

# The Envelope Said the Stamp

*by* Darryl Price

I have no more use for the  
beautiful words you used to  
like so much for me to  
send you alone. See my feathers do  
not so much hide me now as give  
me away; I tend to feel far  
from home. Forgive me this. The  
end jumped by me quicker than an

orange flower cricket on its way  
to a new morning's bountiful  
first opening strains. My words left  
without making their swooshing sounds,  
with the top four strings of my  
control gone. Two to go. Some other

poet's pen must have seemed a more  
suitable branch to shake blossoms  
up and down on with the sweet breath  
of my angel's dreams. It's all just  
a matter of physics, both real  
and imaginary, used to

build a quick wet animal out  
of nature's constantly changing  
ballet. Oh every now and then  
I might still find that puddle to  
watch my sorry face in and  
that perhaps the rose pasted sky

behind does seem to indicate  
there's really something else to sing  
about, but my own mind can't grasp  
the intricacies like before  
when you listened and wanted more from me.  
And so, the keys, this letter box.

bonus poems:

Oh We'll Be Beastly

for the time being.  
No one knows when the  
final death dart will  
come. We only know  
that it's already  
out there pointing around  
for us. They glare  
so menacingly  
at us dancing so

crazy and so sweet and  
it just about unhinges  
their broken down  
hearts. But we should be

true to the given  
moment,too. As children  
we can choose within  
the moistened bubble  
to enjoy the  
mixing colors of

our own destruction  
by the simple air  
we breathe. Some don't have  
even that small privilege.  
They start out  
surrounded by bullets.  
Anyway we've still  
got each other in  
the same picture for  
now. We can't help it if we're lucky that way.

The Damned Day Doesn't Even Begin to Take Good Care of Itself

Unless you mean it burns on and on by its own juicy fats.  
And what do you care? That's just an annoying cultural sound  
bite, a  
Bite meant to keep the paranoid listeners from discovering  
Anything new about their own air. They listen to every little  
Thing but they hear nothing. They actually think it will ultimately  
tell  
Them something they don't already know. And of course there are  
always  
Strange new sounds coming out of the most unlikely of distant  
Planets. You can't concern yourself with that. Atoms everywhere

Have a right to buzz brightly to the many wet suns that  
continuously

Soak them in. You've got to breathe, and to dream if possible or  
not. Let them listen into your dreams.

See where that gets them. Maybe that might wake them up a little  
to something besides fear of the unknown. Isn't that

The height of silly irony? You dream, they awaken. They'll claim

The dream as their own in the end of that story. Or worst case  
scenario,

Use them to destroy you in the name of some patriotic  
nonsensical

Space war of their own sorry making. But we can't stop looking

For the comfortable nest again, the prophesized and unexplained

And beautiful noisemakers of the future present. Because

They alone turn a key in us that didn't even know

It had a lock to be opened. All I'm saying is keep your eyes and  
ears to the ground.

Whatever you put in a box begins to rot inside, inside of

You as well. Lock or no lock, we've got to spring this thing for  
those who are coming. Keep a leg out for joy.

