

My Melody

by Darryl Price

This is my melody. I will not shut it down for you, it will do all that on its own time. Everyone knows this. I don't need you to go on holiday. Can't really get away from yourself. This is my color guard. It goes with the everything I am. I'm not sorry I grew past you standing there waiting for a repeat of the

miracle you were born with. All must take their own actions from now on and see them through. It gets to that point. The biggest offenders were probably just bumbling along idiots to begin with. This isn't my only song. You can play it if it makes you feel alive, otherwise I'd skip it, honestly. I'm not

waiting around. A strong current's sweeping me downstream. A just my size ripple. Me expanding rings of hope. If it touches your naked skin it's not meant to do more than reach you at home and give itself wholly to that meeting as vocalized moments. We're all gone in an instant. This is my

melody. I certainly made it up by myself, but it was colored inside by all of you. I get up in the morning and it starts all over again. We've got the one lucky chance to go forward or go stand in the corner and pout. I chose to move in a direction that smells of the freshness of newborn stars. I've always

enjoyed the unexpected feelings of having been here once before. This is my melody. It doesn't have to be approved by you. I didn't approve yours. That's the story of the old clothes stuffed into new museums. When you think about it, it's a kind of perpetual laundry mat we live in . We go there sooner or later

with our bundle of sorrows, hoping to rinse them out to at least a semblance of the clean getaway. Bunch of robbers, bunch of kids, with their orchards full of ripening clocks. While the rest of us try to hide the few creative ideas we've got left in the cellars of our mistrust like jars full of screws and bolts and who

knows what else. You never know when you're going to need them to build a robot out of your remaining parts. This is my melody, and it has nothing to do with the way you talked or walked away smugly or smiled out of the corner of your magical mouth like some demented cat. I get why so many just want to

sleep it off. Look at this crazy landscape full of missing boots sprouting out of the ground like God's personal microphones. Bushes are a thing of the buried past. It's all bullet holes and concrete meadows now. Hey, something tastes of someone's awful betrayal. And it isn't to be found on your TVs, but

it's certainly reflected there. Aren't you hypnotized enough yet? You think you want to stop smoking, but, really, you're the thing on fire that's belching its stench into the atmosphere. Why should I be your pony excuse any longer? I'm not the Pied Piper anymore. I'm the song coming out of a window in the

broken clouds. Gone like bird's wings in mere seconds. But I'll shut up eventually and sail behind my own red-faced door. It's not a lie. I said it's not a lie. This is my melody. It's a human wail. A human whale. Aren't they all? It's not some fattened plea to a bunch of living lights for a spectral visit to

reassure my cringing mind that it's not just a saddlebag carrying leaking crazy notions over a slippery hill. I don't care if that's hip or not. I don't care if you'll buy it or not. It's not for sale, it's just an echo in a canyon. Just a small child crying where you left him or her. But that's the tough ghost in me. A candle

that sheds these things, but has no tears left for goodbyes. I see the bird shit falling on and off the cliffs as the real reason for so many sad farewells. I'm no black fallen angel myself. But you are the ones with bandages over your seeping eyes. None can unwrap them now but you. No one can see the sky

without seeing the sun again but you. No one can save you. So, come on, again, listen, eh? There's something beautiful we really need to discuss. So let's end the charade and get back to making noise again. We came to bang out something loud enough to change the world. If it matters or not, we tried.

