

# You Can't Even Clink

*by* Darryl Price

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

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

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

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

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

I've often looked into those flattened out black eyes of yours,  
wondering  
about the photographed 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 fact. Everything settles. The

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Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/darryl-price/you-cant-even-clink>»*

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next stirring may bring us closer to some peace

with understanding, if we let it, if we allow  
it into the secret places once more. Or the forest may just  
decide for us where to bury the lost evidence box and be done  
with it.

