

What Makes You Think

by Darryl Price

any of us will be remembered by
tomorrow at all? Our arguments seem
always to be not for, but against, something
pretty obvious. What makes you think
your home planet will be spared from the universal
sarcasm of the Heavenly

Hosts? What makes you so sure we're opening
ourselves to something unbelievably
lovely at the end? Hell is being
good and lost when you know the way home. What
makes you think your rotten heart has no fine
qualities worth mentioning? What makes you

think this house isn't burning down just because
you believe in its many haunted
wails? No one lives without shadows peering
into his soul. What makes you think all this
everlasting beauty isn't the sound
of a certain inevitable pain

trying to express itself? What makes you
think opening a different door will
surely bring back your wonderful innocence?
We are never not here. What would make
you think I'm not trying to make you love
me? We all want to con the chemical

evidence into a much better outcome.
The situation remains a very
loud silent night for someone somewhere.
What makes you think they don't know how it feels

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to go out of your mind with so much loneliness
and sadness going on in the

mad world? What makes you want to deny humanity
to the least? They are you. We
are them. What makes you think all the things you've
done wrong are not fading away? What makes
you think actions don't speak louder than words?
Anyone. Any town. Your own backyard.

