

# Pretty New Landscape

*by* Darryl Price

It's important to make a sure  
sound. It's not impossible you know.  
It's just funny I suppose, like being  
in a dream of another dream.

All these things could be mashed and tumbled  
together to make us one big  
clay hero, someone not afraid to  
get up and speak in a

normal voice, his or her own.  
That's all I've ever wanted, to  
be a real boy of my  
own making, but there are so many

versions floating around on every surface  
that you start to feel boxed  
in, like you're dying inside. Like  
you're not going to make it

without a beautiful blue fairy being on  
your side. You should tell someone  
who cares, when you get the chance, about the sure sound  
thing, I bet they might want

to hear about it, especially if  
it's worth a real hearty laugh  
session together. All I've got to  
offer you now is this hand,

full of the wrong torn out  
poems and not much else, to  
make a pretty new landscape out of.  
You're in it, and if you're willing,

I'll give it a good try. I  
might even make a friendly pony out  
of wild flower stalks for you, but it's  
more likely to be just a broken

over tree, laden with psychedelic owls.  
I do like my clouds, generally  
speaking, and most stars are okay—  
because they always make you aware

of the repetition of roofs, and  
roofs always tell the best time-tested  
stories of all. Still you can dance on  
top of them for hours. And then

you can lean against the willing  
moon all night long, and eat  
cheese and drink wine. Well. That's  
kind of the lazy sort of plan, one

way that's not been felt to  
be so far away from the  
buttery truth any more. I'm afraid I'm still  
falling. That's for sure. Is that

my surest sound then? How long  
did you fall? Perhaps I'll just  
open the tiny gate a bit,  
and let the grey pony out to graze

anywhere it wants. It knows where  
home is, which is a little  
more than I can say about  
myself right now. I'm still falling!

And after all this time! How  
many more ways can I implore  
you? Even Alice eventually hits ground.  
(There're no Angels--it's all just people.)

Bonus poem:

How to Run Your Business in Cold Blood, or Bullets For Peace, or  
The Scope of the Greed

1.15 Million Americans Have Been Killed by Guns Since John  
Lennon's Death

They took a cowardly shot  
at Paris. They shot a tired,  
generous, smiling John in  
the Daddy back. Just saying.  
A semi-automatic  
gun isn't made to kill an  
unarmed rabbit for supper

for a hungry family  
of six. They shot the gifted,  
young Kennedys through the head.  
They shot poor Martin on a  
motel porch. They shot up a  
bunch of school kids like paper

dolls. Movie goers were killed

without feeling anything  
like goodwill or remorse. A  
guy covered up his girlfriend  
with his own physical life  
and died in the hail. A man  
and his wife opened fire on  
their friends and coworkers in

spite of an innocently  
sleeping baby at home. But  
we're not allowed to talk guns.  
We can buy guns, more than we'll  
ever need. That couple had  
a house full. Bullets are a  
good business. Solid. You

know what's no longer solid?  
The sound of crying. It's now  
become a pool. Everybody  
wants in. And I'm out.  
The Planned Parenthood shooter  
murdered somebody's adult  
babies for the unborn ones.

Guns don't make you better. Guns  
don't make you right. Guns don't make  
you smarter. Guns aren't the proof  
you need. Guns don't give you the  
right to judge and condemn those  
who disagree with your head.  
Guns are weapons, pure, simple.

On the news feed you see the

would be robber put his gun  
against the innocent man's  
temple and pull the trigger  
over and over--the gun  
was jammed--but he didn't stop  
trying and neither should we.

