

# They Are Lying

*by* Darryl Price

like the iccold yellow wolves they are when they say they believe  
in love. What they're really  
doing is trying to game the outcome in their  
hungry for your living blood(y) favors. This shouldn't really  
surprise you at all.

They've often shown you their biggest fangs before. That wasn't

a fluke. The jungle never disappears, it just  
advances on you slowly, becomes the corner  
where you live. You should go ahead and accept that  
terrible fact. It won't hurt you. And as for love,

it can grow just about anywhere, but that doesn't make it  
any stronger. It's a color, not a piece of  
fallen concrete, it can change underneath a quick  
momentary sky in the blink of an eye, which

is about all the time you've got left anyway.

Don't let it ruin your day. Eat what you've got left and be glad  
that you've somehow tasted the same nectar as the flying gods,  
after all

there is no end to the thirst for more sweetness. That's why  
there's

never enough money for Scrooge to hoard and never will be.  
Never enough

sex to go around the Mulberry bush. There's never going to  
be enough new music

in your floating through the endless clouds cloud bank to store.  
There's never enough soulful kisses

to follow you into the next century. Even if she  
stayed on top of your heart for a year and a day it wouldn't  
matter, not in the end. You'd still be wondering where in the world  
the  
silver magic got off to. Poets bring a lot of their own flying  
children into this world but they don't always take such  
good care of them, because they're all in line like  
the else, scared by the exciting finish of the  
last ride, a word or two about thrills and chills, the  
sad noticings and knowing winks of the constantly nodding  
off cosmos we're sewn to like hidden dolls inside a heart  
shaped basket.

Bonus poem:

Someday

by Darryl Price

It's not near the end. It never is. This  
moment is just what we know now. They are  
always running a monstrous war against  
the very stars. How far do you think they  
can take that evil prejudice? The stars  
have never lost a battle. Someday they  
just might. Someday we might remember what  
it is that we liked so much about each

other. Someday we won't be living our  
fresh new story with all the beautiful  
possibilities at our disposal.

I've never been a big fan of equal lies.

They may get you something you don't really  
deserve, but like little devils they may  
also eat a part of your soul, which could  
be lost forever. I could go on. Like  
someday we'll have to get rid of you know  
everything. It won't matter anymore.

Someday our true and false words will be dried  
on the page. All the poets will have gone  
home to their tomorrow beds. I get a  
weird prickling in my head when I think of  
living life fearing life. I reject the  
culture of a Fascist Christ. How dare you?

A weird prickling for the poor Japanese-  
American citizens rounded up  
into concentration camps, for profiled  
African-American citizens  
shot with their empty hands flung in the air,  
female-American citizens told

by old white men in gated suits their peer  
health care counseling is a crime, gentle,  
misunderstood lovely children whose tough  
gender identity issues make them  
a target for dumb bullies, immigrant  
families torn apart by war behind

them and official cruelty in front. I  
suppose I could go on. Well then, let me

condemn the actual paranoia of  
hate. In machinegun hands. Your mad campaign  
to outlaw compassion, misrepresent  
kindness. Your mad threat to kill us all. Your

equally mad campaign to deny all  
further understanding, misrepresent  
hope. Your mad campaign to outlaw peace on  
earth, misrepresent masculinity,  
dreamers, anything you disagree with.  
Your literal love of death over an

organic, flexible way. Your love of  
death over humanity. Your love of  
death over poetry. Your love of death  
over joy. I reject your offer. I  
stand by all good men and women as much  
as I can, long as luck and grace allow.

