

# Our Own

*by* Darryl Price

The world is upon us. The only thing that matters  
Now is if you are willing to be seen by them. Many moths  
Will be hidden by simply gathering on the bark  
Of the one tree, but this will not sustain you if you

Do not also have the courage to flee when trusted to.  
The world is upon us. In every direction  
There is an army swelling waiting for a signal. We must  
Carry something more precious than fear into the open wild with  
us.

Something that can only be felt in all hearts at once without  
Ever trying. Something that remains when all else is  
Broken and stolen and alone. Something that smiles in  
The winds of terror without flinching or removing

Its kind intent before flying into the void to freedom. The  
World is upon us. All doors are knocked in, all windows  
Are reduced to gaping mouths full of sharp teeth and dull  
Dead eyes. We must frame our own doors now to protect the

Beings who depend on us from further harm if we  
Possibly can. The world is upon us. All pretense  
Should be discarded. We must eat our own poetry  
A nibble at a time and save the rest for each day

Yet to come. Let there be silent acknowledgments to  
All the stars carried within us. The world is upon us. Let  
The children feel everything they are naturally feeling. They did  
Not make this fear. They are entitled to their own sweet dreams.

The world is upon us. There is no time left to plan for  
Another escape. This is not the first time though. And not  
The last time. Love is shrinking its presence out of necessity,  
Not out of existence. It can wait forever to return. The

World is upon us. Every spear in the side is a  
Way to the true road again though it may seem like a  
Dam has burst to drown all that is fair. All living must  
Have some sunlight on their skins to help them move forward

To attend the ultimate dance ahead. And like it or not  
We're all invited as soon as we are born. Tickets the truth is  
Are us. The world is upon us. We once knew this could  
Happen again. It was no kept secret. The world is upon us.

And upon us now is our oath to always be here for each other  
In times of trouble, to remember the songs we sang  
When our towers were seen stout as oaks; summers  
Were lazy and long and full of the best cheer humans

Have to offer. The world is upon us at last. Now  
Is the time to open the sheds, break the glass cases  
And sound the silent horns of our valiant folk heroes  
To stand for justice, for mercy, for peace once more, for the  
gardens, for the

Many bright flags of fun and music and lasting friendship, for  
Poetry, and for the rights of all peoples to live  
Freely on this earth. The world is upon us alright,  
But we are also upon the world. We do not give

Up so easily. Let us rejoice in this moment then:  
That we shall never extinguish the art of living,  
Nor let die the hope and dreams for a better angel

Of our nature. The world is upon us. So be it.

Bonus poems:

Here  
He threw an  
orange at the staff  
and Eleanor  
soon fainted.

A Faintly Heard Message  
by Darryl Price

There is no other message now that means more besides  
the love we all can feel. Sometimes it comes to  
us and at other times it comes from us, but  
only because a heart somewhere is opening. At that point

we have an easy hard choice to make, either to  
accept that lucky grace and be thankful for it or  
to childishly reject it in the name of pride or  
arrogance. Even though that is mostly true, it's also true

that many of our actions have been made sadder by  
our own fears. The virus of fear is a mighty  
sore symptom of misunderstanding and blocked thought, but it  
doesn't  
need to overwhelm who you are to yourself-- because the

love remains where you are as a being, too, always.  
It simply requires your meaningful participation, your free yes  
despite  
the pain and suffering you may be experiencing at any  
given moment. Give what you can into the spirit of

love wherever you are standing, sitting or lying down today.  
There's no amount too small, no amount ever rejected or  
sent back for more. You will receive it again somewhere  
somehow tenfold because it is generous in its central nature.

It's no trick of the imagination. It is the very  
instantly recognizable action of kindness. Any kindness. Any kind  
thought.

Any kind word. Any compassion. Any empathy. It moves the  
universe in a more beautiful direction, away from pitiful  
bitterness

and into a worldwide celebration of inclusion and toleration, not  
exclusion and loneliness, nor just simply selfish desire. It always  
has, as it always will be the voice of mercy  
and goodwill in each circumstance. And it is just as

much you as it is me or anyone else. Please  
so won't you show some hope with us in your  
own dignified and special way of doing things, a way  
that most easily opens your own heart without hesitation?  
Thanks.

Bonus poem:

We Have Our Eye On You, Too

by Darryl Price

The hopeless world needs a little  
more love, but gets bundles of  
hate instead. New hope would go  
a long way towards fixing things.

The hopeless world needs some light  
let in, enough to remind us  
all to have faith in kindness,  
like mercy, given like bread. The

lonely world needs sharing. Hopeless people  
want a little care, that's all,  
to show them they are not  
alone. This world must have peace,

power and love's living presence. Poetry  
is in our power. It's time  
to act. Not with anger as  
our only tool, but freedom, the

ultimate goal for your courage. Our  
voices are one now, as always,  
a bell for our unique destiny  
together, however they may view us.

