

Kite Flying

by Darryl Price

She may never know and it sure
is a small world. She may never
know and they have a list. She may
never know, I'm very grateful.

She may never know and I could
have sworn we were getting along just
fine. I refused to say goodbye.
I am still wearing those sun-glasses.

She may never know that someone
once sent me a picture of her
on a boat in a little white
sun dress, looking like a princess.

She may never know and I hope
I wasn't dreaming. But working
so hard to show the world real beauty.
No one seems to care. And I'm still

ringing that bell. It's not a nice
feeling. She may never know, yet
she showed her neck to me in a
passionate moment of silence.

I could make a good can of soup.
The illusion of money has
faded away. She may never
know and no ripple disturbs her

goodwill except my love. I want
to see her face. I want to see

her face. Her face again. She may
never understand that complaint.

Bonus poem:

Rock and Roll (Zombie Asshole) by Darryl Price

They want to order you into code. You can
keep your religion. You can keep your house, your
wife. You can even keep your job. You just
can't escape. It's always been the
same curse. They get old and all their thin
dreams turn into wanting to control how you think.

They want to push you into line. You can
paint. You can color. You just can't explore. You
just can't escape. They want to prod you into
cattle cars. You can keep your fingers and your
toes. But be careful if you make a loud
noise. Be careful if you make a joyful sound.

There is no escape. They want to send you
somewhere nice and peaceful, so why does it feel
(so) inhuman? Oceans are made of movies. Clouds are
made of lights behind curtains. Stars are a collection
of dead shells on a plastic beach. Trees are
inflatable cartoons. If you are nothing more than code

you can be counted on to make the money
multiply. If you are nothing more than code you

will never fall in love. That's the sorrow of
it. They want to order you into code, a
sameness that makes individual choice a thing of the
past. C'mon, wake up people. Pick up a guitar

and plug it in, wake up the sleeping neighbors.
The children will respond first—they always do. They
want to order you into code. But we say
no. We say lift the stone. We say choose
the right animal. We say ride for freedom. No
to lies. We say quit being a zombie asshole.

