

Pirate Ship

by Darryl Price

I was a disaster at first, a thousand
Light years ago. We sail the seas we're given
Like all of you, but that doesn't mean we get
To survive like you. Our course may have blown us

Completely off the map. When that happens you
Don't just meet the occasional monster who's
Slipped into the friendly waters by mistake.
You are in the territory of monsters.

There's only one way out, and that is to sin
Against God and man until you can see the
Shores again of reason and remorse. That may
Take some getting used to, after you have plainly

Shed all modern decency for the rags of
The wild thick way forward. More than your clothes are
Shredded beyond recognition. Your eyes have
Seen more than enough of the infinite and

Vulgar varieties of stars. Your hands have
Grasped enough desperate ropes to be welded
With the mortar of many calluses. I'm
Not saying this to scare you. The world extends

In all directions, but you have a clear choice.
It's true, the poetic waters are even
More beautiful than your unopened tube of
Cerulean blue. I don't want to fool you.

I'm not trying to warn you. I don't care what
They say this adventure is or isn't. I
Reject all definitions of the impulse
To travel with the muse. Now you are catching

On. You are the captain of this voyage. Not
A stowaway. Not a ticket holder. Not
A wooden vacationer. But again, you
May go down that plank right now and get off. No

One will be the wiser. You can opt for a
Romantic image of the ship receding
Into your memory like a sun whitened
Water lily, or you can cast your glances

To the old worlds and wave goodbye. Don't get me
Wrong, we don't recommend this life. It is full
Of the unknown metaphors, unexpected,
Maybe even unexplored jungles of words

And new sentences. Dangerous paragraphs
May present themselves to you in a sudden
Grab for meaning. The possibilities are
Overwhelming, so are you willing? Then go.

dp

Bonus Poems:

An Unknown Madness by Darryl Price

It's all been a pretty lonely town
for a little lost fool like me. I'm
not accepting any more paid for
excuses. We're full up. Matter of
fact, we'll be returning them for a
refund today. Keep your blue movies,
the splattered chunks of bait money, its
inevitable sequel about
nothing more than modern grasses. Keep

the sad religion of idols for
idiots. Keep the politics of
awkward stunted creeps. You can also
keep the tyrannical rants and the
equally silly psychotic raves
of sadistic radio hosts. Keep
the so-called love of ultimate greed.
Free is better. That's all—it's not a
Saturday morning mystery. It's

not an unknown madness. It's a dog's
only choice. Keep the future. Keep the
entombed past out of my face. Keep the
squeezed-out golden praises on silver
paper. Yeah, it's been lonely. Thank god
for the Beatles. For comedians.
For the dancers. The painters. Poets.
Gardeners. The bicycle riders.
The dreamers. Thinkers. I give you thanks.

All the Words

Let the world listen in. What
Are you afraid of, the wolves?

I get it. King Liar is

Drinking his oil down like an
Ice cold coke and it's at least
One hundred degrees on the

Freshly mowed golf course of his
Demented fake dreams. But where
Are you? What are you doing?

I get it. King Liar has
Insulted all the words in
The dictionary that mean

The word love in action. Yet,
You are still hiding behind
Some awful words for empty,

For hollow, instead of kind
Words for open my eyes, for
Now, for one of these days. I

Get it. King Liar's taken
An axe to a beautiful
Family of trees and split

The forest into gated
Communities, all for the
Sake of protecting money

From being used to heal the
Earth, North and South, East and
West. But what direction are

You facing? Is it one that

Radiates? King Liar will
Do everything in his stolen

Power to protect his
Own hole in the shade using
Every poisoned tooth in his

Arrogant mouth. No child is
Safe. So will you protect them?
Or will you twist on your spine.

The Funny Question

The world is all the love we
Will be given. How will you
Make it work? That isn't
The funny question you
Think it is. If you're not
In charge of the button

Then who is? That guy there
Is you in another
Life, another disguise.
Call it a refraction,
But dream it's a color,
Wheels spinning through space and

Time waiting for a true
Love of its own. We don't
Need to define things in
Any permanent manner.
To do so is to freeze
On the spot and never

Get up to dance again.
Who among you wants to
Simply stagnate, inside
A statue's hollow four
Walls, garden or not, not
Able to enjoy the

Sun from a different
Angle? There are no wings
On a wall. The world is
All the love we must work
With. It should be enough.
There's only one way to

Find out, be sure. Isn't
That funny, turns out they
Were right—they weren't messing
Us around—it's really
A single eye looking
Everywhere at once.

