The Four to Go

by Darryl Price

I don't know. They say a lot of things that
sound mostly like falling, clashing warnings to me. The silky
sky's pantaloons can't always be ready to cave in on
the priggish audience's head. Nothing ever sounds like real love
from their mouths. I guess that's my main problem. I
mean to say, you don't want to step on a
sleeping rattlesnake just to get yourself some freely given wisdom,
but common sense isn't always available to the moment's too
late moment. Help should be an obvious flag, waving in
a frantic wind, and not just the words to a
pretty cool song. Trust me, you don't want to dance
for a living, unless

you can also rest and take
care of your tired and sore feet like a ferocious
mama bear. It's all a constant question of inner and
outer balances. That's why I question their snap like a
stepped on twig, plumet like a streaming bullet, fast approach
to life. Not everything's out to kill you first. It
just seems that way when you're fed a constant diet
of only your worst, childhood fears and a grilled to
perfection beefed-up hopelessness. Snack on this tasty bit of raw
unbridled hate. Swig down some of this nasty bile awhile.
A crooked smile that says less about meeting and meaning
joy and more about taking advantage of the situation whenever
possible. There are unbrushed, bared teeth in the

weirdest of
all places on earth, I'll admit, but everything everywhere also
seems to responds to a little love. Look at lost
or mistreated dogs. Look at once beautiful, now overgrown, choking
gardens. Look at empty and abandoned houses, empty of the

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noise of any kind of daily chaos and still somehow
happy living. Now think of those poor things as people.
If given the chance, what do you think would happen
to them? You get what you give-- because physically you've
already proven your philosophical point once it is made visible
to the naked eye by any kind of truth in
you. They can deny care all they want, but they
can never really

escape its strange familiarity, because it is
their own eventual destiny, twisted or else set to straight.
To be or not to be. One thing or the
other. Choose. Once a possibility exists in this world, it's
very hard to put it back in the bottle again.
Bad guys are only interested in the possibility of more
violence, but the good guys know there's a lot more
to it than that. Oh, trust me, they are prepared
to do whatever it takes to protect our world, but
also their own decent hearts, from the golden greed of
corruption of the spirit. The single line to sell your
soul for easy money is always going to be many,
many miles long 24 hours a day. And forever counting.

