

# The Subsequent Ferocious Silence Is

*by* Darryl Price

just another torn & burning journey  
flag for the rebel heart. All we know for  
sure is that dancing among the toads and  
crickets takes a bit of courage. Beauty takes

real living guts these days. Laughing takes guts,  
too. Living takes love. Love is feeling. What'd  
you think I was going to say? This is  
not some lame ass joke about building art

out of tiny silver bells, my friends, or  
putting two hands and two hands together.  
Takes all your free will, causes centuries  
of prickly pain, often doesn't give you

any cause for hope--you are an easy  
target just like me I suppose--but I  
will, we will. Yet a kiss will do wonders  
nonetheless. It does not take hiding for

a living. Seriously hiding should  
always be a temporary fix for  
the sadness only. Okay? Takes a lot  
of imagination. Education

it does not take. Imagination takes  
guts. I read books, so what do you do with  
them? Reading takes guts. It doesn't take a  
steep discount on the price of your next beer.

Living can be lonely. It doesn't  
always include enough sleep. It takes hugs,  
but sometimes all you get is bugs. It does  
not take guns-no matter what they show you

on the news. That's just them thinking about  
more and more sex. Sex takes guts. It does not  
take a James Bond film. A James Bond film takes  
some guts. What? Did you think I wouldn't go

there? Oh ye of little faith. Thinking takes  
guts. You have a mind of your own. Aren't you  
the lucky one? Living can be lucky  
I guess, but it doesn't always include

the right street to meet your audience on.  
That's all I'm going to say for now, so  
what are you going to do about it?  
Doing something takes guts you know. What it

doesn't take is the proper shoes. Sometimes  
the proper shoes just don't fit the person  
wearing them. And being a person takes guts,  
all kinds of guts, versus all kinds of the

darker nightmare bacterium within  
and without you. Here are a few of the  
truer facts: Sunday in the afternoon,  
March, carrying a tune from that same dream as before.

Bonus poem:

When the Light Grows Dark  
by Darryl Price

You are going to make another war. I am going  
to make a fine paper swan. You are going to  
plant a grim bomb or two. I'm going to plant  
a Bodhi tree and look for the artful moon entering  
my room. You always seem to be chanting on about the  
courage it takes just to die. I sing about just feeling

kind of sad, perhaps you've heard no other whispers about love's  
price.

You are going to count your money all alone. I  
am going to not bother with counting all the stars. You  
are going to run over something that once wept real tears.  
I am going to lift my eyes for them. I am going  
to lay my hands on their wounds. You are going

to smoke something truly foul and push the smokey lies through a  
million

pointy teeth, which are really chimneys, which are really  
buildings,

which are really dirty windows. I am going to forget  
to always be the first one. You are going to pretend you  
can't find your heart. I am going to walk with  
the ones who need a friendly cane to get along

and belong. You are going to look away behind a

steaming plate full of signature fries. I am going to  
let someone else laugh in the perfect places. You are  
not going to bend backwards to be made any better. I'm  
placing this poem here for you. I'm on your dream radio. Listen.  
I'm not waiting to hear the ultimate truth. You're the missing clue.

