

Noodle

by Darryl Price

Our painter man was killed by a bunch of snotty kids who were making fun of him. A gun went off. What is a noodle to do? He wasn't sitting alone in this world, anymore. Where was his famous straw hat? His trusty pipe? He desperately needed to smoke again. At once. What is a noodle? Why are trees losing all control? It feels like rain is coming. Was ist ein knodel? The poet was mauled by a ferocious mountain lion. His vintage post-office bike got real messed up.

What was his line? The one about the noodle? Someone lost at sea! Who? He'll have to steer his junker home with a hand mashed by pasty wildflowers.

What is the noodle line again; what does it have to do with all this suffering? It's a dumpling! All is not said and done in this world. That's the true beginning of any argument with God. That and the fact that He closed the garden gates on us before we returned from the party. What is in a noodle? I really want to know. It's a wonderful time of very strange movies being made in the head's of powerful people. Other people are still dancing in the streets, am I wrong? Where are they going to go? What is a noodle doing in this picture with all of us students? Should we smile anyway?

Unusual. You might say. Life's hard enough to know what to do without a noodle in the way. What is

this sadness quaking under our feet? Ever feel you are

walking in a shiitake storm? Forgive a noodle for his
outspokenness.

There was another poet shot in
The back, six times, not even a cigarette
Offered or a mad slogan thrown down in deranged challenge.
Heartache is always a sign of the good times.
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 your reasons. I recognize the rotten
smell all on my own two feet almost immediately. Pages come
apart as they will from time to time. The green bells of youth
were cut down and trampled. And still the sky
is blue and crisp as a chip. I hear the story spitting words from my
own

stupid lips. What is a noodle to do? N is
for noodle. The world is still beautiful as a noodle.
That's the discovery I've made in the pan. The waiting
has its own philosophy of course. Its own art. But our
Noodle makes a good light to remember
someone special by. We could cook up some sweet, sweet
spaghetti. Hmmm? Maybe talk about it all tomorrow. dp

Bonus poem:

Freezer Burn(rough draft) 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, and I'm sorry, but 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.

