

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.

