

God's Personal Microphones

by Darryl Price

This is my melody. I will not shut it down for you, it will do that all on its own. Everyone knows this. I don't need you to go on holiday. Can't really get away from yourself. This is my color guard. It goes with the

everything I am. I'm not sorry I grew past you standing there waiting for a repeat of the miracle you were born with. We all must take our own actions from now on and see them through. It gets to that point. The

biggest offenders were probably just bumbling idiots to begin with. This is my only song. You can play it if it makes you feel alive, otherwise I'd skip it, honestly. I'm not waiting around. A strong current is sweeping me downstream. This

is just my size ripple. My expanding ring of hope. If it touches your naked skin it's not meant to do more than reach you at home and give itself wholly to that meeting of vocal moments. We're all gone in an instant. This is my melody. I certainly

made it up by myself, but it was colored in by all of you. I get up in the morning and it starts all over again. We've got the one lucky chance to go forward or go stand in a corner and pout. I choose to move in a direction

that smells of the freshness of newborn stars. I've always enjoyed the unexpected feelings of having been here once before. This is my melody. It doesn't have to be approved by you. I didn't approve yours. That's the story

of the old clothes stuffed into new museums. When you think about it, it's a kind of perpetual laundry mat we live in . We get there

sooner or later with our bundle of sorrows, hoping to rinse them to at least a semblance of

the clean getaway. Bunch of robbers, bunch of kids, with their orchards full of ripening clocks. While the rest of us try to hide the few creative ideas we've got left in the cellars of our mistrust like jars full of

screws and bolts and who knows what. You never know when you're going to need them to build a robot out of your remaining parts. This is my melody and it has nothing to do with the way you talk or walk away or smile

out of the corner of your mouth like a demented magical cat. I get why so many of us just want to sleep it off. Look at this crazy landscape full of missing boots sprouting out of the ground like God's personal

microphones. Bushes are a thing of the past. It's all bullet holes and concrete meadows now. Something tastes of someone's awful betrayal. And it isn't to be found on your TVs, but it's certainly reflected there. Are you

hypnotized enough yet? You think you want to stop smoking, but, really, you're the thing on fire that's belching its stench into the atmosphere. Why should I be your pony excuse? I'm the Pied Piper. I'm the song

coming out of a window in the clouds. Gone in seconds. But I'll shut up eventually and sail behind my own red door. This is my melody. It's not a lie. I said it's not a lie. This is my melody. It's a human wail. It's not some fattened plea to

a bunch of living lights for a spectral visit to reassure my mind that it's not just a saddlebag carrying leaking crazy notions over a slippery cliff. I don't care if that's hip or not. I don't care if you'll buy it or not. It's not

for sale, it's just an echo. It's just a child crying where you left him. But that's the tough ghost in me. The me that writes these things has no tears left. I see the bird shit falling on and off the cliffs as the real reason for so many sad

goodbyes. I'm no black angel myself. But you are the ones with bandages over your eyes. No one can unwrap them but you. No one can see the sky without seeing the sun but you. No one can save you. So, come again, listen, eh? There's something beautiful we need to discuss.

Bonus poems:

Here at the End of the World by Darryl Price

I never liked your world. I never liked your grime. I never liked
Your chords. I like it real. I never trusted your secrets. I mean
A little bit of war playing is okay before dinner, but you (jerks)

Take all the fun out of having the energy to explode. I never
Liked your choice of pizza, it's not about pizza. Get a clue. Never
Liked your love affair with money. But I like money. I never liked

Your doomsday drugs. But I don't want to die. No one gets to
Own all the words. Use them any way you see fit. I'm tired
Of the guns. I just really don't like your window, with its children

Stuck in amber chunks of collectable frames. Set them free.
Makes me sad.

You shouldn't have to pay for the shotgun of your own soul. Don't
Screw the moon over with your shit. I never liked your cars. Give

Me the stars. I never liked your world. I tried to leave as
Soon as I woke up. I never believed your insanity plea. No wonder

We're forbidden on the other dimensions. We'd only bring
corruption, disruption and oil.

It's nothing new, but we're alive, we might as well try to figure
Something better out. That's why we wish you were stopped from
turning everything

Colder. I never liked your handshake. Here at the end of the world

I want to say I never liked your wine. Or, your paradise. Don't
Need your bestsellers. Only need my love. My mind is mine. I
never

Want to dishonor any earths. I look forward to the birthdays of
truth.

I never liked your tyranny. I might still have something to give.
Guess

We'll discover that together. I never liked your excuses. Your
explanations. Your lies.

Your heartbreaks. Your swimming pools. Your confetti. Your
cupcake parlors. Your enormous debts.

Your camera jets. Your niceties. Your world of misunderstood
doorways. So, it goes.

I'm not after you, I'm judging myself, trying to find the outline.
Don't

Like your rules for drinking water. For walking in the sun. For
dancing

Within the rain. Pretty sure. I never liked your axe left by the
Fires. You could see where I'm going if you'd take the hood off
Of your heart. Isn't it always about the love you forgot to
remember?

Here at the end of the world I want to see your eyes
With you inside them again. I'm sure that's as foolish as it gets.

But I was never that smart to begin with. I want to say

I'm a poet because of you, but you had nothing to do with
it. I would still have stumbled over my words. Would have walked
away
from the saved seat. Never liked your sad galleries hanging in my
head.

Only need my love to remain capable of opening to include you,
whether
Or not yours needs me. Here at the end of the world let's
Have this toast: may we wake in time to drive the villains out. dp

A Swing and a Miss, or Bring Your Bathing Suit Next Time by
Darryl Price

The winds are alive so you
Can probably connect the
Rest of the dots yourself. The
Winds are alive, you ought to
Be glad. This means we can see
Clearly to underlying
Connections between all things.

The winds are alive, you should
Have no trouble knowing a
Look for what it is. Live winds
Doesn't mean I can't feel the
Loneliness. A wind in the
Wind sometimes makes me feel sad,
But I won't deny it. The

Winds are alive, we could make
A revolution out of
This fact. That's what I'm saying.
These winds strung among stars are
Meant as ways to clarify
The message even farther:
It matters to me that you

Are caressed, are given birds
And swinging leaves. Clouds can make
Their own wish for you as they
Please. The winds are alive and
I am not indifferent
To the sands where you run. The
Winds are alive and it's not

Much to go on I know, but
If I could spare you the doubts
I would. The winds are alive,
Entwine, fall in love. Alive
Like a sunset over a
Timeless sea. Close your eyes. Let
this whisper, like a lover,

Its all-consuming passion.
The winds are alive with all
Admiration for you, true
Thanks for you, and my warmest
Regards. Whatever else may
Befall you in these summer
Days at least you'll have a friend

To call upon. The winds are
Alive, sometimes wet with tears,
Okay, but they come out of

It. The winds are alive and
So are we. In honor of
That I post this letter in-
Side life's open container. dp

Spears

There's something sleeping in my head, I want
to wake it up. Something sleeping on an
impossibly tight rope. There's a feeling
hiding in my heart, I want to let it

out. You know what I mean. It's not about
birds. Not about windows or curtains. It's
a choice. Maybe it's only mine. Something
aching in my ear, wanting to be a

recognized understanding. The whole thing
is crushing to the spirit. They don't want
to be friendly, not unless you say the
right words in exactly the right way. Who's

got time for that? Some of them are ready
to pick up spears. Some only want to help
you to see your light. And in between there
are dark ones who only respond to the

same. You're already on the ride. And so
are they. That's all we know about the love
that seems to know everything. There's something
dreaming of a hope, I want to join in.

Something dancing despite all the plastic
red buttons in the hands of all the sick
minds. Let me do the same, while I've still got
the time and the inclination to keep

going to the box of paints in my bag.
I've got my own relationship with the
sunflowers to draw upon. Something that
means more than bombs. Something that makes me smile.

You don't want to see my hands doing a
miraculous thing with paper any
more than I want to see yours painting a
purple giraffe with paisley prints for spots.

I get it. But we each must live until
we die. And if it's not for each other
then there is no road worth traveling on.
There's something that is rowing a boat to

your heart for me, I'm somewhere in that sky.
Maybe a seagull, maybe the wind, or
A splash or a crash of a wave. Could be
A moment of sunlight. But it's all true.

