

Unfinished Journal Entries (which only goes to prove just how unprofessionally untutored I am)

by Darryl Price

I could tell you right now
what I'm thinking about
but that would not be sacrifice
enough. Takes all kinds, and you
only listen when it's
something you think is instantly
overpowering. I swear, there's always something not quite
right with you. There's a silly left on price tag dangling
from everything you say you own.
What ideology are you
wearing that was free as a berry on a bush to begin with? You
have no power over us just because you are willing to knife
us in the back. You have no
power over us just because you know how to
silence us for good. You have no
power just because you bow your heads and give your hands

to a falsely created god in a stained glass window.
You have no
power because you kill all the animals with speeding bullets, all the
poor trees in sight with power tools,
ripping them right up out of the ground
by their ancient, electrical branches of root hair.
Is there anything

you won't cut down or into for a
million silver pieces then? You have no
power because all your
dreams are of gold poured over sandcastle pancakes.
You have no power because
your only grammar skills are used
to order more steaming plates of dead
foods. You have
no power because I'm a
power too, and I say no, hell

no. You have no
power because you
live in a world already
written down as crumbling stone. You have no power
because you love all
the old lies the best. I'm
leaving that room of fish guts far behind me forever. It
just for me ain't the truth
no more, Guvnor. The no street littering
sign is a road block in
your head. You'll still find
us waiting out there, with the buzzing new moths of summer. That's
what they
fear you know, their grown up children
who only want
to be left alone, to
live their own lives. Yeah yeah yeah, the world's full

of loosened devils, we all
know them, you
can't keep your doors locked deep
enough to keep every gang on the outside forever.
All I'm saying is that a love of your own is always
worth the going after

in spite of the awful dangers,
which is always a very real part of everything. Do you want
to be part of
the brave? Yes
you do. You know you do. All you nasty little
bombers with your zombie backyard barbecues
are only grilling slices
of your own self hatred, which
are your own black and
greasy hearts. Bloody well done, boys. Bravo! Storm the trenches!
Tally-ho!

Bonus poem:

Forced to Eat Brussels Sprouts (My Elbow from My Ass)

I'm so very glad you of all the people alive were able
to sit at the table and eat with your relative
humors pretty much still intact. Or so you like to say. But only you
know
what you've been told to know. That's why you look
like everybody else I suppose. You won't admit to being just
yourself

first. Most of us by the way are only pretending
to be asleep. It's a cold, coughing room full of
Clark Kent dolls just waiting to happen to the crazy crime
filled world. But there's
you, you're the good little princess through and through, aren't
you? Oh

the proper job is certainly in your bright-looking future, isn't it, or
else

a handsome proximity to it, eh? That's best case. Look. Pathetic
little

dreamers are only going to be fed to the lions after supper,
anyway, like always and always. It's pretty gruesome, honey. You
might want to

look away. All that's spilling is loser's guts-- isn't quite
as pleasant the experience as a freshly waitressed free picnic with
your own sweetly good-natured family in tow. Now is it? Please

don't hate me for loving you? You've still got to be kidding
me. What nonsense did you spout! Isn't that their historical
motto all along? I'm sure it's been heavenly embroidered on your
underclothes somewhere. Take a look and let me know.

Well? Was all that safe and warm money well spent on you
or not? You can have it all. Right now. Every silken bit of it.
Because you're worth it, baby.

The bye-bye only means see you tomorrow at the next
holiday dinner. Was that really so hard to say, pumpkin? Sit up
straight. Just walk away, baby. Walk away from their evil sad palaces.
Please. Right now before you harden right where you are into their
freshly manicured ground.

