

# Why Your Choice of Music Matters to the History of the People

*by Darryl Price*

Once there was a real honest to God holy spirit  
out there that was a gift of loving kindness meant  
for everyone to share; unfortunately, it was given to all  
the wrong people, or the wrong people simply stole it.  
Either way the wrong people are still the same ones  
among us now who so willingly use this atomic light  
to hurt other living beings with it on a daily  
basis, to twist them into hideous shapes of horrible death,  
beneath which their jewel encrusted fingers perform the final  
blows  
to these sad lives, and the creepy smoldering designs are  
put onto their hideous fires for disfigurement-- their natural  
beauty  
being

strapped down by brutal lies; all that's left are twigs  
of civilization and shells of humanity, like heaps of scattered  
and broken bones. They have caused such misery and bleeding  
among the people, but more than this they have knifed  
the sacred covenant between animals and all the other free  
stars inside man, so that no clear understanding about the  
true nature of things could pass unnoticed into the hearts  
of men anymore, and cause all their hearts to continue  
to grow and open, which is the doorway to any  
fresh wisdom on the blue planet's timeline. On this cruel

pathway, of course they could easily collect all the unguarded money and food for just themselves, and steal everybody's lasting beautiful essences for their own privately gated walls and secret dungeons. This caused a growing hole in the brains of artists everywhere—all of whom began to paint only in smeared circles of red and blue, like wounded beasts, good and deeply caught in a gouging steel leg trap. The weeping has become a smoking part of the day's unforgiving landscape, too. These so called guardians next met on high and decided who should get to weld their stolen power next to them, for a hefty

price of arms and expendable men of course. Only the grandest bidders were welcomed at that rich table, in the middle of the blackest of nights. The rich became greedier, if that's even possible, through the sorcery of hateful manipulation

of the true facts of love and peace, the familial sacrifice was made, that this spirit was being abused by those cowards held in highest esteem throughout the ever saddening

darkening landscape is a grim though honest truth to have to bear. This spirit was trapped in a book like dried ink on a food dirty page, held prisoner there, granting selfish wishes on a lustful

whim or two, like a genie in a magic lamp, and simply made to do bad things that brought sorrow and shame to its eternal flame, like many a lost soul before. Then something else, something young and new and great and sudden came dancing along the road. New Kids came along, kids who were not buying into the old worn out stories, kids who preferred to dance together in the streets for fun, just for the freedom of it,

who were not afraid of the colors of the day  
or night, who suggestively hugged the moon again and again,  
made her blush, kids who whistled a joyful longing into  
the stale air, by some

beautiful ragged daylight of their own internal invention. This  
alone

woke up enough thought to raise dead to the world  
tree spirits and to move forgotten mountains to roar with  
monumental life force again. The first thing they did was to  
free the holy spirit from its rotten cage and laugh  
with him and cry with him and go with him  
again into the forgotten hills with many joyful echoes all  
around seeping into many forgotten hungry ears. Love is worth  
it, they said. Love is all, the Holy One agreed,  
with a long happy smile and with longer clapping hands  
filling a forest with rustling leaves of golden green.

Bonus poems:

Totem Poles ([Click Here To View](#))(a first draft)  
by Darryl Price

There's nothing so low then that you wouldn't have tried already to  
rip it open and spoil it in your dumbed-down sadness, all to  
end the world for not noticing you in its cast-down eyes a  
lot sooner, but the vain world fought  
back from that kind of silly-assed melting candle wax war,  
like extinction on its own  
brutalizing enough terms. It wasn't size that  
matters but substance. Still if I

have indeed loved you in my own small  
way and that means given you as  
much of this life as I possibly could then please

accept once more this truly meant for you alone sweet kiss of air  
coming your lost way right now...wish  
only that the secret places had made more  
valuable time together available  
out of the tiresome facts of life to us. All it did instead  
was leave me far behind, at the sad end of my own  
lost curb, in a place that never  
looked quite the same again. Sometimes it feels like the  
same thing but it's not. The lamplighter has no purpose anymore

even to the headbutting moths of painful circumstance.  
Those lopsided sidewalks have no maternal  
purpose either anymore, even to  
the ticking time-bomb shoes of constant sorrow, the ghost garden  
parades, the abandoned bikes, the sideways  
rolling acrobatic leaves,  
the frying drops of spattering rain, the dripping off the earth's  
arms moon maidens,  
the smelly stacked up stars, the freezing of the lights smack in the  
middle of everything,  
the opening breezes like doors, colder from the cracked

car windows, dogs who sniff every mailbox  
for fresh news that travels in and  
out of other dogs . And now I myself  
am to find out if I've got yet another  
strangely filled pocket crammed full of more words that  
somehow meanings, less and less, they start  
to disappear even before  
they fall from my broken away hands and fingers. Once I

would have simply fed them to the sparrows, if there  
was no one else around watching me,  
or given them saintly unto  
the sleeping grasses, like a quick shot of  
Kentucky bourbon, or a broken  
string of love beads, or a no longer  
maybe so perfect scratched cat's eye marble with a chip in its  
otherwise perfectly round face, or a  
missing wooden eye, then or even a miniature plastic model of an  
alien

spaceship tripod, or a mysterious souvenir scroll painted on a  
bark  
canoe-- the cheapest kind you can get--  
and later wonder why you'd  
buy such an unremarkable ugly thing to put on your desk blotter  
in the first place.  
When I was a kid I was fascinated  
with totem poles. I  
collected dozens of them like  
other kids collected WWII airplanes, or tiny plastic molded  
colorful gumball

trains that flew anywhere on tracks only found in the minds of  
childhood countries. They gave me a false sense of rainbow comfort.  
I now know that  
is something I usually  
found rather frightening on  
a daily basis, but all that's  
so far from the pages you're reading,  
we'll soon be on different books  
altogether if I go any further. I never wanted  
to see you crumble. That's the decoded truth. Goodbye.

bonus poem:

## Nothing Will Be Left

by Darryl Price

This isn't a where for you to what down upon with your heavy  
handed hurtful stares again and again. No. Well  
some would say counting down the  
softly rising rows of constantly  
crumbling ancient guardian  
mountains in the emptying rooms of shadowy

mists is still being some reason enough to go on that long trip  
anyway , but in the end they really  
couldn't add up to such loveliness as holding hands, to  
simply being alone  
with you. That's all  
there is to say. Someone else  
might find this lost passageway

and coax the tossing  
sun from behind  
its own glowing head  
of darkly flowing  
hair for you. When you look into  
that dreaming face

there is every promise  
and every hurtful  
ash to come. How long will  
you always forgive

that unfair comparison its deep and lingering bite on the inside of  
your mouth?

That's the problem,

isn't it? We're  
all up against the impossible  
possible. Yet  
I stumble over  
these buried words myself like  
any child would. I add my

still tiding voice to  
the farawayclimb that's only  
partly there and is  
only going to  
presently sound out  
completely in the

new order of things, those  
made specifically from light (that you'll  
hardly remember).  
All this would be fine  
if I thought you'd specifically be  
given your heaven.

