

# Putting the No Cash Offer to Bed

*by* Darryl Price

He will return your children's hearts  
to them and not to you, but they  
will see again. He will row your  
children across the fiery lake

without losing a single one  
to the sly singing fish below.  
He will accept no cash, but food  
for the poor. He will stand before

your children's enemies, like an  
epic storm, and rain tornadoes  
down upon their helmeted heads,  
to protect your children from all

forms of awful harm, but you must  
never again abuse them; none  
believes in your kind of love  
for children; the devoted lies,

the greedy rendezvous with the  
corrupted wizards of reason  
for more money, affairs, and tall  
false magic. He will accept no

cash, but only loving kindness  
for the sick, helpless and lonely  
among your streets and villages.  
He will restore your children's minds

to them and not to you, but they  
will think again. He will show your  
children how to face their fears with  
humor and courage and without

self-pity. He will give them music  
and laughter without making  
them sign away their souls to traditions  
that trapped them in the past.

