

Shards

by Joey Delgado

But you're everywhere, how can I move on?

It's so easy for people to say, *Get over it*, the 'it' being the smell of your skin, your smile, the taste of your lips, always sweet and salty, like a carnival treat.

Remember that neon night when we knew it was over, how we both cried because we drank too much, how I wiped away your tears with my thumbs, then we hugged, our breath smelling of sweet liquor, then you went that way, and I went the other.

God help me, I remember, I remember the crunch of gravel as you walked away, the pulsing beat of music from the club around the corner, the door shutting as you got into his car and left my little life forever.

Did you ever come home from school crying when you were a little kid, 'cause some bully picked on your new haircut, so you wrapped your arms around your mom's waist so tight, like you would fall into the world if you didn't, and bawled into the pleats of her dress---well that's what I did with my steering wheel, just wrapped my arms around it and laid my head down and cried and cried and cried.

It was on that night I realized I wasn't made of flesh and blood and bone, but glass, and though I didn't break into a million pieces when you left, I was in shards, and though I spitglued myself back together, I can still feel the cracks, still know I need to be handled with care, and I wonder, will those crack ever go away?

