

# Pirate Ship

*by* Darryl Price

I was a disposable disaster at first, a thousand  
Light years ago. We sail the seas we're given, and  
Like all of you I did my best to survive , but that doesn't mean we  
get

To survive it like you. Our course may have blown us

Completely off the known map. When that happens you  
Don't just meet the occasional monster who's  
Slipped into the unfriendly 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 some reason and less 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 alone with the muse. Now you are catching

On. You are the captain of this voyage. Not  
A stowaway. Not a mere ticket holder. Not  
A wooden vacationer either. But again, you  
May go on down that plank right now and get off this world. 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 a finger 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 dangerous sentences. Dangerous dripping paragraphs  
May present themselves to you in a sudden  
Grab for thicker meaning. The possibilities are  
Overwhelming in the calmest of times, so if you are willing? Then  
let's 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 giving up the ghosts. Keep

the sad religion of idols for middle-aged  
idiots. Keep the politics of  
awkward stunted creeps on the loose. 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 program. It's

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

All the Words

Let the world listen in. What  
Are you afraid of, the shadow 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 going? What are you doing now?

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 yourself for empty, words

For hollow, instead of a few kind  
Words for open up my eyes, for be here  
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 hoarded 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 own bought 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 over there  
Is you in another  
Life, another disguise.  
Call it a refraction,  
But dream it's in a color you believe in,  
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.

