

# 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.

