

Tipping The Balance Sheet(The Feet Within the Beat is an Old Battered Hat By Now and Don't You Just Know It!)

by Darryl Price

comes naturally to us. We know how to play, even
when all play has been outlawed. They can bomb us all they want,
day and night, with everything they've got, and still something
will make a toy out of a saved smile somewhere else within us.
Whenever you start to

look around, you start to see way too much cruel stuff happening.
One can
only stand between the warring factions for so long and
try not to belong to anything false. That's why we hop and jump
around and

dance on roofs; there are those crying in all too familiar voices
for merciful justice. That's why we sing out loud in the libraries, we
prance in bright laughing colors down your quiet streets, we climb
impossible reflective buildings, looking for the better news to share
with dissipating clouds,

we jump and jive, we dive, into the unknown with blue whales for
our miraculous parachutes, we

Available online at «<http://fictionaut.com/stories/darryl-price/tipping-the-balance-sheetthe-feet-within-the-beat-is-an-old-battered-hat-by-now-and-dont-you-just-know-it>»

Copyright © 2010 Darryl Price. All rights reserved.

rock and roll with dolphins under our feet. The sound we make is
our heart's beacon going out to you.

We send it out because it's been there all along, and comes
packaged free, with our love. We can't wait for you to see what's
inside the inside of our waiting mail boxes of love next.

061210

They Murdered the Electric Car
It's on film. The guy said he'd do
it all over again. There's always some bloke more than
willing to carry out the
latest greatest holocaust. It's easy to kill what you think you should
hate.

Murdered farmers for wanting to
use their own seeds instead of having to buy them. It's about who
gets to sell and who gets to buy. And how much you pay them.
Indians were in the way of

the money from buffalo hides. Simple.
So don't tell me how you want to save
anyone. I ain't a part of
no grammar police party on the manicured lawns of political
correctness. You'll only

know me if you've got the guts to know yourself or not
when you're put in that position
of ultimate power. These money men they
sleep well at night on top of their women. They eat when they

feel like it not when they are the least bit hungry. When you
become a
new commodity then they'll talk to you in a more friendly manner,
but not before then. Kurt Cobain

saw it up close and personal and it made him sicker than he already was.

He had helped to create a monstrous thing
they could falsely control over and over again and sell like five dollar
tacos

by the millions to the millions up against the wall. He'd rather die
first. Get it?

Before you judge him remember

he gave you everything he had.

He brought truth and fun and new sounds

into your head when everything

else had already long gone stale to the hell hounds barking their

heads off all around us.

