

(One Hundred Minus Ninety Equals) Ten Jetpacks for the Lonely

by Darryl Price

1. And so, another top heavy day within the sworn to camp
enemies of a purely human
musical swamp, who want only to own the essences of that
ancient
sweet fragrance, like all the others, and sell it back
to us at a tidy profit, which will more than likely only
leave us soulless in the end and unable to feel
anything really wild to the touch without a machine's terribly cold
sterilized
influence on our pacified psyches. 2. I played my daughter's
guitar today
until my fingers were split open and bleeding, sliding on
the blue wires like penguins on their blubbery punched out
pot bellies, all of which makes me smile in spite
of the thin cutting pain I'm still feeling. 3. I don't even have to

try to bring it out of myself. Do you even understand how this
miracle child of God and man means to speak to you from right
where you are sitting alone right this lousy minute?

4. Smiling at the simple trust given a new sweet twang place
dumped
upon the world's own lapping sound just between me and this
cheap little
guitar, it just happens, all quite naturally I might add. 5. It
manifests itself like the
always going to be around to pick up the pieces if we let it

kind of free fun we always seem to somehow have going for us as
a non musical group of ultimately friendly souls in the universe. 6.
But those Nasty hordes will

continue to gather in their lame bigotry halls like Elizabethan
puppets on steroids.

Painted piss-stiff as any papermache parade. As pompous as
exaggerated

porcelain jaguars leaping off of a mantled marbled fireplace onto
the

imposing rug soaked floors of a menacing mansion in Beverly.

7. They gather around their hypocritical racisms like
moaning zombies trapped in

an abandoned barn with the doors stained shut by another
landed

boatload of rusted locks and twisted iron bars. 8. They revel in
their stupid sexism like juvenile pranksters lost in an overstuffed
toy department store

way after the closing hour bell has tolled and gone crawling back
to sleep. They rampage. They steal. They

break. Nothing brings them any real sense of joy until the police
come. 9. They

kill as a matter of every day praise. They consider
it the highest form of fact and worship in the
ever more dangerous universe of time. They think they know God
needs some tough love protection

from Himself. He knows not what He is doing. Nothing
equals the all mighty wishing for hell coursing through your
manic & manipulated

veins twenty-four/seven,man. Join your familial friends in battle or
die in

the crumbling ruins of civilization like the millions of other
spoiled to death

rats. They know of no living rainbows that can ever interpret the

language of barbarians into good old fashioned solid English for them. They've heard of
no useless flower gardens worth holding up a spanking
new command
of angry bombs for. And just because you say you
love someone in the here and now doesn't mean they
should be kept alive out of mercy. Compassion is a
curse that puts us all at a disadvantage in the
laws of the burning world's jungle beast like jaws. 10. Breaks my
best smile down to a mere flat line dear friends. Because they are
the very same life as us leering out at us from inside their
flesh-colored combat suits like mutant hermit crabs. Children of
various sizes.

of various stories. of various lumps on the head. of
different depths in the same ocean. We're all walking around in
a room where the walls are made from invisible spoons of water.

All

this does is state the obvious, which if you want
it, you can have it. Because you're already there. And
I'm already here. And they're already here. Unless we make
a certain kind of peace with the shark infested water it will
drown us without remorse. But again that's only if we
make no effort to preserve the balances that keep our
beautiful blue ball floating along its ring tone path right where it
is. So music

is a reminder I'm reminded of today. There are plenty of others
I'm told.

Perhaps you are one. You and you. And you.

Bonus works:

The Light and the Cracks

bring their own worlds of welcome. You can follow their
demise with one eye. Some things soften their glow alone,

darkening. Tomorrow might not look
like today, but it'll be born
and borne pretty much in
the same way. Light gets attracted

to some surface it can't
turn away from and so gets
broken up into different meanings,
yet one makes mark of purchase.



Comments

Zzzzzblacktree2.thumb

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James Robison, 5 hours ago

What a great overlay of meanings, all brightly expressed, in this
poem about
time and abiding-or that's how I read it. Big star.

