

What They Heard

by Darryl Price

There's nothing so new in the doing that it needs to be
talked about in just spooky or secret ways, by you, me or anyone
else tonight, but it might
feel real good sometime and perfectly fine to hear it coming from
deep inside your

own hungering for the truth empty mouth cave is all I'm saying. In
the colorful sunshine you could make up
the sound of it, have it appear like a smiling rabbit
for a moment in the sad perplexed party of
the world. This leaves the bright impression that anything

is nearly as possible as quick quiet rains if only we could find the
right set of
words sitting around for it. Something as important as peace
mispronounced
could start the next war pushing off to the jagged cliffs again
somewhere in real time. Anything you can
think of to say is bound to happen to us all eventually so

where do we find the better way to speak of a hope that outlasts
the ongoing hate? I think
you know. I think you've always known. You don't
mistrust that way of lighting a room by its things, that's not what
you're so much afraid
of, it's the wielding of that particularly heavy tommy-gun notion
of fair play that sprays the

darkest of magic bullets into the walls, knowing that the
sneaky universe always curves

back on itself and thus will somehow, quietly, and somehow, find a way to

hand you back that same set of obvious projectiles in some other energy form or other one fine day and probably soon. The stored electric equipment gets changed and charged along the circular

pathways of a life, that's the nature of the springy beast within the core of our monstrous beings, with its own perspective going to the good most of the time but the truth inevitably

arrives sooner or later. That's why the people thank the dead animals at their feet—they knew the arc of travel would bring them back to life once more and

right there inside themselves and thus into the whole wide wild world of now. But well

that's a tricky sort of business to get involved with. Things aren't always

impeded on their softer inward journeys and may have to take new and unexpected roads just to get you there in one piece, but they never stop trying to make land—

and neither should you. You are being hunted by something inevitable, it's all too, too true. When we meet eyeball to eyeball at last will you give

us all your truest love supreme to ingest or just the bad indigestion? Don't worry. These are just these words. You

could point out so many more beautiful sticking things—mercy, forgiveness, kindness, independence, insecurity. All these things shape the force that is you as it rises at lightning speeds running towards

the real life sized danger always just seconds ahead of you. You get there when you get there. No sooner than then. And no later than now. So why not go ahead and

help others if you can? Knowing that you
don't have to, but, hmm, well, we're kind of asking you to, because
you can probably do it, and easily do it, and we just want to see if
you'll be that happy in that magical-giving back to others kind of a
sure fire way this time around the block. So to speak.

Or maybe not. Conditions make their own accommodations very
well-known to one and all in the end at the end, you'll see. See you
there.

Bonus:

You Can Jump In Anywhere

At any time and still catch up on
The game. You might be surprised
To see yourself out on field.
You can be in two places
But you can't be anyone
Else. Might as well enjoy the offered
Hot dog—you've earned it. That's just

One way of gazing longingly at the
Larger than life screen pixelated around you. You can always
Go back inside through the many flapping
Doors, the many opening rooms, the many swimming dreams.
You'll still be exactly where
You were in bed. Hiding's not the best
Thing—although I do understand

The urge. It's from yourself that
You can't pretend. Not in a

Submarine hatch kind of way.
We celebrate the journeys
Through portholes and worm holes and
Unexpected openings in
Our own thoughts like holidays. People have

This kind of stitch made for years. It's
One sure fire way to travel along the road
Without getting completely
Bonkers in the after all seagoing process.
Like everything else you can't
Just simply believe everyone is
Going to be well suited

To it just because it makes
You laugh. Give them a chance to
Bloom in their own back bowls first
Before you invite them to
Stick their roots into your sun
For a bit of the brush up
and brush down. In the meantime

We only have each other
To blame and isn't that just
A little disengaged from
The grail to be so wholly believed in? You're
Out there whether you want to
Catch the balls coming your way
Or not. Remember Life is

Not a game just because it
Can be played like one by some
Drooling idiots with big
Beaming bats for brains. I'm here
To tell you that winning is

A matter of being
Present. Not of being first.

