2012

The Man with the Pen

Zeke Fetrow

Concordia University-Portland

Follow this and additional works at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation

Available at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol20/iss1/1
The Man With the Pen

Zeke Fetrow

He sits in his chair, the ink from his pen dripping down across the page.
Truly dripping, a river of black running from the page to the desk.
From the desk to the floor.
The ink should be a river where all the words blossom into bright yellows and blues.
Tall trees, lush fields, and wild daisies all breach the ground where the river runs,
A majestic life bringing stream of water.
The water makes the artist's garden grow, but the man has only ink.
The man with the pen sits in his chair.
Praying for water.
No one can force the pen to flood his page.
So the man must wait for his thoughts, his ink, to turn to water.
Until then, he is like all the other men sitting in their chairs, dripping black ink on everyone else's garden.
Destroying the soil and polluting life for those whose pens have turned to fountains.
The man sits in his chair, waiting, while he drowns in his own ink.

Flies

Jacquelyn Anderson

There is something about raw meat that has always appealed to Linda. She has stood for ten minutes chilling internally in the deli department at the grocery store. The buzzing of florescent light bulbs acts as soundtrack for her deliberation. Surveying the chunks of dead animals displayed for the hungry shopper, she is like Goldilocks. This one is too fat, this one is too lean, but this one is just right. Frank has gained 50 pounds in the last five years and felt heavy as of late, so Linda adds lean cut steaks, crisp heads of broccoli, slightly soggy carrots, and a red box of brown rice to her cart.

As she scans her purchases, oily blood drips onto the conveyor belt from her grade-A Oregon beef which she realizes is improperly packaged. Linda knows how hard it is to get out a blood-stain. Mesmerized by the cyclical motion of the rubber conveyor in the checkout line, she watches the oily spot pass by her over and over again. Lost in the dark stain, Linda snaps back into reality as a fly buzzes too close to her ear. She swats it away, shocked by the cashier's too loud voice and whooshing sound of her credit card swiping in the machine. Her thoughts retreat from the din of the real world as the wary cashier stares at something just below Linda's left eye.

Packing the trunk of her tan librarian-dependable Accord, Linda retreats into its safe cocoon in a hurry. The heavy Oregon drops beat down on her metal roof and Linda is hypnotized by the calming effects of a steady rain. She spends the drive home immersing herself in the smells of her purchases, envisioning the dinner she will make for her husband. As she looks into her rearview mirror at the shiny Hummer following too close, Linda sees her face for the first time in what feels like forever. The swelling has diminished and she can open her left eye once again; the colors of her bruising have been brilliant this time. Usually her black eyes fade from eggplant to a soft baby pink, but this time they remain a rotten green. Linda's face is the same color as a hamburger patty she once found in the back of her crisper drawer. Frank had gone out of town for the weekend, so Linda decided to clean out the refrigerator. She had gotten rid of all the