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Go Ahead

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This random guy that I don’t really know is vomiting in my kitchen sink… I don’t think anything of it. This is what I expect of him.

The second time he vomits, his puke looks like Funfetti sprinkles and cake batter. How jealous I am of him. I think I heard from someone before that when he feels upset, sad, infuriated or something else, the feelings can come out of him, while mine will forever stay where they are, inside of me, never to come out. But I don’t remember who I heard it from. The puke is bubbling in the sink, rising as intensely as lava.

After the third time he pukes, I know he is revived.
“Who are you?” I ask.
“Whoever you want me to be,” he says, wiping his mouth with a paper towel. This random guy, who I don’t really know, or maybe I do, has red hair, short and flowing like small waves on the beach—waves that can’t really do damage, but take some sand with them. For some odd reason, he is wearing just a purple speedo.
“I’m going to watch TV with August now, in your room…. Is that ok?”
“Excuse me?”
“With August, August Dawkins,” he elaborates, swinging one arm to the side, avoiding eye contact with me. This doesn’t make any sense… August is dead. August died on December 12, around 5 P.M. August has been dead for two months and eleven days.
“Go ahead, tell August I said hi,” I reply. “And that I love her.” The random redhead guy flashes his teeth: dented and complicated like a white rosebud… He skips to my room, his movements reminding me of a pixie fairy.
Nothing can be real.
I listen to 2004 Usher while cleaning up the puke—it smells of rotten eggs and disappointment. Feelings are so ugly, I guess. Mine would be worse than his Funfetti vomit; mine would resemble a
sewer. A sewer of all my frustration. And I don’t want to be jealous anymore. So I go to the bathroom and sit down, head inches away from the toilet (it looks like a mouth…hissing), and think about how disturbing it is that August left me here. I don’t even know I am upset. Then I think about clouds, and how when they cry they replenish the soil. And of random redhead guy puking, and after, his face lit up brighter than Times Square. I don’t need to be jealous, so I release the sewer. August’s joyful laugh echoes in the background, or maybe it doesn’t.