

Paint-Can Harry Lets in Some Much Needed Air

by Darryl Price

Welcome the one and the all of you, welcome all you scraggly long haired weeds, welcome the no longer rolling stones of the new you, welcome you most beautiful little wonderfully engineering spiders, welcome to the powdery old graveyard shift of yours truly. The only slightly abandoned crowded place on this here solid earth ball where I feel I am fully present to myself in the wonder of the new mornings well before everyone's mornings even begin to start to shake and wake and rise. The rest I believe is still to be a somewhat foggy notion in time but a deathcamp nonetheless in which I dress up to suit the somber occasion or simply to look good for others who are nothing more than strangers. But now here I am up and now simply breathing in nice big deep gulps of cold breaths of glistening dew all on my own free time and of this particular little space in time like it was all made for just little old me to enjoy the fit out of. It's a snug fit to be sure. Oh. Out there you know it's still a terrible scramble just to sit under a leafless struggling tree and watch a single last star evaporate into an exploding nothingness. Not even a quick bright poof, just a sudden gone spot that you're made suddenly sadly aware of in your stomach. Even to watch a lone bird swim across the sky these days you have to have your punched out meal card ticket on your person at all times. But. In this particularly old musty room of mine though it may seem muddy to some, empty enough but still full of all the right tools for us and for the many possibilities to come, eh, however, I can simply print out

whatever ticket the current movie might require of us free misty-eyed old ghosts and give it away to just our lone selves for the price of free. Here you go my fine young man or woman. You go right on inside there and start to enjoy the everything there is to enjoy, right this instant. Although to be fair I should take out the youngster part of adding myself, you know to be completely honest about such every day and ordinary things as age and candles dripping. Distasteful stuff that and utter nonsense. It's not always up to me to explain the not so explainable things having to do with this particular old life to anyone else. What makes us young keeps us young. The funny looking dribble of a man inside the taker's window, who also needs a morning shave I see now, is starting to seem a bit too familiar in his scowling like way of speaking to my liking. Oh well. Let's go be getting us some much needed air in here, shall we? All these things need to wake up, too. It's all way too much of a reoccurring coincidence to be nothing more than a silly sad joke on all of us like the comedians claim. That's my own philosophy. If we are living inside each other's heads eternally like the Buddhists believe why we had better get to rolling along and stop worrying about all these so called ruts in the busted up roads to the blessed kingdom come. Bang along I say. Bang, bang, bang. Bang along with the rest, and the best of them. Use your wheelbarrow selves if you have to, to make a sound like nothing else. Everybody's got one somewhere sitting deep inside their soul's gluttoned garage. Look for it 'til you find it. I'll wait.

And so today my dear young and beautiful nature made friends of mine to me it feels like the exact right time-- I do declare to the lovely sun in the ballooning sky above the plum colored hills and to all my lovely children also growing in the still wet gardens here outside the daily mists of time and circumstance-- for some pure yellow to come squirting into the world, head first. A nice big glob ought to do it, still warm from the cool of the tube so to speak. Some sky blue for later on when we're feeling lucky, white, black, a little red is always going to be in for some good ordered fun . So let's just

start things off with a fairly normal sized brush this time, with two or three others of various sizes in the back pocket, just in case things start to get too big for our one normal sized guy to handle on his whiskery own. Ah the first touch of bristle to blank canvas, makes you feel so scared to be alive, but then the bright wet smell takes you over and you get to that bittersweet exciting sense of what you thought you ever once lived for in the first place. Then the dark lines start to surface like the fin wakes of a strangely coming straight at you, giant sort of prehistoric fish; even if they disappear later on, they still can have begun to make something curious appear to belong in the world after all, right out of nothing and nowhere to boot. That's your road trip's map in front of you right there, mister, and misses. No one knows what it actually contains, but you'll find out, if you're brave, and careful, but not too careful. You wouldn't want to ruin the rare element of surprise that awaits any new explorer on the unknown path. You've got to get to going as soon as you are going at any good speed at all. So pull yourself into it, and fully enough I always say.

Okay. Now. There's one more thing. In spite of their creaky old volumes upon volumes of concrete evidence to the contrary I say yes you can simply start off things with any sort of an idea anywhere you choose and at any time in time you might imagine. It shows you just what's been lurking there behind the thinking it over too long situation, eventually, little by little, but you have also got to be just as willing to uncover the many thickets of gnarly vines to get to the gooey center of the newly dressed up scenery of your dreaming it up, sprouting like the foreheads of radishes in your own lumpy head space. For the time being let's just call it free fall. You'll know it once you get there. That's the one thing you don't ever have to worry about. And don't bother so much with the paths you see so many of them others on all around you. They are not your concern. Their fear is driving them steadily insane. You'll have other wonders to keep you centered to the beautiful quest at hand, to get to where the loveliness of life is, which is always to find your truest meaning for

the miracle of another day on whatever planet you happen to live on.
Ah. Yes. Yes. And yes one more time I say. That's so much better,
don't you think, don't you agree? I really, really do too. Let's go get
this thing starting to fire our creativity all the way up then, shall we?
You go first.

We'll Let You Know (Everything is in the Envelope) Blues

by Darryl Price

There's a lot of big talk now. It's
simply meant to guide you straight in
the slushy ditch. For a laugh. You
understand. Nothing personal.
You do know how they always mean
no harm while they are killing you,
right? It's a savage universe.
Things can become unbalanced the

moment you walk out the front door.
Okay, so the world's a scary
place, really scary, but that's not
all. You are in it. Your poet
is in it. Comedians are
cracking jokes in it. Tom Waits is
playing drunk piano in it.
Your favorite song is in it.

Your one true love is in it. The
kind you give and the kind you get.
The kind that's indescribably
good for you and the very sick,
dangerous kind. Great movies are
showing in it. Stunning mountains.

And gorgeous lakes. Fountains are in
it. Family picnics are in

it, too. Flowers are in it, just
about everywhere you look. Yes,
terrible bombs are in it. But
so are smiles. And holding hands. Storms
and swirling leaves and trees, blowing
everything everywhere. Mornings
are in it. Thank God. Starry nights
are glowing in it. Funny faced

kites are in it, if you'd like. The
full moon is in it. Sea turtles.
Wild pods of Dolphins. Whales. Sharks. Owls.
All kinds of Mushrooms. Snow. Snow! Dreams
are snowing in it. Travel, if
you're luck is not insurance, is
in it. Discovery is in
it. Curiosity is in

it. Help is in it. Compassion
is in it. Funny things are in
it. Many silly things are in
it. Some truly awful things are
unfortunately in it. Real
sorrow is in it. Heartbreaking
stuff is in there. Rain is in it.
Bees are buzzing in it. The poor

disappearing ancient Monarch
Butterflies are still in it with
us. As are the elephants and
tigers. Worms are always in it.
Mystery is in it. Magic

is in it. Adventure is in
it. Possibility is in
it. And so's impossibility.

And the Great Spirit is in it.
Coming at you, going through you,
from all four directions. The heart
and breath are in it. Remember,
the metaphor is all in your
head. Ice cream is in it. Just thought
I'd throw that one in. I love ice
cream. Your mind's the important piece.

