

# Molecules

*by* Darryl Price

The rabbit is always there in the hat,  
even if he is standing right beside  
you. He can be in two places at the  
same time. Yet his molecules aren't foreign to  
your own country in your own head. It has

to be said. He is not a liar, but  
well, he does like to play around. That's what  
it means to be free and wild. These days, he  
usually smokes silently alone  
under an always distant tree. Don't ask

me what he's doing it for. He said you  
would know, but you'd never admit to it.  
I guess that's what makes me some kind of fool's  
messenger to this story. Come on, he  
said, patting me on the back, that is just

somebody else's crazy semantics.  
Pals don't need to enter that sort of con  
game together. It's too dangerous and  
too easy to get lost in there. And don't  
you dare make any puns about rabbit

holes. I've had enough of that ageless joke,  
he reloaded, it's racist nonsense. Oh.  
You know, sometimes when he smiles, I can't tell  
if it's with a friendly toothy grin or  
a quick sharp intake of breath between more

than ready to bite incisors. Yet he  
fully maintains his cool. Look, he said, so

what if it's a mystery? That doesn't  
make it any less true, does it? Go, tell  
him that. He pointed you out to me and

that's what I'm doing here now. Feels like I  
owe it to him to at least try and give  
you his words. He's not twisting any arms.  
We've known each other a long time, too. He  
wouldn't say what wasn't important, if

it wasn't true, if he didn't mean it.  
The molecules made this moment happen.  
Yours, mine and his, even those all around  
us. We're all connected to each other,  
he said, to no one in particular.

It's the love we've been looking for all our  
lives. Please, why can't you just tell me you love  
me? He was pleading with indifferent  
skies. His eyes closed on several fresh tears  
like a fuzzy garage door in new rain.

So there you have it. It's yours to do with  
what you will. Don't worry. I'll take him out  
for a nice carrot cake dinner somewhere.  
He's usually happy enough to  
sing again after a few healthy bites.

