

Dear 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.

