Those Eyes

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Those Eyes

Gabriella Fora

Anywhere I go I can't seem to get away from those eyes. Those eyes that read me like a scanner, and are quick to judge every move I make and everything I say. Those eyes that travel in packs, but always target an innocent individual. Eyes that analyze and criticize on instinct. Eyes that are cunning, quick, and hungry. Hungry for their next victim. Hungry to cut them down for that ounce of satisfaction.

But even they know the feeling is only temporary; so they repeat their cultish practice and continue to exchange other’s pain for their pride. If you’re not careful those eyes can tear you down, and make you question the truth behind your own eyes.

But one day the sheer glaze will disappear from their eyes, and the invisible boundary they have created will crumble. They will learn to see others the way they were meant to be seen. And they'll realize that their eyes are no different than mine.

II4

How to.... Run a Marathon Every Day

Mary Ellen Hoeffner

I awaken this morning, opening my sleepy eyes and begin to peer around my room only to find everything just as I had left it the night before. My gym bag lying open on the floor with black Nike basketball shoes, an orange and black practice jersey, ankle braces, and a water bottle spilling out onto my carpet. On the chair in the corner of my room lay all the clothes from the day before in a heap waiting to be put away. Scattered upon the glass top of the desk my Calculus books and calculator rest awaiting another day of use at school.

Once I see everything is in its proper place, I roll over and stare out the window at the morning sun shining down through the cold, crisp winter air. I should be happy. It is my senior year, my chance to shine. The year when all my hard work over the past four years is finally going to pay off, but no, I wake up this morning depressed and exhausted. I say to myself, “Here goes another day of having to run yet another marathon.”

One would think that after running a marathon every day for the past thirty seven months I would finally be used to it; unfortunately, not. Each new day comes bringing with it another race. This morning my body is tired; I am shot both physically and mentally. I have no more energy to run, but I muster up any ounce of strength I can find and drag myself out of bed. Down the hall to the shower I attempt to do some of that positive self-talk crap that I keep on hearing people say should help me cope. This morning that sure doesn't seem to help any.

I stand in the shower allowing the steaming hot water to pour over me with the hope of it washing away this feeling of emptiness, the feeling like I have nothing else to give or offer. While scrubbing the shampoo into my long blond hair my head starts to spin, my eyes become a haze slowly going completely black. I reach my hands out to steady myself against the shower wall attempting to remain upright and not collapse here in the shower. My breathing is labored and my heart beats against my chest with torrential force as I try and