

V.B. Price

SOME RIFFS OF MERCIFUL DEFIANCE

Christmas 2004

[Break into song anywhere you'd like in these Christmas riffs.]

Contraptions of the mind...
...Lady Philosophy says,
despair, dear children
is only folly's option...
nobody's pain is solved
without the wisdom
of intoxication...the play's the thing...
open the curtains
...Baachus is so certain
he's the only consolation...let's not be too serious
...joy, it's so
mysterious; here's to a Christmas-morning life,
if you can tip
your inner sight
up to the light in your head just right; Exuberance
is beauty...inn-o-cent
merri-ment all the way...

...deepening peace in the jailhouse night
tossing our torments down the drain
...the fury we suffer, skinned of the truth,
boned to a lie, give it up, she says,
it's snowing outside...Oooh, it's sooo
confusing, soooo amusing, swimming in lava,
Jack Frost nipping at your nose...
kindness is a property of atoms,
so are love, trees, pain, and stars...
junk the grand plans; help the old man
clean the snow off his car,
never say no to a stranger
looking for light in his head,
and yours...

...Scrooge, Scrooge, Scrooge be gone;
Santa loves the sugar in his cookies...
it's no mystery: deepening peace
will always be
a torment to the sour,
the grinding mind
will always find
a way to turn our sweetness
into a dour
privilege...let's not be
prematurely dead,
the light bulb out
in the icebox head....

...no, no, no...
No as a way of life? Energy is
eternal delight.
Rudolph with your nose so bright,
let our No
guard Yes all night...kindness is
a new kind of sight...yes, yes, yes...
Ignore the preachers bored with light...
He whose face
gives off no light
will never
become a star...yes, yes,
yes...Ooh, the hypocrites will so enjoy
punishing our joy...pun-ish-ing our joooy;
ouch, ouch... oh botheration, oh
jubilation...the sweet
soul of delight
can never be defiled...in the warm,
free heart of the world at ease....

...Lady Philosophy comes to say
take a big dump,
a big ego dump,
let it all go...and oh,
the bottomless pleasure
of being so
empty you'll surely know...

...come all ye lovers, let's give what we can...
the warm, free heart of the world
never closes, we just
can't find the seam, our lenses all fogged
like believing we're dreams...so rather than ache
unrequited, let's see them all before
their avalanche of years, as kids asleep,
full of their hopes, unbroken yet
on the rack of their fears...

...Mandela in his cell...Mandela in his cell...
old Blake in his garden singing to himself, Joys
impregnate, sorrows
bring forth....

...Oh, Rudolph with your nose sooooo bright
won't you guide my heart tonight?
...light, light, light...loving peace
and the world with all my might,
loving the world
as the love
of my life...

oh, badgers in the snow,
oh badgers in the snow,
oh badgers in the snow so white,
can't we bunk with you tonight?

...don't crack, don't crack;
badgers in the snow so bright,
snarling through the dazzling night...they know
shame is just pride's cloak, they know...trust
is the only hope...enough is enough,
armor up...stay kind...but slice to the quick,
avoid, stall, infuriate, dance
out of the way, then strike...be good
at heart, but put the visor down, be open
and gentle without reservation, and sharp,
piercing, proficient...refuse, do not comply....

...the world is mad with love and fear,
breathing the same pure air...don't crack, nothing
is more mysterious
than love you can't deny
...called to the good...God help you...
if your child's an outcast, so are you,
if anyone's in trouble, then so are you ...
...and just the right smile at just
the right time
on anyone's kind face
can make
all veils of despair disappear, disappear,
all veils of despair disappear...

...breathe easy is the rule...do not
conform to hardship.... old Eskimos go
outside to die, warming up to Nothing
by freezing in the night...the warm,
free heart of the world at ease,
deepening peace inside them...

...early snow across the mesas,
over the heavy breathing of the pines...it's all over
just ahead, swirling like a forest
in a hurricane of hail...

...star light, star bright, first star I see tonight,
wish I may, wish I might,
follow you throughout the night,
through swamps of law and order gone so feral...
...oh, yes, let's not,
let's not comply;
if brutal means
soil perfect ends,
let's not comply...let's not
be a sewer of compromise...

breathe easy...deepening peace,
adore it like a fool
...let's drink a cup of kindness yet,
...for everything that lives is holy...
Who's to say who's the bigger fool?
...holy, holy, holy...
Who's to say who's the bigger fool?

Quotations are from William Blake's Marriage of Heaven and Hell with a nod to Boethius in extremis consoled by Philosophy.

©V. B. Price, December 13, 2004

ORPHEUS PRESS
THE WOODS
ALBUQUERQUE
NEW MEXICO
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