

# 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.

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## **Hello Is All There Is**

by Darryl Price

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

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.

