

Parts 2 Through 5 of a piece called Wilderness of Humanity, or, We Can Always Clean This Thing Up Again

by Darryl Price

2. humility

You know what silly does? Silly guarantees that you will enjoy the moment as the moment for the moment. Clowns make fun of silly. Isn't that ironic? They are in essence the opposite of their own image. That's why so many people see them as evil--because you can't force laughter through an elephant's ass, and if you did it wouldn't sound like the produced sweetness that is genuine laughter, because this cannot be replaced or manufactured. It can only be let loose to fly where it will and when it will before it is all gone, flattened out in a dumb instant. Where does it go? Where everything else eventually ends up--back in the mix, but once it's shown itself, you know it exists, and that is good. That is very good. It shines, in fact. Because you're back on the beach. You see the forever fields. You recognize the shapes of all those heads. You know your own head is among them. You are not lost. Lost is a lie you tell yourself because you've convinced yourself the thrill is

gone. It cannot be gone just because it is smashed. Or run over. Or drowned, Or bitten in two. It cannot be gone because you feel stupid. It is only ever gone because you don't love it enough anymore to see that it still in fact is.

3. mythology

All realities lead to Rome. All Romes lead to reality--be it bleak or bright, you will see the light. I have no idea what it might say coming to you. Perhaps it won't speak with you at all, but simply put consume you like a lion's mouth, forever and ever. That's why you can't go on an arguing binge with the other guy--it's all plausible and onion plausible, so you're always right and wrong.

They may have gotten the story all wrong, but somehow left the meaning intact, or with just enough holes in it to encourage creative cooperation out of future generations to come. Either way there's truth just

in the fact of its being--which brings us to us. What is the truth about us in the stories that we tell ourselves? Why must we constantly meet to reinvent these things together? Is the fire

we sit floating around actually made of stars or stones? And when it's your turn to get up and have everyone's attention for the time being, will you do your funny impressions or empty out your pockets and pass around the depression era hard candy? You know everyone's

tried it in secret before. But you must ask yourself this important question, is my favorite flavor still my favorite, or have I changed that to please someone else?

If I have changed enough to go from blue to green, am I still free to go back to black? Is back always backwards or can it sometimes be seen as also forward motion? Should I show everyone my

stained tongue? We'll talk. Talk is taking the walk. We must return eventually from the land of friendly ghosts, but we don't have to forget our

Friends--be they centuries apart from us.They gave us the go ahead, and now we must return the favor in our own time.

4. time

We long to travel

again. Once more. To be adventurous. To arouse in ourselves the element

of new surprises.To go where we can't remember remembering so clearly.

This gives our dreams the space to slip into something a bit more comfortable for the long voyage ahead. Do you even remember making

that stitch--does it really matter that it was only one among hundreds of millions? Let's ask them. The ones with no names. The ones with no graves. The ones who left kisses on the stove.

The ones with no clothes on. The ones with nowhere to go inside everywhere.

The ones with no homes to return to. The ones covered in mud. The ones who live in silence. The dancers with broken legs.

The poets with broken minds. The villages of broken hearts. You do not get to get out of this.

5. loveliness

I've seen things that were so

perfect, within the so perfect knowledge that they would not remain so in fields of tremendous blasting

light. So let us see where this night takes us. It takes us

to some new tears of course. It takes us to our secret smiles. It rips apart

every notion. It begins again from nothing. It causes great pain,

inside

greater pain, it relieves a timeless pressure. It heals. It destroys. It beckons. It makes fools out of us all every time. And you will not stop this from ever happening to anyone again. Even if you hide

in a cave you are only pretending. Even if you go to work every day with a whistle and a suit you are still actually listening for that one shrill sound. You know some part of you wants to hear it. The

very idea of it scares the shit out of you, but you

will be its hero, won't you? It will be up to you

and nobody else on that fateful day, on that wretched hour. You alone will have lived

through its chewing truth, been punched out in its final shape before it disappeared

from everybody else's minds, and so you will have to make that final leap, the ultimate

choice--live with that knowledge or be a coward cornered up in

safety for safety's sake. You'll still be alright by me, day or night.

Darryl Price Sunday, August 26, 2012 dp

