

# 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

