

Go Ahead, Be the Opposite of Love

by Darryl Price

"Living is easy with eyes closed/misunderstanding all you see."--John Lennon

That's an ache that's always inside me. How you'd rather
treat people as if they don't matter
as much as some nice sounding words in a song. Their voices
as less than an annoying wind? Because they have
not experienced your own personal hell? That's bitter
and hateful. Will you really start and end your life there
from this awful place of emptiness? What can be

the result of it but harm to
everyone you know and love? When will you listen to yourself sigh
again?

Because I know you are one with
all others on some level and that
plane has got to be just, centered, real
and eternal. Lives matter. All life is
sacred. You could choose to heal the

world now from the place where you
are standing, by committing a kindness of many selfless acts,
by thinking and sharing your compassion, by
joining a good feeling in the world, up with
your heart and not with your fists, by
letting yourself be blessed in the presence
of others rather than be deceived by

feelings of envy. All violence betrays the

love of God, the love that is in essence
God. Please remember who you are not.
You are not the deceiver. You are
the bringer of peace. You are the
soul of forgiveness. You are the one
who is you. Give us your blessings while you have them.

Bonus poems:

Meaning Intended(Hand-Print on a Cave Wall)

by Darryl Price

There's only one time. But the mastery of it
may take several lifetimes. We don't have that
or indeed very much time. Knowledge of the
it of it all will have to turn into

wisdom on its own free jump. The golden key,
fleece or skeleton, is where you turned it --
in time. So once you retrieve it you
won't need this riddle to solve its unending mystery

anymore. You'll still be here. Gravity will still be
here. The moon and the stars will still
be here. You'll still want to love and
be loved. It doesn't dissolve you. But it may

throw you back in the river. Just for fun
is up for debate. You may need to
lighten up. Or take the whole thing a

tad more serious. One thing's for sure, you're going

to be asked to live up to your name.
Angels hide in the light, so do devils
pretending to be angels. You choose. The manual
of heart and soul survival is there for you

to write. All that stuff about time was to
see if you had any patience or not
without being told to look inside yourself. It's
always been the honest way in alone that comes

with its own way out. Of course you could
go creative and realize that there are as
many ways as there are souls of beings.
You'll still bleed. But both crying and laughing are

beautiful gifts meant to get you over the inevitable
hump between sanity and madness. Find your way.
The rest as they say is universal history.
We are the music we make up our minds

to speak to others with. Sooner or later we
will be back among the stars seeing from
a different point of view, but the message
is the same: we are here, here we are.

Bonus poems:

There is Nothing

by Darryl Price

to say about the weight of sorrow. It
simply bears down upon everything like
another lost generation shoegaze
album. There is nothing to live up to?
Sometimes it rains. Put that in your pipe and
smoke it in front of your television.
They only espouse all that devil nonsense
because they don't like you. It's a way to
keep you stuck doing all the same dull things
over and over again while they rob
you blind of all those nasty feelings deep
inside. Sometimes it rains. A lot. They might
see fit to pull you out of the pit when
you've finally finished cutting yourself
to pieces on all the thorns tossed upon
your secret desires. What's the difference
between a daisy crown and a new sports
jacket? You could make them both out of all
the phony money in the world and they
would still only serve to stop you if you
should decide to go off in any new
direction. Beatles, anyone? There is
something to live up to. Your parents will
believe the lie. They won't believe you. Your
friends will believe the lie. They won't believe
you. And they'll only let you stay if you
say you believe in the fear, too. House of
smiling liars. Cars full of engineered
lies. Colleges of awarded lies. There's
always some jerk in the crowd who wants to
smugly know who they are. They are the ones
who just don't care if you live or die, boy!
The asleep ones who vote for hate every

chance they get because they are told what to do. Think for yourself. See them yet? They are the closeted ones who count the gold coins alone late at night because they trust no one else. You are considered dangerous if you search for meaning in optimism as a unique human being. They don't care about other people being sick or hurt. I think they've made that perfectly clear to you by now. They hate lovers. They love all forms of power. Still can't see them yet? They are all around you. They are the snickering ones joking about your pain. Vote!

A Little Something
by Darryl Price

Either join the noise
of living or be
cruelly drowned out of
its amazing, alarming,
soothing, undeniably
timeless

chorus. Ha! You're
still there. You're just not
being heard. You still
add to, because you
are still in motion.
Your whirl makes its own

wondrous approach. It

just might even change
the overall pitch
of certain things. Like
butterfly wings do.
That's what they don't want

you to know, because
you are not disciplined.
You are the power
of you. In spite
of their best efforts
to convince you that

you need training to
even exist, it
is not only their
world. Give yourself a
break. You're a fine one,
cared about by me.

Satellite
by Darryl Price

All I did was fall down
the painted stairs, smashed at your
feet. All you did was turn
on your tiny white sneakers and
walk away. Job done. But I
lived in that slow motion video
for many years. Minute after minute.
Waiting for you to cross your
skimpy arms again over your white
shirt chest. Again and again, looking

for every clue to the meaning
of life in the way you
threw back your hair and reached
for the sky, like it was
your last chance; anyone ever had
for true happiness. Was this a
silent prayer or an absolution? Each
time I step into that frame
I am reminded of how little
time we are given to be

in each other's company. No attempt
was made to make contact with
the alien, but I found myself
completely plugged into your orbit going
forward. Now I am your faraway
satellite getting endlessly flung around the
very idea of you wanting to
be kissed in a tender embrace
of your own joy and sorrow.
Tell your heart I said hi.

Girl with Yellow Umbrella

You're so
beautiful
it's hard
to believe
you exist.

