

# Flicking On Some Trees, Just To See Your Silly Grin in the Half-Light of the Moon

*by* Darryl Price

The world knows how to make you smile.  
I'm certain, but it's your own unique  
grin that they want for themselves.  
It's always been their perfect prize  
to horde. The trouble of course comes  
from wanting something that only  
exists in an illusory  
moment like a fire on the sun.

Sure, it's there, it's just not something  
to believe in. This doesn't mean  
we can't get along together—it only  
means we can't keep our hearts hidden  
from the flying stars for too long. We  
are ground up daily and sprinkled  
in the winds of war and peace like  
blown bits of leaves and bleeding flowers,

but it is truly okay. We make  
a pretty interesting rain  
(I'm told by the poets and avid  
TV watchers). Thus I want

you to know something snappy about me. I  
never ever wanted you to  
feel anything but love, I just  
didn't know all love is a kind

of sorrow, too. Now I do, but  
like these cut down words, laughing at  
me, my sleeves are much turned to blushing red,  
and that tends to scare away the  
less than human creatures of the  
sleepy night forest. So I leave this  
on this spot just for you. You'll know  
it when you see it needs finding.

Bonus poem:

There Is No World

by Darryl Price

outside of yourself that isn't listed  
inside of yourself. You can get there  
a dozen different ways, but there's  
only one true way back. And back  
and forth is always best taken

as one definite moment in time. It

might not be the best motion  
you make out of your latest move,  
but it is the best way  
to go, once that is you get  
over your incessant need to label  
things as being either up or down.

The truth is a new perspective  
can create the sweet answer for you  
if you let it—just don't  
let it put you in a mint  
box, you'll need your feet free  
to walk upon the clouds if you

must before returning to the earth.  
Some would say here, also if you  
must, but that's just a snaky  
way to make folks feel uncomfortable with  
their own ability to float. There's  
always going to be some smart-ass who

can't resist pulling the fire alarm.  
Don't let it worry you. They are  
creating a karmic path that will  
eventually come to haunt them and fill  
their dreams with horrible ghosts that  
march in and out of their murky

fears like luminous gases. There is  
no escape from the pain you cause  
others. It will find you and  
present itself back to you until you  
accept the gift. That's the way

these things work. And they are working

continuously, but that's neither here nor there. There is no world outside of yourself because at some point all the billions of stars swirl into one statement of fact and blink out/ or in depending on your faith that

day. Again it doesn't matter. What does matter is how well you receive the wisdom of your going around and around in the first place. Everything is doing it, atoms, planets, Milky Ways, oceans, eyeballs-you get the picture.

It's a question of how far do we wish to see, down into the depths of the dirt or up into the vast network of dazzling cosmic birthdays. Either way you'll see the road beckons you. You

weren't meant to be satisfied with just this—whatever this is. No, you were meant to go exploring. You were meant to have an adventure, and you have precious little time to do it all, unless you step outside

of the land of clocks. This can be done of course, but it's like surfing the big wave. There is danger and excitement and a little bit of the answer and you

might die trying, but you will be

thrilled and revealed and possibly given more than you ever bargained for in the process. As always it's about your freedom of expression, your art of being, your answer to the question of now that will determine your fate.

