

# A Pill for a Pill

*by* Darryl Price

Some things I reject out right. That is I think I disagree  
As John put it. You can't play the game. I was never  
Too good at pretending. It's not that I can walk on water,  
It's that I don't mind getting my clothes wet to get away  
From all the bullshit about needing to suffer in order to rejoice.  
There's plenty to celebrate within you and without you.  
There are some

People I suspect that are way too nice or way too spiteful  
In spite of there being no need for it in the room.  
Even now this poet wants to rant and rave instead of making  
His own beautiful sound. What's the point? Just do your dance.  
Don't

Need all the make-up just to break my heart. We'll provide  
You with enough light and shadow to mix your energy in. Get

A move on. There's a pill for everything. There are so many  
People holding a gun to our heads on a daily basis that  
We don't need to add our own to make the point any  
Sadder. What do you really want? This morning when I looked out  
My kitchen window it had just started to snow and the trees  
Seemed to welcome the change. I actually saw a hawk sitting on

A red fence swiveling his head back and forth like an owl  
While the soft new snow pelted him with a playful glee. David  
Bowie died and there's nothing I can do. War has never  
disappeared

From our earth. In outer space the astronauts see only one planet,  
But down here we allow some children to be separated from  
parents.

Climb highest mountains. We get our pictures in the paper. We all

Die with the light on, the need for love in our eyes.

Some kids are so desperate for contact and communication that they see

No other way out other than suicide by cop. Exactly how many Bullets were enough to make sure Bonnie and Clyde never took another

Picture of their lonely affection for one another? The answer is plain

To see now. People ask me what is the point of all

This poetry and all I can tell them is I wish I

Knew. Feelings I guess. Feeling something all over. Feeling so deeply that

It tells me I'm not just alive, all the roads we travel

Are connected. Any way it's a multi-purpose universe, that's for sure. This

could be just another blank piece of paper, or it could be the invitation to freedom you've been waiting for. The postage's all mine.

