by Darryl Price

These creatures have always wanted
to carry us far away with
everything beautiful. Their true

feelings seem to be ones of an insatiable hunger. These poor creatures shun anything that feels like it might make them smile without even trying. They're dangerous

to the environment just standing there. They love gluing weapons of every shape and size onto their hidden bodies. They are prepared for all out war at all times. Can you imagine them as simple growing children? Ironically they are extremely childish in

their pulpits and cruel in their soft polished seats, but no child is left within their darkened eyes. See how they communicate in smoke fits and mirror tantrums? You still want to see what you are up against? What they want to turn you into? We've got to find a way to not

only survive their coming but survive their going. A way to remain inwardly peaceful and by nature non-violent even as we take up arms to defend ourselves, our loved ones and others against their hideous trampling through the sliced gardens and bruised skies.

Beginning a Bright Red Day

by Darryl Price

Pick up any stick or stone and
you'll find the path again. Pick out any
lone star and it will shine just
for you. The rascal wind simply enjoys
messing about with your serious
nature. Listen to its screeching

(on purpose) love moans. It starts
the challenge. You could say stems are
like short wires that supply enough
juice to the leaves to brighten up even
your darkest days. It's not a modern
miracle, it's a well-known (made-up)

every day fact. When they're gone and
sunk back into the horizon
again just look for certain corners
of the sky that glow like skulls
on a beach. This still won't take you
home in an instant like a blast

of cartoon dynamite, but it can
give you a somewhat truer meaning to carry
forward with you. A small torch,
if you only will use it, or
a super sudden, cool flashlight

to help you solve your latest mystery

of being surrounded
by so many footprints within
the ancient stone circle in a
foam-drenched dream by the sea. Something smooth
and tangible weighing in your
pockets besides your own diamonds to

warmly connect you with your own
unfolding sentences and help you
remember what you came here for...yep,
this is love. This is worth the salty rub.
This traveling far with no more
courage than a careful crab blinking

at another bright new day from a
moist bed of stranded seaweed and
gently swaying pebbles all gleaming
at the lifting sun like bathers
with no more urgent care than finding
the next wave to collide into.

