

# Our Top Hats Blow Off While Yours Gets Tipped

*by Darryl Price*

Our world is a prism floating through its own rainbow smeared  
shadows in a desperate  
attempt to get caught. Our lives are in the carpets, the planks, the  
winds. Whatever  
has heard us, has not believed in us enough to rescue us from our  
own  
mythological nightmares. But that's just one story being told, one  
bell being struck into strange being,  
the rest is a cacophony of zinging meanings looking for an abrupt  
answer. Even the answer  
is not really the final truth. All this singing is just the latest wail  
and moan  
of the loveless. They want to be touched in such a way as to know  
they are alive. Nothing else will matter. Their fingers are  
searching for the right and only fingers.

You know that. But a hand cannot give what it does not hold.  
Poets have  
long ago made this clear in relation to the moon and her lust for  
the  
handsome sun. He will warm her but he will never love her. And  
this is  
her sorrow. It is her curse and her trial. She will burn at the stake  
and the sun will not be the wiser. We will all go to war and  
life will never be the same. If we are loved at all it will be  
because we have failed. Someone has greeted us without ever  
wanting us to be explained.

The prism has made us its fragile creatures of dancing light.  
That's our true purpose.

To speak the unspoken. To live the words of our moment in utter  
abandonment to  
the sacred tongue of the unknowable universe. Like fauns. Like  
asteroids. Like lotus flowers. Like  
pebbles in a brook. We are meant to sustain the whole sky's  
hunger for something  
more pleasing than rain. It's an ancient play among ancient gods.  
Our bones are being  
tossed upon the mountains of time like tumbling dice. The Rolling  
Stones must have caught  
a whiff of some pretty strong smoking summits in their swirling  
time to have revealed  
that small wisdom. But the gleam in our eye is bigger than all that  
nonsense.  
Eventually taking in the whole scheme of things and creating  
rabbits out of empty top hats.

Bonus poem:

The Professor Goes a Little Bonkers at the Chalkboard

by Darryl Price

Each second what do you want to be? How  
do you get there? If you could give a  
listened to message to the whole world what are  
you going to say? I open my stupid mouth  
and more poetry comes grinding out, even hello looks  
like a spewed bunch of on the ground stirred-up  
wildflowers. Well, they die. They eventually stink. So you've  
got to wave them in a fresh way the

first time around and every time after that, and  
then let them float away before anyone notices they're  
already gone—just like good little angels. It does  
no good to lament fallen, empty love. It will  
return someplace else in a matter of minutes, even  
if you make yourself a beautiful red splatter on  
the green reality of the street where you live.  
The only faithfulness in love is the gullible youngster  
willing to disbelieve all things in favor of only

the one thing. It's easy to see why this  
matters. No one else will shoulder that much weight  
and still manage a sincere smile. I'm in love  
with you. That's what they say, and they mean  
it. But nothing can be frozen every day. It  
has got to move forward. Any movement causes dancing which  
causes

change which creates the air we breathe. No one  
will hear anything we say here today because they  
think only in negative terms. All the dot connectors are

more afraid of you than you are of them.  
Love's free, pure or love is a lie, that's  
all. Love never dies. People do that. So what  
we've got to do is invent the moment before  
it's over with and done, because then all you've

got for your trouble is a goddamn collection of empty shells in an ugly bathroom basket collecting dust-mites. Still we mustn't despair.

We're here together today and we are making a charge against the enemy with what little courage we can muster.

