

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
Thursday, June 06, 2013

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.

