

The Dog Itself

by Darryl Price

It has to be said. A horse is just another
situation that can very
quickly get out of hand, if you don't know
what you are doing. A bell is always

ringing, like your head nestled down inside
your hands. The world doesn't seem much like a
very friendly place to me. Are there truly
any friendly ghosts left out there? Search

everyone's eyes. Adopting a dolphin
now won't save innocent pups from slaughter,
but perhaps it adds a willing voice to
all the broken wings crying in piles all

over the floor. Silence is okay for
privileged meditations I guess, but who
are we to condemn any living thing
to the dull itinerary of human

folly? Go in style. So they tell me.
A horse is just a feeling that you used
to feel. It can't go on forever. The
whole world is a wind advisory. Staring

at the stars doesn't change things on a
stranger's face on this lonely planet's streets.
Jesus is always coming by candlelight.
Why don't you use your magic for something

besides creating more sorrow? Do you
really believe there's nothing we can do?

A horse is just an excuse to stay out
late again for some. A bell is a shining

light, a holy place chiming there is
more we can become if we try harder.
The world wants to see us tear our love apart.
That's always been its sole objective.

By their commodities shall you know them.
They're all love haters posing as real estate
agents to the angels. A horse
is not a rider. It is a controlled

substance. The bells are wanting to take you
in hand. To show you something you are missing.
The world wants me to eat and swallow
this poem before you read it and grin.

