The World is Full

by Darryl Price

of birds. The world is full of snakes. The world is
full of mushrooms. The world is full of flies. The world
is full of bombs. Not so many trees. Not as many
as you might think. The world is full of flowers. Not
so many bees. The world is full of rocks. Some kids

throw them. Others use them as the lawns they never had.
The world is full of pudgy shadows. The world is full
of revolution. But it doesn't matter. The world is full of
hate. But all the world needs is love. You're in the
world and I'm in the world. We both need some love.
The world is full of frogs turning into raindrops. The world

is love say the prophets. But the poets are cynical bastards.
The world is full of pickpockets and thieves. The world is
full of mutating germs. But also atoms that build houses and
wild white water rivers and giant mountains. And stardust sprinkled in
everywhere for good measure. The world is full of short term

romances and long term loans. The world is full of incredibly
beautiful pollution made sunsets. But as long as you're here I
don't care who knows it. The world is buried in cars.
Counting them all would be like counting stars. The world is
full of unwanted rituals. The world is full of frozen statues
of our childhoods. We can't afford to tear them down. But

we must. We have to be free. The world is full
of nobodies. Emily is forever their queen. John Lennon was the
beloved murdered king. That was all so long ago now. But
it still hurts, like it was yesterday. The world is full
of strangers who are all just other human beings on the

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same journey--to match their souls with their bodies. Best graces. The cosmic misalignment has caused a lot of harm over the centuries. The world is full of soda pop. But all the world needs is fresh water to drink. We both need clean water. The world is full of propagated doubt and fear. But we're the creators, the heavens sent us to fix things up.

Bonus poems:

Join Us This Week
by Darryl Price

But don't be foolish. We're not going to
change anything. This is not only about being
true to yourself. No one cares about your
sonnets. Don't write them for me or anyone
else. The sonnet has already been set in
stone. Things are creeping into it now that
it was always meant to keep out. You're
going to have to find another way to

stay alive for all time. But don't be
foolish. All Sailors are lost to sea. It
could be in a green bottle, that warped
color of Spain in the sunshine. Her little
fading red skirt. All that wasted time when
you could have been happy. I'm the one
being foolish here. This isn't about me, like
I said. They don't know it's only you

and me. We're not going to bring anything
back. Don't you get it? (They're not listening.)
Not to us and our love stories. They've
got better things to do. This is about
hitting the ground running. Nothing is going to
change. Someone always wants to swallow the evil
spirit trapped in a tree by the Avatar.
They believe it will make them invincible. Then

there are tons of glass shards left scattered
on the molten beaches and you have to
be careful to watch out where you are
stepping as you make your escape. But don't
let us be foolish now. We are in
it up to our elbows. The answer is
no different now than it ever was. The
weapons may look different, but there's only one.

The No Regret Gets Pummeled by Love's Sad Mirror
by Darryl Price

Can we leave before our dreams are taken? Kiss
before he gets back with the milk? Fuck, why
not? Before new storms wash us away from the

only shelter of each other's courage. Before, shoveled on
top of us, doubt breaks the camel's back with
sagging regret, with its black whispering spears stuck into

our heart's weary beltway? I don't want to have
to never forget to remember you. Couldn't we just
leave without knowing which way we are going, except

for the sure embrace, beginning with each other's eyes?
I feel you now. I weep for you that
this is going to be your life. The world

will continue on its path of no gratitude and
no love until it doesn't. I held the flag
once. If you care they will take you for

a frightening stranger, but the world needs you. Your
music. The world needs flowers. It will never stop
breaking your heart under the plow's dull indifferent grab.

I'm Just Not Interested
by Darryl Price

in making your sad blown apart hearts rise up and squeeze out the kindness juices ever so sweetly anymore. Tried
that. Didn't work out too well, not for me, wasn't a BIG time of waste,
but did eat up some important wee hours left to just simply
be floating about in my garden with the greenest of nice faint folk at hand. I've come to the

conclusion you should never do more than enjoy the true time just the
way it is. Just grab a hungry lungful and an bashful eyefull
and go about your own small business plan, which I suppose is to eventually
leap over the garden walls and run like hell towards the unknown worlds. We kicked ourselves out. That's

what we do the best. Let all the denizens stay exactly

where they are—you'll meet more and plenty. Only a fool would
look up at the stars and wonder why we are
still here all alone. I've got to say I believe in

something quite tangible, so why not this mental buzzing and inky pathway set down here before you? It's your own table spread before you as much as mine.It's as
good as any cloud for containing a bunch of rainyday
dreams to come, and who knows it may even divide and
provide an incredible slide show for all the kiddies? Nah, I mean

that's just way too cynical, even for me. You can have
your monuments to fearful heavens. That's never worked out for me
except to make me aware of the loveliness of bells,
the sadness of angels, and the wretchedness of most people.

Why are all the corners of the logged in world full of
little old ladies polishing everything into a slippery mess?The good old
point, the point that can't be gotten to so easily because
it lands where it lands, and that's a different throw

each time you make it I'm afraid-no matter how good you are. That's why you don't aim. It's pointless. You
just bring the two colliding world's heads together and bite deeply into
the oncoming spark with all the gusto you can muster. What happens next? You are far-flung into a
freefall, where you will either right yourself or feel like

your arms are melting off on a runaway speed dial whip of wind. Your father cannot save you then
from such a glorious height. Only you can save you. That's

the lonely flare on your own skin cells you'll be remembering. It's telling you right now
that another piece is either gone or coming back home

again to complete your kit as you become your own journey.
You're it. People know all this one way or another.
They're not fooled by books. They just don't have the
heart left for it half the time because they've already had

their own hearts eaten away in chunks by invisible wolves. Amazing
how much of a missing song title will return to you in the many sad
days to come, if you truly want it to, but you
have to wish for it with your whole life at stake or it simply won't speak up any louder than as a small whisper,

refusing to self-manifest as more than a few quickly blown notes
to the winds of time when you aren't looking directly at it. You will force yourself to
live again on purpose. Rise up again on purpose. And again. And again. And again.
And again. And again. Until you have fulfilled the ultimate

breathing at last to the sounding out of the life majestic living directly inside of you the whole time a note like no other and yet familiar.And now
we come once more to yet another ending of one
thing and the beginning of quite another for the both of us. You are going
on from here to breach another shored up doorstep to the ultimate end zone, kill

another day with kindness or not, mold another soft hour to your bidding, add another ice cream cone to the eternal breakdown of civilization,
another beached whale tied to the bricked wall, another city smothering in its own churning filth,
another voice above the blinding din of crashing metal monstrosities, another after another after another. You'll find yourself either roughly
shoved up flat against the tallest glass around or slipped just slightly under it. Everything torn

out or worn away or simply gone to make the
road stretching so far in front of you that you
can't imagine where it ever stops, how you'll even get there from here,
but there it is, and here you are, like always.

Bark Bark Bark (Flying Portuguese)
by Darryl Price

The one thing you could do for him
to make him feel better about
being crucified every day
of his life, you won't. Instead you
wait for the stranger and give it
to him. Bark bark bark. You don't have
to know something to know nothing.
Bark bark bark. Duck foot pattern. You

know this makes you smile. Why lie? Bark
bark bark. Wish there was an easier way
to tell you I'm still in love with
you, as you talk on the phone, as

you roll down the window, as you
drive away, smiling and laughing
with your best friend. I suppose you've
tossed me a kind of absence. The

road looks like a meaningless old
monlogue now. The parking lot
looks corrupt and sad sacked, as tossed
aside as a cardboard mask dropped on
the forgotten grass after some
major fireworks display. Bark bark
bark. The new world is coming to
another end. Bark bark bark. Hope

you can hear me. I've got nothing
to say. Again. Bark bark bark. Who
knows? Bark bark bark. I don't desire
only to make myself useful.
I am no apologetic
monk sitting on a roof waiting
for the gift of grace. You've either
got it or you don't. Bark bark bark.

And of course you do. Look in a
mirrored surface. Listen to the
image. Bark bark bark. One of us
is still thinking. Bark bark bark. This
is the only way I know how
to reach you through a million grains
of sand. Bark bark bark. Remember
to forget me. Bark bark bark. You

scared? Me, too. Bark bark bark. I guess
you're entitled. But why are we
under heaven? The earth is a

little rock. Does that make us all
little rocks, too? Bark bark bark. None
of that is what I wanted to
say. Say. Hum me another love
tune. Bark bark bark. Why does every-

where have to be so lonesome? Bark
bark bark. The moon is a dime found
in the dryer with the missing
sock. Bark bark bark. They're all thinking
about something else. Bark bark bark.
Look the word up. Look all the words
up. Tell them to all go jump in
the lake. But do it in a new

way. Bark bark bark. Listen. Let's both
take it easy here now. Let the
darling clutch out slowly. Slowly.
Save your goodbyes. Bark bark bark. It's
almost beyond recognition.
Bark bark bark. Bark bark bark. Bark bark
bark. Bark bark bark. Bark bark bark. Bark
bark bark. Bark bark bark. Bark bark bark.