

High Beings (including a few of the more mundane facets around)

by Darryl Price

would absolutely love to hear from you singing as careless as a cat choir as you make your fingertip wishes well known to the dishwasher night, want you to be ever so playful with your environments as you please. While (those) creatures only want you to swim into the designated channels ahead and be willing members of the food chain without screeching so loudly about it all the time. High beings want you to have whatever it is that

you think you must know point blank to survive into another day's arms and be ultimately happy.

The creatures enjoy poking you with a very sharp stick every chance they get. A tooth is as good as an arrow or a full purse to get the kill. High beings don't want to get involved on the outside because

they are too busy getting high on the inside. Meanwhile those nasty creatures are finding several sneaky ways to invade your dreams and lay their eggs among the banks of thickly swaying fears crowding up from the bottom of your brain-tank.

High beings might like it if you happened to notice their

amazing, colorful auras sometime but are more than likely to simply add

theirs to yours momentarily to make sure your flame doesn't pinch out permanently. I mean that's pretty cool stuff if you think about it. The creatures want to split open your skull and eat every part of you that isn't bone. High beings got the joke

a long, long time ago. Did you know that all high beings can even talk with the animals, but have found there's not a whole lot to say after hello? The creatures only spawn when they get bored or angry. High beings can catch cosmic frisbees made of planets and stars with their minds like dogs made out of pure milky ways would if they could. And you know they would.

Human beings can paint and read and look into each other's eyes for hours without going blind or becoming hostile. Okay, well maybe that's not so much the truest of lines here. But they do like to snuggle. They do make the most incredible mating sounds in the known universe. And of course they all sing like crazy.

Bonus poems:

A Little Horse
by Darryl Price

Everything ends or it wouldn't be everything.
That's not to say it's bad. It's

not a dream, says the King of
Fools. I noticed she holds her feet
like she's in a photograph of a
ballet dancer. She's my ballet dancer anyhow.

In this moment. From this hill of
my own two feet. Looking for a
fountain that needs me. A coat and
a hat are the only things selling
this story true now, but I still
feel like singing timeless hope more than

giving in. Everything ends even if we
find a way to wrap the sun
inside a bubble and keep it alive
longer than its natural tendencies dictate. We
are a clever lot. We're just not
all that good at shepherding things that

are as thankless as we are at
living on this Earth. Everything ends. No
wonder we give so much attention to
our favorite ghosts. They know how to
entertain us. They never fail to deliver
the goods. You won't remember me. Everything

ends. This poem is going to end.
I'll probably never see you again. But
I enjoy watching you dance while all
around you the old world is burning
down to "nothing to get hung about"
as John Lennon put it. John never

failed to deliver the goods either. Everything
everywhere. And still we kill each other

on a graceless basis. And what if
we loved each other on a grateful
basis, laughing out loud together and became
real friends? The sun would probably explode.

Castles Turn To Dust
by Darryl Price

The hand is closer than ever, but that's
Just a perception. We knew it was waiting
To grasp at our dreams, long before we
Saw the fingernail drawings on the dirt-floor like
So many other indicators of the path to
Certain riches and fame. It does no good
To lose heart. There is no one love
That doesn't include us. It cannot be erased

No matter how hard they try to burn
Everything to the ground. Look, they are only
Interested in claiming victory, but the hand promises
Nothing. Leave it at that. All skies lead
To heavens. Won't they just be, greatly surprised
And annoyed, charging like hedgehogs into the backs
Of their own turning around and around already
Bleeding heads? It's a good joke until you

Learn the punchline, then you may wish a
Handkerchief to wipe away the sadness that has
A tendency to stick to all your clothes
Like chocolate rain. You're not sure if you
Smell something sweet or sickening. But, hey, they

Gathered around that fire of their own free
Will, hoping to keep themselves alive for one
More millennium. The clock keeper just laughs at

Their plans as he stirs the pot into
A thicker and thicker gravy. Oh he might
Break off one star or two in their
Bitter honor, just to enliven the plot, but
He's a master chef and won't be ruining
His course for a hot bubble or two.
The story isn't just old, it's ancient. In
The meantime we continue to dance in circles

Around the moon and stars, it's our heritage,
And theirs, too, when you think about it.
Still the pain's functioning is very real and
Goes on. We must never forget the mothers
Calling endlessly for their children, the fathers searching
Everywhere for a crumb, the sisters who vanish
Like patches of sunlight on the grass, dear
Brothers who gurgled in the dark, helplessly drowned

Crests, spinning limbs of foam and fire. But
That's a pipe for another march altogether. This
Missive is to let you know you are
Not alone. The hand is closer because you
Are closer to knowing something honest about yourself.
They will always be sharpening their chimneys into
Spears, always be using their doorbells as shields,
Always be lining their pockets with incendiary bombs.

We must never take that crooked path. It's
A Period thing. We've got noise of our
Own to make. We make it because we
Believe it, not because we want it to

Be true or not. We are the noise
Through and through. The hand can have its
Own orchestra. Let those who worship its fingers
Go to that temple. You do not have

To join their chorus, you do not have
To repeat their bloody oaths. You are an
Individual thinker, capable of making your own poetry.
I find that beautiful beyond the words for
It. They can have their scripted hypnotic dinners.
It's that easy. So enjoy the path that
Spirals on the outside of all other paths.
I'd never want you to miss that boat.

The Background of Your Postcards

I get it. I've always gotten
it. You've made your choice. I'm
not even in the background
of your postcards. Rocks get more
coverage from your camera
lens than me. You pulled the
trigger without remorse and
handed the spent gun to someone else as a souvenir.
A stranger I am told. Your
part was done well. You could use
something to eat and maybe
a bathroom break. Okay so you
figured the fresh blood might attract
the right predators and

that would be that. I can't say
I see any flaws to your
plan, except that I'm still here,
somehow. Killed, yes, but walking

around still breathing in your precious
air. I have no idea
how or why? I've no heart that
I know of left to pump the stuff around. No one is more surprised
about this odd fact than me. I can't even muster
much more than the daily lies
right now. I wave at all the
familiar liars with
a great big happy grin on my face.
How're you doing? Good to see

you again. But please tell me something,
how in the world were you able to see into
me at all? When I'm not even at all there? I
might as well be an old television
show in black and
white. I'm only shown sometimes
to take up what would otherwise
be an empty space on the already printed home
program. You see? I am useful
after all. Or an empty
seashell buried in a
throwaway basket of more
empty and gutted shells and
driven to a remote place out in the desert

without an ocean view anywhere in dusty
sight. But, I'm not here to be even that much a
part of your world ever again, am I?
So why can't I just get
it over with? I swallowed
the family circus sword
but it didn't cut out any
of my real feelings like it was supposed to. I wasn't
really sliced in half either. Bummer.

As far as I know I'm not even
really standing up right now. Oh what's
the use of all of these poems?
Drape me in no more tears you
fucking mental universe.

