

The Colored Paper that Folded Itself Into a Singing Cricket

by Darryl Price

Sometimes the beauty you make wants you to say, aaahhh, and let it go.

There are a lot of things floating around, so it's no wonder that some things get sadly lost, like minds, like people, like feelings. It doesn't make anything spin any less. That's what keeps us centered I suppose. That and dreaming. I'm always surprised at the magnitude of the gifts. Mine came to me. I wasn't given a real choice about it, I mean I

just kind of woke up walking on a rocky road, naked in the moonlight. Turns out the zombies don't look like zombies--they look like us. I get it. Sometimes you just want to close your eyes and feel something close by. That's what the words are for. They aren't to scare you or scold you or to trap you. They're just a sculpted reminder that you are not alone. That

the world is still full of wild possibility. You may have been thinking that you were stopped in your tracks, tied to a post, but the words open, like a switchblade, and beg you to cut the ropes. But they are not like tied to your hands. They are pieces of colored paper. They are a bunch of punched out falling stars. They are restless winds inside the open mouths of hungry, rolling shells. You are

the translator. You are the transistor. Sometimes the beauty degrades into another kind of beauty, sometimes of loss, sometimes of a surprising abundance of freedom, shouting again, but keeping watch. You'll see a light through all of the branches. Look up and remember who you are. The hate they constantly espouse on you is useless to travel by. You'll know that somewhere inside you. I know this because I feel it too and I

wouldn't feel it if it weren't for you also being a part the journey. That's what a heart is for. The words keep the fire going strong if you need one to fight off cold fear. Maybe their words do a different dance for them altogether. Everyone has their superstitions they grew up with. I gave all that danger to myself up a long time ago. Because I wanted to be a real boy. I didn't

say it wasn't lonely, but the beauty you get to behold is well worth it. Sometimes the beauty is the only light on in your heart. It's nothing new. It's something timeless and true. Memory like a song without any false modesty. Love is a nice diversion, but there is a greater task waiting for you back in the garden. But probably not for me. It's okay. The only reason, the

only reason I would ever go back there now would be to tell you I love you one more time. That would be good I think, but it wouldn't change anything. I think we both know that. And I've got a song to sing. It's the thing I've decided to do with my life. Sometimes the beauty hurts pretty badly, but then it goes away and I'm left with another poem I must let fly to your open window, if only it will.

Bonus poems:

A Holiday Message from Darryl

"Love is the answer and you know that for sure"--John Lennon

You are loved. You deserve to be loved. I wanted to tell you this because it's true. Everybody's just trying to get where they are going. You shouldn't judge them for it. Feel their love. Be kind enough, accept the other person's journey without harm

to yourself or anyone else. Because your life has the power to do great good if you want it. Because you are free to think and to act on your own, mistakes will be made. It's okay. You will never not be loved. We deserve to be forgiven.

You control the amount of compassion you send out into the universe. And above getting what you give, which is the law of Karma, there is a greater source of healing that can always find you. It's within you at all times and places.No

one can access it but you. It is you.

You are it. You are there. You deserve to be here. I wanted to tell you this and more. Everybody's afraid of dealing with something unknown. The fear is natural. It's also human. So is our capacity

to care, and comfort one another, to defend and to protect. You don't have to let go of anything or anyone. But don't let the hate grab you. You grab it, it doesn't grab you, grab it with love, release it into the wild with love. This changes everything. dp

This Note by Darryl Price

The world is cold, but it can be warm. You won't find home again until you learn how to love yourself. As long as they can get you to hate anything they will have you captured by your own hands.

The world is cold, but it can be an inviting place to rest your head. As long as they can get you to hate anyone they will have you captured by your own words. Remember when we used to have

adventures? We didn't know where we were going, we just started. Somehow the adventure always brought us together. The world is never in the same timezone, but it remains a thin line between boring and insanely amazing, between poetry and dreaming while still awake. This doesn't make anything impossible, only

illustrates the wide zen range of possibilities at your willing command. The world is cold, it can be harsh. You won't find home again until you learn to trust someone.

As long as they can get you to fear the next different person they will have you trapped in a box. Remember how much we believed in each other? I still do. That's why I'm leaving you this note. You

are not alone. Feeling lonely is a normal response to their constant annoying habit of trying to sell you a barrage of reconfigured things supposed to make you happy at long last. The world is cold all right, but there are

warm fires everywhere. Some are within you. Others are being shared freely throughout the winds, smell them, listen for them, you'll know them by how they make you feel. The world is cold, but people can often be warm. You can

be one of them, a living warmth, through natural acts of kindness and caring. That may not be poetry, but it is a kind of poetic justice. This note is to say stay strong, my friend. The game's still running smoothly. dp

.

