

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

