

# You Know Who in The Hell You Are Not Playing That For (We Are All Performing At Being)

*by* Darryl Price

I've been avoiding  
your beautiful fact for years in just the past few hours it seems  
like it was the scariest plague on earth. And  
it worries me because  
it's something so new that I  
don't know what to do

with myself. Yes I wouldn't know  
what to say that doesn't  
sound like a stupid cowardly lie any way.  
You deserve something  
from a poet, that's  
obvious, but why

does it have to be from these few words from the likes of someone  
like  
me? I mean I'd be  
honored by your mind  
and mine holding hands,  
so to speak, but you  
can do so much better.

Can't you hear that awful chewing sound, that loud  
buzzing away? That's all for you, baby, as they say.

A whole hive of brand  
new pollinators just  
chomping at the chance  
to build for you your

very own sky full  
of stars. Not one of them would  
equal your own sweetest  
thoughts, if you ask me, but don't  
listen to that if your parents tell you not to. Let  
them call you their favorite moon of all nights to come,

let them bestow upon  
your brow the mantle  
of timelessness.  
You'll rise above it. There's  
more beauty to come in the  
arc of a lifetime. Just

don't let them turn you  
into a lamp. Okay? You're  
not made for one room  
only. I've already said enough already,  
way too much as a matter of fact. Much more than I intended to let  
drop out of my heart's nest this time around. Do me a favor.  
Please remember me.

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There's Got To Be More, or You Do The Math

I wonder how history can accommodate the two of us in its heavy  
lidded box of guile?

I guess it has no choice but to wash out our  
little love story in with all the rest of the sheets of  
dirty laundry. But, I'm with John on this, that is I think  
I disagree with something to do with this predictable human

condition we find ourselves always in and would very much like  
to see it change direction in my lifetime, if that's at all possible. I  
think

you're all a great big bunch of the most beautiful  
spawning fish the universe has ever seen, but even all  
the great big bunches of beautiful fish in the world

don't seem to add up to much more than a  
feeding frenzy sort of chaos going around as usual. There's got to  
be something more. Don't you feel it, too? I'm talking about  
the deepest deepest feelings you've got. You'll know it when  
you get there. I'm not talking about what's out there somewhere in  
the stars.

I'm talking about what's already inside you down here. Don't get me  
wrong. There  
might be aliens in there. There might not be. We  
might be able to see them through a magical pair of glasses. We  
might not. We might be the aliens. Did you  
ever think of that one? We've made the most terrible gods

out of our multiple fears. Atheism to me seems like a  
kind of racism against God. I mean we don't understand  
God so let's hate him to death. We don't approve of God's  
ways of partying down so let's go bust down his grand old doors and  
drag him outside by his anciently blazing hair follicles and string

him up. That'll teach him to respect our power to

kill as we see fit. We don't like God's jokes about us  
so let's put an end to his concerts forever with  
a big 'ole bomb or two in his hot bubbling tomato soup. Make him  
cry for once. See  
him bleed out...what he probably is? Another One of us. Just

the super lovely part that we all seem to despise so very much most  
of the time.

But who are these critics because I forget their first and last names.

The lines

all seem to get a little blurry the closer we  
get to anything resembling a God.Maybe he's a she?  
If that's true then he's an old time liar and

that alone should be worth a solid five mile drag behind  
a super supped up Chevy truck. I mean come on. I don't  
know if there is a god or not. I only  
know that the people who want a godless world don't  
care if we live or die.Whatever God is seems

to care to forgive us without question. If it's the best  
of our collective intentions thrown into the sky like a box of white  
doves then I'll still

take that over modern cynicism any day. If it's the love of  
our children multiplied a billion zillion times, I'll still take  
that over hating anyone for being different. If it's a

proposal for any true and lasting friendship built on trust and  
goodwill

for all, I'll still take that over simple path of greed. You wanted  
a war game world and now you've got one. You  
wanted a dead God and now it appears she's dying. Look out  
your window. Look out your front door. What is it there for? Just

what do you think you are seeing out there? I don't think so and  
neither do  
you. There's got to be more. This life is just  
one shoreline, surely. There are winds out there that will blow  
us all away someday, too soon perhaps. Do we dare them to come  
ashore and maybe go for the latest dance craze together? Haven't  
we already tried that bit once before and the killers took notice?  
Let's create another new highway for ourselves, altogether now, one  
that looks at least promising to the very young among us who are no  
longer old.

Darryl 07/20/09

#### A Prisoner Refuses to Eat

They have placed a  
gun on every table.  
I don't want to  
kill you for supper.

They have thrown a  
net around every tree.  
I don't want a  
sky made to order.

They have stolen a  
child from every heart.  
I do not believe  
in this long mirror.

They've become us when  
it suits their purpose.  
I do not want

to answer that calling.

What I want is  
not anything that's made  
but looks a lot  
like your smiling eyes.

It is in fact  
most like your laughing  
voice or the yellow  
sun blown across daisies.

Darryl 05/15/09

