

## Cass Mccombs

### "Mystery Mail"

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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 its mark  
Like a comet seen at dusk  
Like the Mayan twins born of the husk  
We were raised and flew at the very same height  
But fell individually 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 Daniel'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 pounds for speedy delivery  
USPS to Greenpoint, Brooklyn  
Every gram sold while his cousin kept cooking  
Successfully, this went on  
For, oh, I don't know how long

One day I turned the corner onto India Street  
I must have turned white as a sheet  
Three policemen were standing on my stoop  
Talking to my girlfriend, Betty Boop  
I turned around never to see Betty again  
I'm sorry, Betty, I hope you understand

I assumed they got to Daniel first  
In this line of work you come to expect the worse  
Some time later, the smirk was wiped from my smile  
I was arrested for hopping a turnstile  
Bones had told me the warrant cleared after eight  
years  
So, naturally, on my court 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 letter in search of Daniel  
Daniel was indeed in the lion's den  
Not the only Lionkiller in a California State Penn.

Daniel wrote me back in a matter of days  
No mention of whether or not crime pays  
He wrote: "You wouldn't recognize my 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 see me will be in Hell"

The letters stopped rolling in  
I heard Daniel was stabbed with a ballpoint pen  
About sixty times by his cellmate, Charles  
Now people talk about immortalizing him in marble  
Not everybody should be made a saint  
Daniel was a good guy, but a saint he ain't

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Now I'll see you in Hell  
[x3]

See you in Hell  
See you in Hell  
I'll see you in Hell

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