

DEVIL LOUNGES IN A BED OF FLOWERS

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When my king died, I was sitting in a field like this one,
thinking: Be not a body whose manner of passing is the only thing
that justifies having a Wikipedia page. After that came weeks
where everything seemed like tin whose joints seeped
a rich red rust. Believe me, the last thing I want to talk about
is how my king's life had become more and more an echo of goodness,
echo of wisdom, than either thing itself, and how any life,
given enough scrutiny, goes to pieces. You know those moments
where it's suddenly clear the world has passed you by?
By the time my king died, no one noticed. I looked weird
when I wept. Still, I like to think of him like one of those birds
of prey whose composure seems inviting when really it is
more a cathedral of disdain, not so much for wanting to touch it
as for thinking one can touch such creatures without consequence.