

# Free Box ( Smiles and Logic )

*by* Darryl Price

They've tricked and treated you with institutionalized  
fear, lured you in with the pledge  
of unlimited golden sticks of gum.  
Nothing new. As far as they're concerned, you've  
already been bought and sold. It's a done  
deal. But I'm here to offer you this song  
instead, it can easily be turned like  
a skeleton key. Try it out. Once you've  
chosen to unlock your freedom over  
heavy commercial slavery, the rest  
is left up to you. You've got to walk out  
of the programmed lack that surrounds you, like

welded tick tock bars, on your own juice. You've  
got to turn away from the lust for things  
that don't really matter. They are only  
pretty painted illusions of tables  
and chairs, beds and porches meant to mask your  
own deepest feelings about what's honest  
and important to you. If you don't feel  
some joy in what you say yes to, then you  
are not making the best choices with or  
for yourself. They are going to drop their  
truly nasty bombs on innocent school  
children whether you like it or not. They're

going to gouge and raise the prices on  
everything needed to survive today

whether you agree to it or not. They just don't care if you live or die. They care about making more hate and money out of self-righteous lies. They are pointing their always safety-off weapons at your hung weary heads whether you are peacefully protesting or not. They're not interested in talking because they don't care what you might have to say. They arrogantly use proof of arguments for target practice.

That's what we're up against. They divide men from women, children from families, and deny human kindness can exist at all because it is lacking in taking non feeling advantage and using the basic killer instincts to control a situation. But, they, themselves, insist on living in secret luxury and eating and drinking greedily every meal while they starve the workers of the world around them with empty rhetoric and false promises of lending a helping

hand. It's all done with smiles and logic and many floppy open handed gestures. There are other paths to be had here that have nothing to do with being taught how to kill without mercy. It's time to make something better come true. It's time to find the center again. Give what you would want to be given. Put your attention where your heart can be glad for a little love magic. Be fierce and ready when you are needed. Celebrate your life in every

instant, and flow with every sacred breath.

That should be enough to get you started.  
Still, if you've got to rest for a moment,  
I'm your poet. I know it's been hard on  
everyone since leaving the garden. I'm  
still going to be your poet, believe  
me, but I'm no saint. All I'm saying is,  
this world, it's ours, take your share, get it as  
far away from hate as you dare, as humanly  
possible, because we belong  
together. The blue planet as seen from  
outer space makes that point very clear each  
and every day. You're alive. Act like it.

