

Hela Hey Aloha

by Darryl Price

“Everyone you see is half asleep. And you're on your own, you're in the street.”

-John Lennon

What we can muster now is a few choice words of humor, but unfortunately that won't show them anything that they haven't seen before. They don't want to hear it from us anyway, because it isn't like the flattened out jazz they grew up with, floating on their collectible cereal boxes of nostalgia. It means nothing to them. They'll come around as soon as they see it swinging down from the latest trees, lining the most modern of streets (although it'll be too late by

then), in the endless thread of cars coming and going in circles, in the nowhere clouds, reflected on the somewhere windshields, in the surprising rain that hits their faces like pop rocks, in the sad news and the

shrinking self-folding papers(making their hands look like they are holding up tiny soup labels with nothing to explain the tasty phenomenon but the steady buzz of a living phone in their trembling pockets), in their stars

that mimic the stars that once made up the lives of various gods and goddesses, in the same looking shoes that wait in the same looking closet trenches, like hidden bunches of exposed balls of bugs. The comfort of this isn't lost on me,

at all, but the misunderstanding it brings gives me a slight headache. We meant no harm then and we mean no harm now. It's just that we like to look at things in a brand new light, it's in a fun way, and it's usually

free from religion's awful pain. The words in the ripe green pod are only a kind of squirting to life's painting fingers and arm, being offered as a token of exchange for a moment's kindly notice, and a familiar nod on behalf of the current climate of what must in desperate times be allowed to

change. The political is inherent, but not meant to cause a storm of jokes against the rising tides. It's more a whoop of commiseration and a wee bit of shared compassion than tomahawk in the back of the already

bloodied skull, at least on my part. That's the Federation lackey in me I suppose. All life forms deserve to be happy, if possible. No weapons required, but let's be careful out there. We know how this will end.

There's no mystery added here to confuse you. There's only dancers waiting their burning turn. That's the scene and there's nothing to be written on top of that, but the time it takes to find someone who will hug you closely and mean it, is more important than life itself. On the moon or anywhere else.

Bonus:

The Other Side

Here at last is the wild and cozy destination I had in mind when you suggested we hide ourselves behind the arms of certain

bulging, glowing starfish and fall deep into a relaxing sleep. The brightening

sun makes everything seem so much more important than ever to those

who are relaxed enough to take it all in and smile you said. We have the best time right now before us I said,

but someday someone else probably won't. You can say it doesn't matter

if they've met their full probability or not. You can even pretend you don't care what happens to those silly people in the future of happy and sad days and years, but you're not fooling anyone who has a heart. Those kinds of rough-hewn sentiments are for the unwashed

warmongers who clang and jangle among us like pot and pan salesmen,

not the sweet uncertain families of ageing poets and timeless dreaming dreamers. These

intent architects of being are constantly at work on something that affects

all of us, searching past, present and future for a way to remain absolutely human until the bitter end. We may have too many robot

overlords everywhere by then, but we'll always have smart jokes and mindful art and

music and touching and feelings. It's okay to say it with your deepest eyes. It's okay to know it with your dancing around body.

They

won't understand it like we do. It's our understanding that will see

us through to the other side of the galaxy, it always has, and back again to claim things in the name of humanity.

Bonus poem:

The War

The once shining lake was busy draining itself. All the better cared for boats were looking like disjointed discarded single shoes in a messed up paint chipped closet. No one was thinking well okay a leaky sole is better than a wounded heel. You get the picture, it was pure roadkill. Turns out war causes everyone to turn into their favorite cartoon animals. That part they got right. They were right to draw it on all the crumbling buildings and more than right to reward it with its own special day with masks and everything, but you couldn't convince the public. Nothing convinces the public. All they want out of this particular post life is to bite down into something warmish and finish the whole argumentative night off with a great big slice of Fall TV shows. Hey they voted for it on both sides of the Atlantic. Only some of us chose to listen to some new music, not the kind you have to dress up for, but the kind you have to show up for inside of yourself, to wake up to. Well perhaps that's too sarcastic if you care what other people think, it's not meant to be, it's only a tiny pebble rolling down an ancient hill after all. The real mudslide began a long time ago when the dinosaurs decided to evaporate and the hordes of walking fish decided to investigate the mountains of trash left over from that startling exit to see if they might have an appetite for monumental change, too. Then we came charging along with our viciously trained tanks rolling over everything and flattening the script. If we had found a way to also roll up the sky it would have been done, to hang on some guy's wall while he masturbates to Wagner. Again, too cruel or too polite? The war brought us together. It forced us into a hole. It washed us out again and again.

Another bonus poem:

Until They Get Here

They've hit us where it hurts, Father. They've harmed us again and again, Mother. And still somehow the sun shines on, I feel a mighty song like a river winding all through me travelling to the inexplicable sea. They've made us feel so alone all our lives. At times they've broken us down, Sister. They've truly

forgotten us, Brother. And yet your smiles to me seem like a good sign of even more miracles to come, of an absolute good enough reason to continue everything everywhere. They've lost sight of us, but I know we have enough dreams to go around, enough until they get here with their lights on high. We

won't leave them behind the way they left us. They dropped us off a cliff, Father. They've thrown away the only keys, Mother. And still little brown birds are singing as if this very day, this very one, is the one to exemplify all glory in the heavens and on this earth.

