## **Another Vase**

## by Darryl Price

I feel you in the shape of certain keywords or something else building up inside me. Those are the ones without needing words. I didn't choose what you

do to me to happen. In this world there's more tears than I remember you saying we deserve. Why do all my sad songs find your shape still appealing?

I've got nothing against the sunshine, but I wish you weren't so hellbent on living like nothing else matters. I'm embarrassed. I've made another wobbly

vase. Without saying.
Where is my Walt Whitman
voice when I need him most?
I feel you are the shape
of some truth I'm hoping
to find today on the

way home. You've got tender eyes. That's what you said and what made you laugh. I feel you're, in part, mystery.

Available online at *http://fictionaut.com/stories/darryl-price/another-vase* Copyright © 2025 Darryl Price. All rights reserved.

How can I not follow that clue? I've always felt

your echo inside the shape of my poem. Beyond belief. You'll find me, thinking of a good friend I never got to see alone because she's gone.