

They Don't Get to Say Everything

by Darryl Price

The world hasn't ended. Your part in it is still on going. The going on world hasn't winked out. Every possibility is still out there. In there out there it doesn't matter where you are. The here and now claims you for its only tribe. They only want someone to tell them they are wrong. Well. They are very wrong. They want war to come and kill them.

It's a suicide in a gummy side show tent. Love can't be coerced. Like gravity it works every time that conditions are present. Right left it doesn't matter where you stand when peace is blooming. The center holds you tight to itself like a granulated belt strap. You can use it to get stronger than you are. You can use it to navigate a star made of rooms.

You can use it to climb up whole mountains. You can use it to fill in a hole of your own making. You can be digested or expelled from its hungry grasp, depending on your preference to live or die. Either way you have a say. It's not love if it has to tell you to move. It's not love if you leave in the middle of the

ocean. It's not love if you decide to feed the tigers your favorite moon in order to make a quick getaway. The world isn't quite working. The weeds are only trying to make it to Nirvana. You can't blame them. Yet the collective mob want to blame everything on God. It's not God if you don't recognize your own deepest feeling. You don't need angels to tell you

if you are thirsty. The world hasn't ended. Your part in it is as unique
as a
snowflake butterfly riding on a hummingbird's fuzzy back. So for
them to say God is dead
because they have more guns than anyone else aimed at the back of
your head is a lie.
It's a lie to believe that new people have nothing new to offer. They
always have themselves.

And that's the song of this poem. I'm inventing it right now. It
doesn't have to look
like all the other poems. It doesn't have to work the same way twice.
It doesn't
have to end like this. You could give it an altogether different name
and place. The world's alive.
Your part in it is yours to claim. You can see poets do it all the time.

