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The Best Man

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shaggy hair and her with her type-A outfit. He glanced at the clock. His shift would end soon.

The couple rushed up to the counter, shivering. “Tall skim vanilla latte, please,” they said in unison and glanced at each other in surprise.

The Best Man

Austin Dunn
Honorable Mention in “Spark” Contest

He stood there in the blistering sunlight with the microphone in his hand. The precipitation on his forehead could be nervous bullets or the first signs of a heat stroke. Both were deadly. As he stared blankly over the heads and the eyes directed at him, a movement caught his attention. Across the field where the groom and his bride just said their vows was a vineyard; a small potbelly pig had found its way through the maze of grapes. He suddenly craved a large plate of sizzling bacon.

He snapped back to reality and once again realized he had to say something. The arbor surrounding him felt like it was going to collapse. It had to be heavy. He hoped if it did, it would kill him.

A case of Schlitz Malt Liquor was set on the ground near his feet, full. He should have had a couple of those. His mind was practically blank; he didn’t know where to start. It was all so much easier when there was only a mirror in front of him. Maybe the case of Schlitz would have made his speech flow with the essence of a ballroom dancer: flawless, smooth.

He began his speech. “I would like to begin by telling you all how much I appreciate the hockey stick…”

A woman in the audience wearing a single blue velvet glove looked at him as if he were crazy. Had he really just said Hockey Stick? His chin dreadfully met the top of his pink tie while he thought about making a run for the vineyard about a hundred yards in the distance. The rows went on forever and he imagined running for days and never seeing anything but rows and rows of grapes. The escape would be nice. But he knew he couldn’t really survive in the wilderness. Not during bear season.

He lifted his head again to face the group of poachers.

“Life is a single color,” he said, not knowing what was going to come next. “Each one of us is a certain color, a solid color. And that’s all we are. Nothing more. Nothing less.” He still had no idea where this was going. His mouth was open and words were spilling out. “When two people meet and fall in love their colors mix.
Simply, you become a candy cane. "Our colors are intertwined and eventually you ask yourself how you ever lived without that other color making you complete. Nobody wants a one color candy cane."

There it was. The words that spilled out of his mouth came together in a perfect flow of creativity and love. Couples gently pulled each other close and fingers interlocked. It was perfect.

"Lets raise our glasses."