## A Whole Forest Full of Leaves

by J.A. Pak

and hello is all I got. To honestly say stars are proofs in single limits of obsession shining above and around and never at the forgotten box of me-you're your own invention
loneliness a self-fertilizing seed you fostered edging perfect clouds with topiary scissors
and we have never agreed
even remembering gates, you grabbing my hand flesh burnt a skeleton song, your heart, your stars, you
flooding all of God's creation-where's the photo of that? I'll see you-when will that be more than a greeting?

Go since I didn't forget and this is where you mean goodbye and you never do; stop at hello.

## Hello Is All There Is

by Darryl Price
to honestly say to you now. Once I would have written a single limited edition book

[^0]on a whole forest full of leaves about the stars shining above and around you just to prove that
these were the only ones I looked at real close and personal in my life. But that has become too
lonely of a profession even for me to endure. But those same perfect clouds now hang drooling
in tatters out of the basement's banished corners in forgotten boxes like dead paper fish kites,
folded into frozen statues like dropped clocks. But I have never agreed with you about this, any,

I never will. I'll see you is as good a new grown greeting as you're likely to get from me. But I
remember opening the gates and you standing there firm in the dirt, toothily smiling like a
skeleton key about to turn on all the charm in the universe, only it was my world, my
room, my heart, my stars, even if I didn't know it, in danger of becoming a flooded path.

There's no return engagement. But I've finally put my hand back in my photograph. But that's all.

But I'm going. But you weren't supposed to forget. But is this where we mean goodbye? But I dream on.


[^0]:    Available online at «http://fictionaut.com/stories/ja-pak/a-whole-forest-full-ofleaves»
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