

The People

by Darryl Price

living in the cross current lawn-care worlds don't give a whit
about the so called
deeper things. They don't have to scrape and you can't
make them go to the river to see a sunset. They've got all their
bonafide luxuries in a smart little row like a monster let loose
in the house. But sooner or later we all close out
everything we've collected to the obnoxious debates going on
between

those of a nuclear laundry list say and the latest, commercial
cookie-dough dress codes of an ordinary life. It's all alright you
know.

What's weird about when you do have any actual visitors from
outer space? They never really visit; they just visit with
each other. Same old same old. Isn't everything already lonely
(looking) enough
on our planet's tear stained face without our starting a

new uncomfortable war over that sad, long remembered,
misunderstood dream
of an America we can all agree on? The mushroom
cloud's already made its pointy way up to the delicate, fragile sky
in maximum fashion. I choose the healing poetry of a
newly sounding out life full of throat. I've seen their fires
broadcast to the fine
hairs on the back of my neck. Give me another five
minutes. I'd like one more curve in the collective noun, please.

The correct use of a neglected blue sky, not Christ-like,
but still running. Life goes on. There's everything to fear.

That's what makes me laugh. The softly whispered mediocre
lights-

out obsession with statistics as the ultimate law of the
desperate lowlands we now live on. The Beatles had it right
first. There's joy to be had in here among the

ruins as long as we have each other. Anything else
is a ticking lie. The empire goes on. We're the
ones with our passion suitcases spilled out onto the fair grounds
like cheap poured thrills. Sit pretty my pretty. You'll be
fine, wise as any generous sower of dreams or else and even as
well

otherwise advertised. We are all time travelers. Like fingers, deep
in the moon's

rise, roaring, awake, seeking. We run, dazzle between bursts of
real life and its desire to be nothing more than a finer thought.

Bonus poem:

The Wind is an Invisible Army
by Darryl Price

today. I hear the clang and
trump of their direct coming upon
me, a long deep breath grasping like
a train. It bangs inside the
meat of my cold window's veins
like a steady heartbeat, getting louder.
And yet I see nothing in
the parched up street but a
few tossing, twirling ballerina leaves, tacked
swinging from my mailbox a noose
holding a shrouded Newspaper, wearing a clear

raincoat spotted with dew, and there's an abandoned skeletal
bike animal rotting in the long reaching fingering
grasses like bamboo snakes. Any other sane person might
simply solve the new math problem by drawing
the blocking curtains together and squeezing down
into the corner of his favorite lumpy
chair and waiting for nothing and no one. I don't think
so. I'm like Dr. Who, in
that sense. I don't immediately reach
for any gun, and I'm somewhat
almost always interested in all new
forms of life presenting itself to
me. The army of the wind
could be a very beautiful, colorful
thing, even in its ugly, loud
advance on this safe house. One shouldn't give in to
bullying of course, by wind or by
any other means, but the opportunity
may arise to discover some fierce
mortal truth you haven't yet fathomed
about the known universe in your
own backyard or circumstance. So the
ideal thing would be to put
on a heavy enough coat and
simply go outside and be inside
the thing. I think I'll do
just that. Now if you'll excuse
me, please. I've enjoyed our little
adventure, but it's time for me to go.

