

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.

