People Get Haircuts

by Darryl Price

like they are trying to not get noticed
by fickle death. It clearly marks them in
a targeted way. Very ironic.
Here's the only message I want you to
ever have from me : quick, scramble like a
monkey with a stolen banana in
your tiny hairy hand--pull yourself up
on me now, I will not let you go, I
promise. They think that's an impossible
scenario-- because one of us just
might fall anyway! But I'm not talking
about physically. If I was I

sure wouldn't be a poet. I don't have
arms, I've words. And words can do anything.
People get some haircuts like it makes them
better than others without the same look.
Well, it doesn't. This is what I'm against.
Don't join any army of haircuts. Get
your hair cut or don't get your hair cut, but
don't ask me to follow your direction
either way. I'll decide for myself, thank
you. People get haircuts like they are just
showing you who you are, not showing you
who they are. It's a con. One of the world's

oldest. Just like marking an item up
in price and then discounting it by that
much. People always seem to believe in
getting a bigger bargain. People get
haircuts and the death planes still zoom into
the split open skies, their bellies full of

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poisonous black darts. People get haircuts
and the poorest children are still locked up
in filthy cages by obedient
adults who should know better. People get
haircuts and the drooling stars drip through the
wounded ozone waiting to strike us at

the bare ankles. People get haircuts and
go to private meetings and drive around
in bullet proof vans and eat at fancy
restaurants, even if it means waiting
for hours to get seated, but they have
no attention spans in their hearts for the
young boys parking their cars. They take their time.
They get fuller, all the time twisting each
other's arms and heads into some kind of
guilty submission to the empty throne
of money before them. They'll go over
the falls. They always do. But you must hang

on. You must listen. Brave or scared, children
are the only ones now who talk with much
honesty to the world. Poets cheer them
on from the bleachers of their words. Who are
you to put them so far down? People get
haircuts and the village bells are ringing
out all over the planet's surface like
warning shots before the next ghastly world
war begins its daily slaughter of all
innocents. People get haircuts and our
children are being shot in their schools for
opening a math book. Books are being

quietly murdered to make way for more
parking spaces. You know the score. It doesn't

really matter. What matters is not to
become like them when the time comes to speak
up and state your name. It will be alright.
Sooner or later. We don't know how long
it will take this time. We are counting on
you to just be yourself. Nothing more. And
nothing less. People get haircuts because
of their own reasons. Keep each other safe.
Keep each other entertained. Keep the faith
in all of us, together or apart.

Bonus Poems:

Old Family Recipe
by Darryl Price

Be brave and kind and curious. Be brave
and kind and curious. Be brave and kind
and curious. Be brave and kind and be
curious. Be brave, kind and curious.
Be brave and kind and curious. Be brave,
be kind, be curious. Be brave and kind
and curious. Be brave and kind and be
curious. Be brave, kind and curious.
Be brave and kind and curious. Always
brave and always kind, always curious.

How/Can You Live from a Broken Heart
by Darryl Price

Can you go without a start? How
in the world will we recognize
each other from just a photo
of the back of a head? Can you

live from a broken heart? When did
you buy what they were selling? Is
it true, you were willing to break
into a name's sacred vault and

cowardly steal its true meaning
for a new lover's golden fake
amusement? I don't know. I guess
so. I mean, right? Here we are. Well,

here I am at least. Somehow. But
sometimes the pain is still almost
unbearable. People tell me
to get a dog. I have a dog.

People want me to read a book.
I have read many books. They say
only forgiveness will unlock
any rusted door. I don't care.

There is nothing to forgive. Can
you live from a broken heart? It
doesn't matter. Much. To. Me. This
poem isn't about that and

you know that is true. I'd raise my
clenched fist and shout,"Strawberry Fields
Forever", but it still wouldn't
answer the call for you. Nothing

can. What's broken is broken. I
wish I had better news for you.
That's why the ship is waiting. That's
why birds are flying backwards. No

one knows the answer. They only
tell themselves what they want to hear.
Bells give the bell ringer his voice.
But they don't make his life longer

or shorter. We do all that. Can
you live from a broken heart? The
drunken town doctor will say it's
all useless, and maybe it is,

but the young folks will try to still
believe for as long as they can
in something new and timeless that's
beautifully sounding its horn.

Little Moths
by Darryl Price

Many men in history have
tried to do just that--burn you out
of the paper, pages turning

into ash and smoke. It doesn't
ease your desire to know those things
that make the world so exciting,

so amazing to see, to touch.
I know how badly you want to

become part of that light. So much

that you are willing to damage
your wings to make the point. But there
are birds and bats who would love such

a hot meal in mid-air. Crawl up
under my words, don't make a sound,
I would say, until you are safe,

but I know you deserve your plunge
into the unknown, the abyss
of your dreams like anyone else.