Greyscale

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I should have been a pair of ragged claws scuttling across the floors of silent seas. Better then, to live or die alone than feel the breath of warmth against my skin or hear another empty useless word.

Men have fought before over love and love lost and nothing comes to it but ashes.

Hitherto I find myself blessedly abandoned, left to pace a maze of grey mountains; the city rises above me into clouds, into the sunlight, into heaven. I am prostrate before my own soul and feel rain weep against my face.

Wellington boots fill with water and frog spawn.

A gutter overflows.

The silent roar of torn thunderheads, a change of pressure and the lifting of hair off my forehead...these are the representatives of a coming storm. Earth removed from earth: nature takes a whole new meaning in the stained city. Everything reeks of grey, as though the looming, lingering haze has settled like fine dust upon every surface.

Before me, the brass doorknocker glistens, its snarling lion's face mocking and still. Rain peels slowly down the royal nose before falling to the pavement, one more drop among millions...

A red painted door, slick from the humidity.

The swoosh-drizzle of a disturbed puddle, flung hither and thither by a silver automobile.

Inside, a sanctuary of toasted air and vibrant color, plush rugs, flames in the fireplace and tea in a violet cozy. A bed rests in the back room with pale green sheets and pillows to sink into, slippers in two sizes by the cedar chest at the foot and one carelessly tossed bathrobe always on the right side.

Bare in the cold iron streets, I lean my forehead against the cherry-smiling wood and pray that it will open for me again.