

When the Circus Comes

by Darryl Price

La La La La. Oh. Are you there? Well, let's get started.
This is no hitching a slow ride. This is no
more silent wishing. You're making this up as you
go. I know they want you to believe everything
fascinating and impossible is on the
outside of your life. They've always been liars. It's
became a way of life for them like all other
forms of bullying violence. They want you to
be afraid of love. The thing you could do to stop
them in their tracks is to quit believing you don't
matter. Here, let's make a little poetry to
go with our sweet touching of hands. This thing you could

do is signify bravery by lifting you
up at every chance you get. You could say it's your
sacred duty to think for yourself when you've been
handed kitchen scissors and told to run. But why
not be the one who opens doors? You could say you
want more, even if nothing lasts forever. You
could make a real serious, wonderful plan to
escape their boring, mind-numbing speeches. You could
live forever by being here now. They want you
to be afraid of tenderness. Don't wait. Do it
while you're still alive. They're behind all death. You could
fling yourself about because you insist on joy.

Tell them you can't be bought. They've always been afraid
of dancing. They want you to be afraid of making
a noise. What do you want to see in the mirror?
You could use your whole life as a restorative
resource of wellness and freedom. They want you to
be tied to the railroad tracks of time and space. You

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could go on without them. You could skip a dream or maybe two over the ocean. You could hope for better words to express how you feel. You could not give up your soul for anything or anyone. They want you to be afraid of sorrow. You could be happy to be a friend to truth and beauty.

