

Funny Life

by Darryl Price

Our earth is just trying to live
another day. We are the earthmen
and earth women and earth children
no matter what else we believe
happens after we die. I'm
the king of broken dreams. I didn't
ask for the job. It just came
to me. I lived and learned nothing.

But I dropped poetry wherever
I went, figuring that might
pay for a little insider
wisdom here and there, but the earth
is just a little sad shape where
I sit. I know everybody
thinks it's a funny life, but I'm
not sure. Some folks might feel laughed at

instead of played with. All things must
pass, even the earth, carrying
all of our friends around with it.
The king of broken shells. The king
of the mushroom sandwich. The king
of light dreamers. King of the sad-eyed
monsters of love. Earth didn't
ask for any of this. The bombs

for breakfast. The bombs for its birthday.
The bombs supposed to make everything
better. Supposed to answer
all our prayers. Nobody
can be the king of the blues for

too long without going crazy
for seaweed. The earth is fed up,
but still enjoys an evening out

under highways of endlessly
breathing stars. We're lucky that's the
way it is. The king of the strange
brotherhood. You know what that means.
Of this song and no other. King
of losing one's way. King of oil
lamps in the unlucky snow. King
of taking love as far as it

can go before falling down the
stairs like a wild rubber ball. Earth
only has us. The other planets
have their own problems. The earth
only wants to get out of her
head in a cloud for awhile. Who
can blame her? The king of not walking
fast enough. The king of crabs.

