

Just leave it and get out.

by Daniel M. Landolt-Hoene

The money stank on the table. Money is dirty she said, one of the dirtiest things. So many people *touch* it. This pile of brine would not explain its reek, only demanded that we accepted its stench as requisite. It had to have been the cash that stank, prior to its arrival the apartment smelled only of carpet and stove grease. Julian left the bills, then left the apartment, and later that night left us all while he...who knew? He was still present in our conversation, as we stared at the green paper wilting where it remained on the woodgrain. His body was found battered behind a donut shop. I got the message, unsure of what to say, who to tell. Rhiannan came over to share the grief. Her face soured as soon as she entered the hall. I know, I said, I just can't get rid of this stench.

