

# Accepting New Patients

*by* Darryl Price

You've had some truly awful shit  
pumped into your brains for years  
at a time now. The practice  
started a long time ago. It's  
not always your fault. The only  
lasting way to get it out

of your head is to go  
and figure out exactly where it's  
coming from and what it means  
and reject it wholeheartedly on purpose.  
It has to be your freedom  
of choice and your freedom of

expression. Trust yourself. You already know  
the difference. No one can do  
it for you. Music can help,  
learn to listen, think for yourself,  
but it is never on one  
side, so be careful. Once you

have touched base with your own  
deepest feelings remember to have compassion  
for any others who might not  
be so lucky. Nobody wins a  
war entirely. No one gets out  
unscathed, but everyone here has a

poet for a friend. Use that  
cursed blessing to your advantage. The  
important thing now is to not let  
anyone put live ideas into your head

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that you don't personally approve of  
having, no matter how persuasive they

are sounding in their argument. Because  
you are you, You are not  
a dumping ground for someone's anger  
or hatred. You are a human  
person continuing to grow as a  
human being into a human being.

Bonus poems:

That Bowling for Rain Feeling by Darryl Price  
You have come home to me like  
little wooden boats quietly sloshing towards  
my own light among the piers, thank  
you so very much for your faith  
in unseen things, but you have not  
the true character of the one  
I was seeking-out by dream tom-tom tonight.  
You, all you kids, with your  
ripe eyeballs still clinging to the vine,  
remind me of cellophane detective agency

children, all colorfully garbed and hungry for  
the riddle of the twisted truth  
to be solved with a snap, snap,  
snap of a chubby chipped thumbnail  
and forefinger making a triangle sound in  
the modern musical winds. Still, as  
my honored guests, you are hereby certainly

most welcomed to enter peacefully my

own humming and able abode. I'm grateful  
for your presences tonight, truly I  
am. Truth is I was feeling a  
bit alone just now anyways. Perhaps  
that's the funny feeling signal you somehow  
read in my rising smoke rings  
then from so very far away? It's  
funny how a pipe will do  
just as easily as a good old  
fire to get the message sent

across sometimes, if the writing's clear enough  
I suppose. But now back to  
the basic business at hand. This is  
mine to give, and so will  
I do it. Enter. Enter. Something with  
a meaning just for us has  
brought us to our present moment together  
and I'm just as curious a  
frog as the next to jump in  
and give it a proper name,  
aren't you? There are particular and

ancient sounds we could use to stir  
the senses alive that have been  
spoken or sung many times over and  
by better poets than all of  
us put together I'm guessing, but we  
might as well be wise to  
wait and see if we are to  
be given that one we haven't  
heard from before, between any of us  
that is, especially for the new

found circumstances of our being together like  
this, huh? I always find these  
things have their own schedules to land  
on. It does absolutely no good  
not to be generous in any case,  
and kindness is at all times  
and in all places the best key  
kept on the ready by the  
front door for just such magical purposes.  
Tonight we sing what it means

to dance! We dance what it means  
to sing! And if we're lucky  
we'll give the world its brand new  
flowers in time for a little  
more morning rain and afternoon sun. Just  
in time for making some jolly  
good tea. Eh, what? Oh that, that's  
just me sitting in my chair  
in another year and writing down your  
names for safe keeping in future.

Sorry Game of Thrones Fans But Only Miyazaki Seems to Know  
What a Real Dragon Looks Like by Darryl Price

So whenever anyone sees a dragon they're  
usually showing themselves to you on purpose.

