

# Next Tuesday

*by* Darryl Price

Go on, fly. Try again. What did you think was the hidden message? I could describe the awful dry world, but you might not recognize it through my own wet eyes. Go on, escape. Those who subscribe to murder have already made their lost choices. I used

to think poetry couldn't stop tanks. I was wrong. Go on, look for keywords in your deepest vocabulary. Discernment, that's a good one. You can apply it directly to the trickiest of all wounds. Take it easy. Go on, make it happen.

Go on, say yes when you mean it. Say no and walk away. Fly, it's what you were made for, tell me what you see. Rainy days ahead, perhaps, sometimes. Look some more. Look through the thickest walls. Go on, try. Don't leave the rushing trees behind forever. Don't leave

the golden ocean of love behind. Don't leave the flower surrounded mountains behind. Take them all with you. Go on, mostly cloudy, but not always. Fly, and open your heart. Fly, show us the way. Go on, fly, and falling out of sight, bring us back light.

