Internal Overload

Jeriann Watkins
Concordia University - Portland

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Honora
Christopher Marin

War again, recession.
Making meaning this time by importing
Joie de vivre: turning the suburban doyennes
Of facials and Costco sales into hearty
Laughers, hardy, posed arms akimbo.

Editing the Mattel-
Prototypical Anita Ekberg,
The urban Venus; vying instead for
Gamboling country life,
Wifeliness.

Like fatuous, pederast,
Would-be Adonis:
How pleased he was
To be the Queen of May, to be a
Dervish before Bob Dylan, to om
For inflammatory monks.

Chakras and anodized steel in his
Saffron-polyester wake. The brutal
Pan-yogi and his hypocritical castanets.

Contretemps, cavorting while there are drones
In Sadr City; the
Long in tooth and fulsome.

Internal Overload

Jeriann Watkins

After seventeen years of idyllic childhood, the core
of Kara’s Stepfordian world was trembling. As the family sat
down for their weekly Sunday picnic, lightning flashed in her
mind. Thunderclouds of thoughts and confusion clogged up
her contemplating cerebrum. In the terror of this tornado,
Kara did not know what to do. All the structure that had been
established throughout her life was crumbling. It had begun
with a pizza and ended with Kara walking in on her mom and
the delivery man. There was no doubting what she had seen.
The question was, what was she to do? Obviously, her
mom was willing to keep up the wholesome family charade, so
who knew how long this façade had been in place? Was this the
first time she had leapt off her pedestal of integrity and into the
arms of someone who was not Kara’s father? Tears welled up in
Kara’s eyes and threatened to turn the tornado into a hurricane.

Quickly excusing herself, Kara rushed to the restroom.
As she reached the ill-managed personal waste disposal area,
the tears finally released themselves, adding to the questionable
puddles on the ground. The gears in her head whirred furiously,
and the complex pulley system that was her nervous system
overloaded from conflicting messages. Kara’s body hit the
ground.

The cold, grimy concrete did not help soothe the
hormonally imbalanced teenager. The longer she sat there, the
more she could feel the public restroom bacteria creeping into
her body. Choosing misery with family over a lonely death by
bad hygiene, she rose, composed herself, and walked back to the
picnic site. She would join her mom in this deception for now.
But eventually, she would have to figure out what to do about it.