

You Can't Even Clink

by Darryl Price

your matching glasses up to mine in the air anymore, or click
your widening fingernails against the hard bed rails in
protest of anything you might be feeling in the

depths of your nerves, but I swear I can
still hear you breathing in and out from your
saved paper thin sentences, watch you thinking in the

minute choices you made for every single word laid up or pushed
down . They say you very much liked to play
for hours in the sunshine with your favorite flowers at hand

and among any visiting bees, but as soon as another
person popped into the scene you were incredibly gone, bolted
behind shut doors quicker than a wind through a

light piece of blown around red hair. That hair haunts me to this
day.

I've often looked into those flattened out black eyes, wondering
about the world they lived in. I was told

you had many poems from many admirers stuck all
around the rooms like pinned butterflies. None of these
wings would lift you far enough away from the

carbon monoxide fumes to set you free from the
folly of your own unique facts. Everything settles. The
next stir may bring us closer to some peace

with understanding, if we let it, if we allow

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it into the secret places. Or the forest may
decide for us where to bury the lost evidence box.

