

Noodle

by Darryl Price

Our painter was killed by a bunch of kids
who were making fun of him. A gun went
off. What is a noodle? He wasn't sitting
in the world, anymore. Where was his
straw hat? His pipe? He desperately needed
to smoke. What is a noodle? Why are
trees losing control? It feels like rain. Was
ist ein knodel? The poet was mauled by
a mountain lion. His bike got messed up.
What was that line? The one about the noodle?
Something lost at sea! He'll have to steer
his junk home with a hand mashed by wildflowers.

What is the noodle line again; what
does it have to do with suffering? It's
a dumpling! All is not said and done. That's
the beginning of any argument
with God. That and the fact that He closed the
garden gates on us before we returned.
What is a noodle? I really want to
know. It's a wonderful time of very
strange moves being made. People are dancing,
am I wrong? Are they? What is a noodle
doing in this picture with all of us?
Unusual. Life's hard enough. What is

this sadness quaking? Ever feel you are
walking in a shiitake storm? Forgive a noodle.
There was another poet shot in
The back, six times, not even a cigarette
Offered or a mad slogan thrown down.

Heartache is always a sign of the time.
The seas are coughing up blood, but it's nothing
New. At night, cities turn on their stacked
x-ray machines revealing the scars of
a dozen black lung diseases, but it's
nothing new. What is a broken shoe? I
don't know, but whatever it is mine was

let down a long time ago. You don't need
to tell me. I recognize the rotten
smell. The pages come apart. The green bells
were cut down and trampled. And still the sky
is blue. I hear the story from my own
stupid lips. What is a noodle? N is
for noodle. The world is still beautiful.
That's the discovery I've made. The waiting
has its own philosophy. Its own art.
Noodle makes a good light to remember
someone by. We could cook up some sweet, sweet
spaghetti. Talk about it tomorrow. dp

Bonus poem:

Freezer Burn by Darryl Price

They are training you to be a buyer first and most of all. They are
selling you everything you need. They are telling you what you need,
what you need to buy. Don't let us down. Read between the lines.
They have put a price on everything. But in the meantime, while you
were busy looking for your change, they have poisoned the little
azure butterflies, at least the ones that won't be contained, shaped
by machines

that take bites too big for any crumbs to be left behind. They are inviting you inside the machine that builds their machines. Don't let us down. See how beautiful it is? Don't you want to be a part of something so perfectly made? Leave your sky dreams at the freezer door. Don't let us down. We'll carefully manufacture for you a more perfect thought pattern of new stars and planets. We'll take care of everything. We'll only give you the very best of good feelings. Don't let us down. The freedom of tears will be a crude thing of the past, we'll shut them down like we shut down wild oceans, like we shut down those creepy snake forests. You don't need to live trembling high in trees anymore. We've got bomb-proof concrete, we've got glass, and steel. Don't let us down. Our plastic molded plants don't die

or need any attention from you at all. Their belching spores are a small price to pay for their self-regulated splendor, makes any home an eternal garden. But what about love? Don't let us down. Can that be turned into numbers, too? Sure. Just pay up. Don't let us down. You get what you can afford. We'll do the rest. Tell us the size, the color, the weight, but I'm sorry, we can't manufacture trust or

kindness or hope. Don't let us down. Our best scientists tell us you won't need that mythical nonsense to make your right choice. Poetry shall be eliminated, to keep you safe. Bookshelves are to be filled with only official lies sanctioned by those who refuse to read. Don't let us down. Thinking will be from 8 to 5 only as designated by your captors. After that you will be strapped to your buying chair and asked to

contribute to the army of machines who keep your houses neatly aligned on your street, in your town, in your God blessed country. We'll break the moon's bare back sooner or later. Don't let us down. Jump now. Pull the freaking wires out of your head. You don't need them to be yourself. Don't let us down. There's danger from their smiles. Wake up. Refuse a perfect world. Don't let us down. Let go. Turn on

the light. The darkness is just their way of using you. Don't let us down. They are insane with greed. They are insane with hate. They

are insane with power. Don't let us down. Their insanity is pornographic. Their insanity is privilege for the few. Their insanity is cruelty. Don't let us down. They mean to harm you. They mean to enslave you. They mean to throw you to the sharks, if you provide a fair bit of

entertainment first. Don't let us down. They make no allowances for preferred happiness. You will be given a list. You will be made to sign a document. Don't let us down. Understand this, we owe each other dignity. We owe each other respect. We owe each other forgiveness. Don't let us down. They have no mercy built into their programs of destruction. Remember your kids' faces. Who you set out to be.

