

Mystery Mail

Cass McCombs

Mystery Mail It read: "I hope this finds you well" To no avail
You tipped the scale Now I'll see you in hell

Sailing over this story's arc A cardboard box that missed it's
mark Like a comet seen at dusk Like the Mayan twins born of the
husk We were raised and flew at the ver same height But feel i
ndividually from our flight

I knew Daniel since high school in Benicia He sold cookies from
his parents' freezer But were we ever really ever close? Now D
aniel's gone and I'm his ghost He went north and I went east We
had a plan - or an idea, at least

From his cousin's lab in Crescent City Daniel packaged two poun
ds for speedy delivery USPS to Greenpoint, Brooklyn Every gram
sold while his cousin kept cooking Successfully, this went on F
or, oh, I don't know how long

One day I turned the corner onto India St. I must have turned w
hite as a sheet Three policemen were standing on my stoop Talki
ng to my girlfriend, Betty Boop I turned around never to see Be
tty again I'm sorry, Betty, I hope you understand

I assumed they got to Daniel first In this line of work you com
e to expect the worse Some time later, the smirk was wiped from
my smile I was arrested for hopping a turnstile Bones had told
the warrant cleared after eight years So, naturally, on my cou
rt date I failed to appear

Eventually, the cardboard comet had to fall I took a walk down
the long hall The first thing I did from my cell was write a le
tter in search of Daniel Daniel was indeed inside the lion's de
n Not the only Lionkiller in a California Sate Penn.

Daniel wrote me back in a matter of days No mention of whether
or not crime pays He wrote: "You wouldn't recognize me anymore"
"I bet you'd rather be back cleaning toilets in Baltimore" "I'
ll never make it out of this cell" "I guess the next time you s
ee me will be in Hell"

The letters stopped rollin in I heard Daniel was stabbed with a
ballpoint pen About sixty times by his cellmate, Charles Now p
eople talk about immortalizing him in marble Not everybody shou
ld be made a saint Daniel was [a] good good guy, but a saint he
ain't

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