

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? That's all for you, baby.

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 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,

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. More than I intended to let drop
out of my heart's nest this time around.
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?

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

condition we find ourselves 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 as usual. There's got to
be something more. Don't you feel it? I'm talking about
the deepest deep 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 tomato soup. Make him cry. See
him bleed...what he probably is? 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. 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 white dove
then I'll still

take that over cynicism any day. If it's the love of
our children multiplied a billion billion 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 greed. You wanted
a war game world and now you've got one. You
wanted a dead God and now she's dying. Look out
your window. Look out your front door. What is it for? Just

what do you think you are seeing? I don't think so and neither do
you. There's got to be more. This life is just

one shore. There are winds out there that will blow
us all away someday too soon. Do we dare them to come ashore and
maybe go for the latest dance? Haven't
we already tried that bit once before? Let's create another new
highway for ourselves, altogether, one that looks at least promising
to the young.

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.

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