

# We Are Not Just A Bit of Irrelevant Pollution

*by* Darryl Price

"It's hard to make a man understand something if his livelihood depends on him not understanding it."--Upton Sinclair

I understand what Zappa was saying,  
about broken hearts and assholes, but, well, really  
what if yours is already broken and already gone to some bad seed?  
Everybody's got one life, they say. What if all  
the very tall people have a  
secret club up there in the thickest of  
clouds, where they like to smoke smoldering cigars together

and tan among their own kind only?  
I'm just saying. Taking the piss

out of something newly formed is usually just  
another tired excuse to be somewhat of a cuckoo yourself. Or, is it a  
matter of a shared community-like  
cruelty? Some people enjoy the sensation.  
It makes them feel so damned good about themselves. Isn't  
that a funny bunny? Who doesn't want to  
be the golden bird for all to see? I don't.  
I want something I can't even  
put into words, which is probably  
why I can't get at it. Just as well.

And what would I do with  
it, except ruin it with possession  
and gluttony? You can only have  
what you are willing to leave

alone in its natural state. Isn't  
that a crazy way to love somebody? We should all be  
laughing our heads off by now. All those  
old sayings haven't saved us one  
bit; although John said there's no

one who can't be saved, I'm  
beginning to wonder? But, of course,  
what he meant was after the  
thing has already happened to deny  
its truth is to create false gods in your little red phone book's  
battered pages.

Here's a thought: all men are  
assholes when it comes to women,  
and I've yet to meet the one  
exception, brokenhearted or not. Isn't that a

knocked down state of extra marital affairs? Well, we could just go  
on and on like this all night long I  
suppose. But I don't want to. Really I don't. You see  
I started out with every intention  
of writing you something wonderful, for you to sit there and  
behold, but instead I've given you a bunch of nonsensical crayon  
scribbles upon more thickly layered scribbles. Isn't that so very very  
very very very awfully wretchedly not so  
funny? So funny so funny so funny so funny so damned funny. Here  
we  
sit at the end of the last day's  
poem, for I shall so name it. Stick a flag in its head, folks. We're  
done here I think. Go home. All of you.

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## On the Surface of the Sand

or rolling out of the sea's  
open palms like sleepy little diamonds  
they all look pretty much the same, some with

different colors, some of different sizes, but  
the more you look at them  
they do seem to start to differentiate. And

more will come in all the time  
and by then one can't help  
but start to feel a sense

of lonely loss for them, half  
buried in the sand, like remnants  
of another civilization, away beyond the crashing waves.

## The Tiniest Flower

gets my visit today.  
I thank you friend for your softly swaying welcome.  
I have come here I must  
admit to be alone.

Yet here we are proving  
that state of mind to be an  
illusion. I believe in the very real strength

of your leaves. To me they  
represent that which is

more honest than the black  
winds. We have met upon

the road and now must part. I have your fate in my hands and you  
know mine. However I  
am now one flower more.

Darryl Price 2004-2010

Sometimes I'm feeling Somewhat Stupid

like I'm boring even myself to an early death. You're  
only here now because I'm over there? Really?  
Is that how this sick thing actually works? Sometimes I'm  
feeling beat to a slick pulp, listless  
and sweltering in my own skin like  
a heavy leather feather. I'm just  
really feeling so cat tired. Does that  
mean my heart has too many split seams  
to carry much blood to my toes? You

know inside some places we've sat there's  
still a small ache that travels the length  
of my old dreamer's body and back  
again over the ditch we made together. As  
they say it's a real beaut. Sometimes I  
can't keep going on like this. Wish I didn't  
have to present you with that cold of  
a news update, but I'm afraid it's  
this ordinary looking pocket

pebble or someone else's happier than crap  
lie. I'd never hold both out to you at the same time. You know that by

now.

Not my style. Sometimes I don't know what  
a feeling is supposed to feel like--  
rattling around inside me like  
a too big to fall back onto the  
ground through a small cut hole in my skull  
loose ball bearing. All the racket in there gets  
my goat. Just sometimes. Not all the times. I never could give

you the kind of scripted answers that brought out  
your full set of teeth. Well maybe once  
or maybe twice. But now that's not enough either. Not for me. And  
not for you.

And most certainly more than me not for you. Not on  
my watch, sister. For some of your friends that came  
easier than for me, as if you're  
not opposed to being led by a  
strict stone by stone path up to the house  
where all tomorrow's rain waits to spill.

