

# Like Trial and Also like Error

*by* Darryl Price

We all sat in a muffled  
little line up, on the  
concrete lips of tomorrow's  
sleepy chin, like all the world's  
good little children should, as the parade  
limped by, slapping itself  
against the young day's  
excitement like a damaged  
tire, trying its best  
to remain inflated

in spite of the flatness  
on every other surface around.  
Hungry mice were waiting  
in darkly camouflaged  
papers like frozen cars,  
with their headlights on fire.  
Another poet I  
know might use this unique  
opportunity to  
also point out their nails  
were glowing like sticks of

pink butter. Finally,  
the flyovers looked like  
a swarm of thrown, black handled knives,  
heading perhaps towards  
a beautiful magician's  
assistant strapped to

a giant spinning dart  
board-- like a left over  
party favor. When it  
was all done, outside was  
suddenly so cold again.

Bonus poems:

A Short Snippet of Prehistoric Text  
by Darryl Price

Words are only one  
weapon to be fired upon the stupid  
enemy's pyramid of ever growing old, growling, groveling greatly  
gnashing teeth. He can  
easily turn simple sounds in  
to many snakes crawling against us.  
That's what you must know  
from the very start. They'll take  
your private tears and  
water-board you with  
them in an instant. Your amazing, dazzling beauty just

infuriates them all the  
more. They have become  
mostly animal thinkers by  
now. This means if you  
turn your back your neck  
will most certainly  
be crunched with every

ounce of energy they've got. So why  
are we still here? We simply  
haven't given up

on each other yet,  
and because we can  
feel the new birth of music  
coming up out of even the smallest of  
spents to the forest floor twigs and branches. And because  
to breathe is to desire  
to always dance. And because  
to smile still means that there's at least some  
little hope in the farthest away from us limping along set of  
stars that we may still see something amazing. They want to force

you to live and die  
in their service, but  
this can only ever  
be a very bald lie. That's  
what we've got that they  
will not discover  
the source of, because  
the only way to  
find the true source of love is to become the true source of  
love. You can't hate your

way into its familiar cottage in the woods. You can't  
fight your way through its thickening walls to get at its brightly  
painted doorway.  
You can't bribe your way in. Too bad for them, eh?  
They'll gouge out your eyes without remorse, do you understand  
this,  
but you won't be blinded like them.  
They'll cut off your breasts  
but you won't be less

of a woman. They'll  
do anything you  
can imagine to us to get us to shut up. You

scare the living shit out of  
them every second you're around. The sad part is  
they were once just children  
like us. Stardust. Earth. Water.  
Still they preach their hateful crap  
to all who'll listen.  
Billions have become  
their book burning drones.  
Killing for flags and for pretend  
kings. Killing for false gods in between words branded into books of  
faked humility.

Killing for the twin gods of money and even more money.  
Killing for more dead fish to come flushing down the rivers of  
glittering chance. For  
that brand new car smell. Numb sexual favors. Another billion in  
whatever like  
hamburgers sold. Again  
though there's such a lovely little soft and happy  
tune floating around here somewhere, there it is, coming from  
somewhere else than all this silly mess we're stewing in or is it  
simply part of the day's certain odor? Can't you hear  
it too? What the hell is that sweetness I smell? Will  
you tell us once more, oh  
please? What do you ever hear the wind saying in the trees where  
you're at? Say it out loud for the rest of us to imagine we hear it,  
too. Please. Tell us the real brave story again and again. We love it  
when you do that part that way.

Darryl Price 032010

Sometimes I forget

how strange the world is. I'm not so worried  
about following your rules. I'm much more  
interested in being real. I've never believed  
in their definitions of beauty. Yet I've already  
seen many miraculous things on just  
about every surface. I figure it's some kind of minute  
mojo being more cosmic patterns upon another wall  
somewhere. It's all made out of the same stuff.  
But even that's not the whole truth. In  
order to get there we'd have to go everywhere  
at once. And yet we dance! I don't have to  
give you this poem any more than you have to  
read it. The sun will burn out when the sun  
will burn out. Until then you have to  
continue to climb out of yourself  
into the open air so to speak. The story simply  
unfolds around you a million times a second like  
a pretty difficult puzzle but is it fun or can it be?  
And still we kill each other. That's  
the really sad part. We don't even  
know any other way. Oh sure there are many here  
among us who refuse to fight but they end up dying any way. There's  
a point to all these words but  
you're crazy if you think it's up to me to tell  
you what that means. I'm not that voice but I hear  
it too. It's coming out of every rock, every drop  
of rain, every flower, every particle of air, every  
stitch of clothing, every cell of skin, every bead upon our  
silly heads. We take it all way too seriously. Nothing's ever  
going to stop the gate from closing in on us but we could  
have a picnic among the rising stones and later  
count as many stars as there are souls of beings.

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## The Power

I made you a flower thing this morning, but then I put it back to the way it was. What I mean is I decided the best way to give it to you was to simply leave it alone. Does

it really matter if it was stuck in the ground somewhere or growing out of my head? After all it popped up with your name right on it and I said, "Hey I know her!"

Still it didn't justify any living thing be sacrificed to the goddess of the moment. This is turning out all wrong. Mainly because I can feel the dreaded them taunting me to

get real, buddy. What they mean, what they always mean, is to just conform. Be like us or die away from us. Doesn't matter, either way. They'll rewrite history and there's nothing

you can do about it. I'm just really glad right now that flowers don't trade in such utter nonsense. They laugh out loud. They dance around in the wind and mirror the

sun's moves step for step. And they're kind  
of really good listeners to boot. They don't judge the speaker of the  
house.

I can leave them. What they tend to  
remember is the way you moved once, dancing among them.

Darryl Price

Bonus: lyrics from when I used to write songs in a band--have a go  
at it--I know you have a guitar somewhere.

I met you on the corner. You said  
you had to hurry, your glasses full of  
treetops. I asked them not to worry. But  
then you held your wrist out, your clock  
was crying "look out!" and everybody saw us,  
they took us for a forest, but no  
one seemed to notice--our voices nearly choked  
us.

There is a song that belongs to you  
I thought I heard it just the other  
day it's a sad song but it sounded  
true something like I love you but  
I may not stay that's what they say-ay-ay-ay

There is a dreamer I remember well she  
had your face and your sweet sad eyes  
she has a voice like a cigarette  
but all she knows are the same old  
lines the same old lies the same old

chorus: she said boy don't try to hold me  
cause I won't be there only I said

hey I just can't be found cause I'm  
still going around and around I'm going around  
and around

I built this paper plane to fly us  
to the moon with the so blue world  
below us we won't come back too soon  
we won't come back too soon

chorus

Darryl Price

