

# The Silken(revised version)

*by* Darryl Price

tentacles of stringy rains opens up the stage antics for this  
common February day to the  
fidgety audience at hand but  
it appears that they just won't be able to grab on, not this time.

The  
familiar grumpy wind with its  
constantly runny nose and filthy  
handshake, sagging from the inside out, hanging  
by a few torn threads, pocket-kicked them on  
up the scratchy street just a little while ago like a  
couple of giant half inflated  
beach balloons, wobbling all the way;  
the naked sun even stopped by for  
a brief moment to relieve himself  
before getting back into his posh  
carriage,disappearing around  
a forest of thick cloud stuffs as quickly  
as any arrow digs its pointy way  
through a still bleating heart. I can't help  
it if that's the beginning of this mouthy  
thing still wiggling to beat the band in the bottom of the boat slid  
between us. You get what you get from  
what you've got. Personally I like  
to acknowledge that certain things do arrive here and there

on my own path. It comforts me to  
welcome them, although I can't think why  
it ever should. And there's more. Today I noticed  
I haven't seen a single bird  
in weeks. You don't care. I find that disturbing.  
Because the heralding of  
all things right with the world begins with  
one birdsong. When they're gone for too long the

simple silences get to be much too much and big boned  
for their own britches and become a  
loud shoe-sized bullying gang all on their  
own fatty tissue time. This of course  
will never do. You like the way I am  
able to write off and across all the  
true things that really matter to us by just  
pretending that the mundane world requires

much more attention than our own  
wanting pulses? Yeah well that's fodder  
for another songster to try and  
make some sense of because I'm tired of my  
quick to bite sad nosed guitar strings for today tying  
me up like a ticking time bomb under a mattress and leaving me  
rolled over on the buggy floor  
to die of a dry spiritual thirst tired of my aching to swallow  
anything cool to the touch  
throat tired of my sore to see some compassion in the world  
weary eyes tired of the

con game of history of any  
kind of King and country tired of being afraid to continue  
to grow as a human being  
tired of the expectations of certain  
mad male adults who run the world like

a bank that sails right up to your front  
door demanding all booty or else and certainly  
tired of knowing so much about so

little that matters to anyone tired of writing to fill the void  
and hoping for an answer that makes  
up for an ancient unfulfilled need tired of rock  
and rollers who went for the cash only  
and left the changing of the guard to  
others more accustomed to dying for the rest of us.  
That about does it. Looks like the porch light could  
go on already. I need a snack.

