

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.

