

Five Being Ten at the New Afterlife Dance Theatre

by Darryl Price

We got our holes in our hearts bundled onto soft wrapping cloth
just like the gentleman on TV said;
 with smiles we set out towards our matching end of the same old
stories. That's just
 the way it goes, until it always rains or shines without you--
 from some obvious different directions. Staying together is harder
than ever,
 but everyone knows the magnetic smooch inside will always point
you north.
 What we tend to do is disbelieve this smack to the proverbial
 chest over time. You've just got to listen harder again. Try an
altogether
 different hearing flower, just for the fun of it. Every
fingertip sparks
 a revolution in the head, just like the one you
 dreamed of so long ago, and brings back your inner flow to its
source. Like magic. Not like magic. It is magic. The real thing.

When your need was for nothing you got exactly what
you wanted, but newer clouds never stopped asking for a stolen
kiss. The singing sun
 tips his flames to your lips in a moment's notice.
 Even rain-drops are willing to bean bounce along the truest
 feelings you've got already up your torn sleeve, but it's up to you
to
 be clear about your intentions. Nothing's going to happen unless

you mean it to. The awakened ones have used this ancient
medicine
many times to keep certain mountains from floating off into
dreaming
space. Now it's your turn. Will you turn small birds upside-
down or keep fair lakes everywhere at an even keel?

You aren't here to just sit around you know. These chairs are
only temporary stations floating in spaces intended for the
unexpected. They belong to the model kit, but disappear
as soon as you get up to dance around. Then it's
all skeletons and muscles and taunt nerves looping themselves
around your
spirit like twisting steaming noodles. The broth is always in the
air waves. You
can't help but be contained by its cool promises. But even that
sure
statistic is not all you were meant to perform on this earth.
There's
another potential room you must enter at your own free time and
place.
There you will answer to your own questions or blink out of here
forever. No one ever gets to pretend the risk isn't real at the end.

But that's not a test you need take every minute of every day.
It doesn't matter if you pass or fail because you
pass if you take it. And you will. That's not
the path. That's not even near the map. Paradise is just
boring as hell. When you've got the right blood you've got the
right
key. Take each other along if you must. That's the thing you are
always
waiting for. That's the light in the eye that you remember
setting down somewhere inside a lost dream. That's the sign.
That's a

song with a tender strength to its gut-wrenching growl. The sword, man. Pick it up. Do it. Do it. Do it now.

That's the alignment. The pyramid. The last missing perfect piece

of an obvious puzzle. Notice who you are with. These are not random atoms smashing about on your particular plate, mate,

like fireworks on falling fire. These are your arms, your toes. They may look like different lives, but they're all one real being. That's why beer is so important. That's why bread is so important. That's why poetry is so important. That's the meaning of all talk. A mother's hum is at the same frequency everywhere. Ears prick up when they hear it. We are alive together and always.

When you war against us you're disappearing up your own nostrils. We'd surely rather embrace your starry, starry outfields than kill any innocent fireflies on a night like this.

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