

# Lazy River Blues, or Stuck Between a Couple of Exposed Roots and an Endlessly Restless Shore

*by* Darryl Price

Our Sun bites down on the eager yet pouting lips of the  
softly puffy looking moon, but a jealous & runny  
cloud interferes with this story line just long enough for a little bit  
of fun: a young  
dancing tree washes her gold and green laden locks  
nearby in the cold falling combs of various winds. It  
was as beautiful a day as any  
typical treasure found outside. If things didn't always float they  
certainly  
celebrated those that did. We weren't  
being lost or lazy, but we did  
channel that energized moment's presence into a

shared life as an ongoing frenetic practice we lived daily and  
released into the wild ozone over and over again. This was  
our twice connected freedoms in real-time as the one action listed  
so above.

And it really existed. It just didn't remain  
with us forever as we had hoped  
it would. Eventually everybody got a good  
strong whiff of what they were paying attention  
to in their most commonly held senses. Maybe this

triggered something like lingering pungent dreams to  
our nearest and dearest friends, but the last ingredient to go  
inside out

is always you or it just simply doesn't catch  
in the imagination's secret garden plot for too long before it  
expires in air completely. That's always been  
the scariest part of love. And once the brand  
new thing is made with all that heat it  
has to be finally released from under  
its own roiling definitions or burst. Its fate becomes a  
matter of some luck and rare friendship with the still always  
rising into new bread world, which is deemed pretty fast under  
any normal  
circumstance. Dusk had settled that sleeping issue for us all by  
then,  
with its usual accidental grin put into collided place, into a kind of  
softened yet unaware forgiveness for the day ahead.

Darryl Price  
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Bonus poem:

Poem for Trayvon  
by Darryl Price

Think I'll wear my hoodie outside the walls today, you gonna

blow me away, mister? It's nice to know  
that some people still fall in love, but that's  
not what's wrong with the world. We've become a  
box of sand monsters. There is a bigger thing out  
there yet. Yeah I'd like to be taken away from  
all those big idiots with their puny hands on all those big heavy  
guns, but it doesn't have to be that way.  
Can't we get anything right? Must we ever  
default to the literal books for what we do? Dreamers  
are dying off. If you think it doesn't  
matter that a kid gets killed for being  
a kid then you are the criminal. Dear  
God let us not pretend we don't know the  
sound of a human being crying. I just want to  
sleep, but not the sleep of death, rather the  
lost sleep of a thousand years. Let me wake up just about  
anywhere else. We've dropped the innocent  
ability to feel anything but  
how to be above it all. Don't believe in  
it? I don't believe in you. It's not the way  
it has to be. It's not the truth, not when  
you lie in order to get us there. Why can't we see through  
so many falling tears? Just throw my loose  
anchor overboard. Careful. Careful. We  
are the children, too. We're all targets. We are  
also in the way. They want us out of  
their light. More for them. Less for us obviously. Listen,  
Brother. I'm sorry that your memories  
are blown to bits by bigots. These things have deeply hurt  
us, little friend. It is the weight of the whole  
world right now. We were dangerous before, but  
now we're the deadliest creatures running around the Milky Way.  
But if there's any justice your spirit  
will find a way to rise again. Thank you.  
It doesn't matter what for. Love you, too, Brother.

