

# The Sorry March to the Even Sorrier Sea

*by* Darryl Price

goes on and on. Like it's a sad mad season on Mars, well it isn't, is  
it? Sometimes I have to  
wonder whatever happened  
to us, to make us forget how well  
we already know how to  
sing as good as any larks do? I have never wanted  
to drown, but I've fallen asleep  
and found myself dangerously adrift in the thrashing sheets of  
sorrow,

closer to the always  
walking away from us hungry waves a squishy bit of time or two.  
I guess that's about all it takes these days. Oh please just  
wake up already. Wake up please, for me, for yourself, then come  
back my lingering on the frosty edges of morose mundane  
meditation love. Remember yourself. You are you.  
Here's what this is: me tapping  
on the cold cold groundswell like a groundhog, or else  
throwing wind around in a cage like silent shit to the stars  
simply to see if you are

still out there/in there/ listening somewhere  
for the sound of another  
beating heart and if you  
are then we are not ever to be so very lost and alone again, we are  
not, we have never been, even if  
we are here together just this one particular once upon a time.  
That's  
all. Any more would just be too cruel to the unborn dancers among

us.

Read into it what you

will. It's your freedoms we are  
talking about here, not those to come. I'm just  
saying hello my fellow prisoners. How are you feeling today?  
The rest of the conversation  
depends so very much upon you wanting to listen in between the  
rubber talking masks of doom and gloom.  
Your own fingers or whatever else  
you use to make sense of doing the walking up and the walking  
down on

this dreaming staircase we call our wobbly little life's walk about.  
We've been taken away  
by born absurdist thinkers,  
dangerous activists of cracks in the ground. It's  
the very arrogance of  
their impunity that strengthens  
a class system that harms  
the poor and all animals. Wake up! A pillow is no substitute for the  
real thing-- into your waiting arms or nowhere I say we go, again  
and again, until it's morning again all the merry way.

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Voting Instructions

"No act of kindness, no matter how small, is ever wasted."--Aesop

I'm for people.  
I'm for mushrooms.  
I'm against ants, maybe. Is that unkind?  
Absolutely for sunflowers.  
Against those snakes  
who kill for shade.  
For elephants.  
Against hunting  
for fun. I'm for  
comic books and  
against snobs who  
think art is worth

more than a tender touch.  
I'm for laughing  
at the movies,  
books, strawberries.  
Against cheating  
the oceans out  
of their bounty by dragging nets.  
I'm for coral  
reefs, sharks even,  
but against the  
scientists who can  
only believe in

what they can prove in a test tube,  
philosophers who  
love to argue  
to the death.  
I'm for loud music,  
against bass  
as the only  
heard instrument.  
I'm for wild trees

and plenty of  
them! I'm against  
houses being too

close together.  
I'm for nectoring  
monarchs who  
could care less  
about us human beings.  
I'm for pictures  
of my friends, not  
files, living well  
in your own chosen way.  
I'm against the  
definitions

of God. I'm for  
a starry night.  
I'm against smog  
just so we can  
make some big cash to stash.  
I'm for chewing  
gum but I'm against  
littering. I'm  
for poetry,  
against writing  
to attack and  
wound. I'm for a love

that defends all.  
that forgives all,  
and includes all.  
The only reason  
to go to  
the stars is to

realize the  
light extends down  
through all our concepts  
of why we  
are here in the first place. Not worth  
fighting over.

Darryl Price

What I Would Like to Say to You

Is this the place, where I finally  
end up frozen dead in my tracks, found walking alone with a stick  
and a dog, sporting  
a cat hat, alone on the tip  
top of a hill, no longer

concerned with the wind's  
icy fingers scratching down my neck? I'm here  
and yet I'm also at home everywhere in this God forsaken place.  
I prefer the big rocks, you know, and  
the soft and green and thick  
moss of mid to late summertime, the

great fluidity of  
that enormously beautiful animal we love to see and hear  
and call the water,  
soaking up the sun, the  
burning maidens splash dancing all over  
with little white clouds tied

around their fabulous bellies. Ah, who

would ever want this vision to  
end, brothers, without starting  
to weep uncontrollably? Yet there it  
is all perfectly wrapped up  
in an otherwise grey

chunk of missing road laid out here long before me. An end. The  
end. Every step  
or misstep I have taken now leading me  
around in circles of sorrow and grief has  
finally dropped me off the grid's fingertips without you at my hand  
or elbow today.  
Whatever rain there was a moment ago now  
has pulled itself back out of

the mist shot like a reversed arrow into the past. Perhaps these  
angels they love to talk about so much  
are only made out of the  
things you cannot ever truly see for yourself.  
Nobody's coming, not  
for me, not even buzzards,

no wolves or snakes unless  
they're already here  
and I'm just what's left with  
a few bones thrown in for  
good measure. Did I make  
this poem up or did

it make me up into its own private touring song this morning? Oh  
well then perhaps  
one more cup of cola will do  
for the long night ahead. This letter was  
never in my pocket  
to begin with and shall

never be mailed to you at all.

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