

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.

