

I'm not Going

by Darryl Price

to give you anything you don't already
possess. It's all yours. I've always been the odd
number out. I don't like squares as much as circles,

but I do really enjoy a neat exit.
It seems to fit the best case scenario.
Truth is too tricky to be trusted. It
always has its finger in its mouth. False light

still looks like light, tastes like light, or mushrooms, depending
on your love for the cosmic jokes.

I'm not going to sign up either way. I
enjoy the company of strangers and even

stranger species if they are left alone
to be who and what they are to the garden.
That's not a choice for happiness. It's a plea
for sanity. Pleasure in the dance. Not a

magician's rabbit, but a dove in its own
head. We already know all things must end. That
doesn't mean you can't fully embody the
whole coin's flipping until you disappear. You'll

find out what forever means when you find out.
The sun's going to take us all with it when it
goes. We don't need to war about it. That's just
stupid and selfish. Rich people always think

they have the right to meet the Beatles. Those boys
didn't think so. That's worth a laugh. I'm not going
to give you the poem you think I should.

The poem is there in its moment like the

rest of us. That's all. Being what it is and nothing more. If it's a wall or a bridge, it's you who turns it into that. I'm only walking down a road, whistling a tune, trying

to come up with a couple of lyrics to sing to the clouds and trees and bees for great fun. And because I feel very much like they are my true friends in this particular part of

the story of now. That's a mouthful. But so is a mountain. Suspend your block-headed stubbornness to seeing without your five senses. I'm not going to relieve you of anything.

I'm just passing through your life. A boat there one minute and gone the next. Something you thought you saw when you weren't even looking for it. But if we're both lucky, maybe it somehow

makes a nice smiling difference to your day.

