

Remember the Albatross Around Your Neck Was Once Your Choice of Ocean

by Darryl Price

All haters have small ducks for brains. Look. We came here to do a job, to make a beautiful thing rise up, sprouting like the new moon out of a harsh sunlight blaring off concrete, to blast a particular noise for the next charge at hand and I don't care for all this tortured mooning over rock and roll artifacts,

period. Yeah we were somewhat lucky enough to be walking in the wilds once upon a time like some kind of free range circus with all the fast fading lumbering and faintly limberish animals for a small little while. Music does calm the savage beast you know. It also becomes an open

awful callous addiction over time. You can't outrun its hunger for more of your youngest time and young energy and spurting lifeblood. Is it any wonder that eventually they forgot their trained manners and began to eat us whole? We are the said human beings at fault. They hadn't forgotten anything

about their own freedoms to exist. We were

the lost pretenders. Just because they were bored enough
to play games for fish we thought that meant they weren't really
pissed off enough to end everything in a
pool of dumbfounded gore. I'm sorry to be so glorifyingly
graphic here, but it's a lesson that needs to be told

time and time again. It's a thankless universe
full of frozen snakes. Take one in and you're bound to
be the next one that's bitten. No matter how much
milk you put in a bowl beside the fire. No matter
how many daisies you wear in your hair. Eventually
they turn on the headlights and grind

everything into bits of diamond dust. Don't
worry. The butterflies'll find a way to recapture
the zigzag between the exhaust fumes and fist
fights. You won't be able to resist this flinging tissue-like
dance of pure faith. It will delight you in spite of your almost
secret desire to crush all color out of the

prettiest of pink skies. It's free music that needs no nostalgia
attached to its forehead. It's the path
you only see clearly on a rainy day any way. It's time as present
day
payback. It's the device without a button or
a doomsday clock in its navel. It's a feeling
of cupped flowers leading a long parade of bees up the downside
of a drizzling hill.

Darryl Price Monday August 5 2013

