

Letter

by Darryl Price

I'm writing you this letter played on a
cherry flute. I'm sending it along through
the poem's cloud of incense. The only
delivery system I still hitch up
for long distance pitching. I'm writing you
a letter you'll probably never read.
Never get. Never know exists. I'm not
going to wake the sleeping cats of mad
despair. That's not what this is being made
for. I'm writing you a letter because

I had no idea how far we would
be washed away from each other. Or for
how long. I have been looking for you on
every laughing face. In every full orange
moon voice. Every pilgrim wind. Between the
iron gates, looking at the evergreen clouds.
I'm sure life has found you, as it found me,
and forced the long march on your tired feet. But
this letter is not about bitter things.
So I want you to know I carried our

love forward with me. I swallowed it whole
rather than give it up. Many more times.
Hiding it just within reach. I wanted
the opportunity to show you I
still have it within me, but as I am
it, it becomes more and more like something
silver slipping out of my open soul
to join with all the other lights in the
holy night sky. But these words are not what
I wanted to say. These words are only

ghost dragonflies, grains of ghost sand. I shall
accept this emptiness, without blame. They
were meant to be seeds to a travelling
wonder only you could ever behold.
Instead they are yellow curling petals
in the mouth of the wild wind's mind. I no
longer can gather them into something
profound for you. Those days are gone. If you'll
forgive me, the way has become a death
trap. And I'm very much deep inside of

its buried lamps now. I'm writing you a
letter because I miss you. I miss your
sad smile full of songs. I miss the sacred
ground under our favorite tree. Words are
useless. I'm writing you a letter should
you ever need one. It means only one
thing: it's a mystery. All of it. From
top to bottom. But love is where I am
calling from. I'm writing you a letter
because you deserve one that isn't kicked

in the balls. Even so, I'm running out
of foolish steam. Deep down, there still is that
grinning three words thing keeping us saving
ourselves up for a rainy day that may
or might not ever come. I don't care. I'm
writing you this letter. The tide's coming
back in. Thanks for the inspiration. Hope
I gave friendship good as I got, hope I
kept you from the stranger's ledge once or twice
when you needed it. Sure. We'll meet again.

Bonus poem:

Something New
by Darryl Price

"Man, you should have seen them kicking Edgar Allen Poe."--The Beatles

Don't you get it? I don't want to be like
you. I made that obvious choice a long
time ago when I discovered you were
simply lying to me about all things
beautiful in the world. The wounds I got
at your hands for trusting myself did a
lot of internal damage. They went in
too deep. But your cartoon violence didn't

ever change my mind. I still don't want to
be like you. Think like you. Write like you. Or
see like you. If you like my stuff or not
now it doesn't matter. What matters is
who you are inside your own room of skin
and delicate bone. What matters is what
you will do for others with your power
to express and create the sky and earth

around you. You're making the new world sprout
from the ends of your pointy red, pounding
fingertips every day, you're bound to get
messed up sometime. Some times these things don't have

anything to do with you. They have a
most wondrous life of their own, which you can
interrupt by not paying attention
to where you are pointing that thing. What does

matter is how often you gracefully
accept your bad mistakes. Are you for real?
Is that your definition of taking
an authentic part in the universe?
To pout about someone not liking you,
the way you get things done? I won't ever
want to be like you. I'm just a guy who
likes to write poetry because it's fun.

