

# Missing Letter

*by* Darryl Price

It's so far to get to where we aren't in  
the way of someone's destructive progress.  
I'm only walking in my own gardens  
now, but the big blue house is like an emptied  
out envelope. I guess that makes this the  
missing letter. I don't know your heart's new  
address, but I once knew your youthful mind.  
That's enough, isn't it? Seems I'm always  
talking in my own head, but the echoes

are all silent, sleeping bats. They don't want  
to know, they never do. So I sit down,  
lost between the floating sunbeams, inside the  
current state of reflection, disappear  
to a faded place where we might have had  
our own enchanted moment together  
once. It's another lovely path full of  
thick unknowable trees, full of distant  
sparkling clouds, but no familiar high

voices inviting one to maybe want  
to hold hands just for the fun of it. There's  
no fun there, just a darkening glass full  
of imagined watered down coke and clear  
alcohol. I'll step back out and show you  
it's only me. Just as I thought. Birds are  
still the only good enough companions  
for that kind of an awful answer. You're  
the poet man here, so empty out your

best busy lines turn on the hidden cool

waterfalls before we all get bored and  
run back to our cars and show us the rare  
magic rainbows you promised, or get out  
of the way, we're trying to build a new  
highway through here, nothing you can say will  
ever stop us from inventing our own  
country's language on top of yours. Some  
little attention spans are already

very short, very small and getting much  
smaller like the sun melting into a  
black knot of broken tree branches and sad  
lumpy shapes on the slumped over ground. Won't  
you give us a song then? Listen. The songs  
are all around us, they don't have long to  
survive. And you have only to listen.  
That's the thing I found. If you want to see  
for yourself, then volunteer to be missed. dp

Bonus poems:

Nine Steps by Darryl Price

Hey look, the river's still in your head.  
Like a King Cobra, the sky's in your  
Heart like a mourning moon. And I am

Waiting, waiting for you to refuse  
Their forgiveness. They live for firing  
Squads. They want everything to be owned

By someone who already owns more  
Than enough of everything. I can't  
Help you with your fear of love, bobbing

The river like a hopeless leaf. Haul  
It in. Days are hanging in the trees.  
Fires are in between the snows if you

Know where to look for yourself. There are  
Some interesting voices walking  
Through the winds looking to find a way

To carry or drag you home. It's your  
Choice or it isn't. Hey wait, this is  
Not my idea of a fun time,

Hiding like a high court judge among  
All the heavy signs. Oh, look, something  
Wicked this way comes again. Some of

Us won't pretend we don't need you to  
Stand. Hey look, that thing falling from the  
Sky looks like some kind of man, but, no,

That's no ball of hummingbirds. It's a  
Blackened cloud of hatching hatreds. We  
Need to put our best dreams together.

A Universal Meaning of Stars by Darryl Price

The sorrow you brought me is almost at an end,  
but it doesn't make me feel any less. No, I

wasn't that surprised by your cunning. It felt like  
being pushed overboard into a harsh wind and  
sadly, being forced to watch the lights of a last  
hopelessly receding ship steam away while you tried to stay

afloat in something dark, mysterious and cold.  
I don't know how I survived your anger. I don't  
know if I've actually survived. You tell me. The sorrow you  
carelessly brought me was a strange gift to receive, one I wasn't  
expecting. I'd heard of such falling down things of  
course, hateful awful flags deliberately set

with hideous scars on them, hidden under such  
innocent mattresses like little flattened angry bombs  
meant to disturb you in your private moments of sleep. Did this  
war bring you to a gleeful dawning of petty  
revenge in your black animal heart? The sorrow  
you brought me forced me to my knees, to give up the

friendly ghost of my own childhood sweet heart for a  
new born one. I didn't know the new one all that well  
and probably never will. It's hard to even  
decipher the new beats into anything quite  
resembling a universal meaning of stars  
like once before, but I'm still trying. The sorrow you brought

me poisoned me almost immediately. I  
somehow just couldn't bear to see you freezing in  
your crumbling hole of scattered clothes, surrounded by  
so many blood-stained scarves, so I took you inside,  
hoping to see you flowering again. But the  
mad sorrow you brought me was a lightning quick strike to the  
back of my neck.

It began to rain in my head almost daily.

Now the good earth alone has done me its kindest  
favor and returned your rotten tooth marks to the  
furnace-like soil where all stories are absolved of  
their bad endings. The unfolding is done as we  
stumble on toward different shores like first fish on opposite  
shores.      dp

