

This is What's Wrong with the World

by Darryl Price

Everything's inflatable. Here we go. It's all plastic. Give it a rest, kid.

You could say that I just want to enjoy nothing for now. But.
Let's go ahead and buy into its precisely sealed with a rubber
stamped kiss kind of survival rate statistic for now.

It's weird. Confusing. We are
alive. We can die. Can quickly be
beaten to a pulp. Even
as a kid I could feel the
siren's spinning blades whirling on my insides late at night. But
that's just

them. The them part of all that is not us. That's
their whole waiting for it to begin again game of gathering
chances and building more giant monuments to lies everywhere.
Now is

our actual turn on the board. We back the best lights
with our little bits of love. Doesn't matter
who he is, or where she is coming from. Do it. Don't be afraid to
try and outrun their self-imposed fears as rules for living.

Sometimes I can't believe I live like this either. No still alive kid in
the adult worlds ever can. Not for very long, not in the anyways,
Mister Master. Look.

There are better dreams out there, something more real and
meaningful than stupid stacks of paid for false

knowledge prizes to collect and hoard like antique baseball cards.
Greed of any kind
is only the fangs pumping
you full of poison. Why must

you define rather than be?
I'm just one poet. I fear
the experience of now is getting far and
away ahead of us. Where do

we go when the one and only lovable moon girl of our dreams has
been sadly imprisoned in a glass jar-shaped house as well? Soon
they'll erect

their own glowing orb like some
milk-white plastic flowers thrown into
a white wicker wastebasket. We'll be the
ones asked to sweep up the crunchy, sticky
mess of tickets and soft drinks. You won't do it, someone

else will have to or else die trying. Children will be told
to, ah ah ah, squeeze dry their dreams into a uniform
paper cup before they leave
their childhoods for good, hand them over to the playground cops
before recess is over. Unless we
act now, with some kindness as well as some small core of shared
wisdom, they'll
likely call that treason, push

us into the rushing river like loose trash. Replace
your old fingertips with newly minted
prettier product. Raise the ridiculous
price. Limit access. Give your free
tickets away to someone else entirely foreign to your heart of
hearts. But gently
let me remind you that you
are a ticket of your own

sweet karma, karma, karma.
This is not at all entertaining

us, they'll say, with a fleshy company pout through their shit
smeared snouts of corporate glee. This old fish is fooling
you. He's very happy after all. Just look at his smiling face. His
screams are
only begging for more hooks, you'll see.
Yeah I thought so. If it's not
you it's not going to be anybody, not this time around the
crumbling blocks of endless modern civilization.

Bonus:

Morning

has at last found us. Love was lost, lost and not found, and not
ever going to be found again, but finally
corroded, bent as a faked diamond ring in the dew wet grass, but
now morning's found us again and it's beginning to look like the rain
may win out after all.

