12-1-1998

Birth Ritual

Michael Schultz
Concordia University - Portland

Follow this and additional works at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean

Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol7/iss1/6
Sarah waited until the woman had completed adjusting the blinds to a slightly open position. It was too stifling to remain here, she thought. She may as well return to somewhere more familiar.

"I would actually like that cab right now," she said hurriedly.

"Well, okay. That can be arranged, too. Your clothes are right beside you; come out when you are ready. The taxi will be waiting."

Sarah lay in bed for a few more minutes. She waited to go back to the hazy existence of perfection she had experienced for a few precious minutes. She could not recapture that feeling. She sat up in her bed. She felt a bit disoriented. That was from the drugs she supposed. All that was left to do was for her to put on her clothing and leave this room. She stood from the bed, waiting a few seconds for the dizziness to disappear. Things would work out for the best, she thought.

She put on her flowery long skirt. It was a pale blue with small burgundy flowers patterned throughout. She put on her pale blue camisole and the burgundy blazer that went on top of that. The colors around her rose to her eyes with a sort of brilliance they never had before. She thought that it was the sunlight streaming through the blinds that was contributing to this surreal nature of things. Her walk to the window was slow and painful. It was as if she was heading off to face some sort of realization.

"Shake yourself out of it, Sarah, it is just a window." She chided herself.

Something compelled her to lift the blinds all the way and look outside to the world below. The picture gazing back at her was her own reflection. A young woman's face, oval and calm. This woman had cheekbones that were rounded and pleasant. Her mouth formed the usual arc. It was the eyes, her eyes that were unusual. They were wide black orbs with a sort of brilliance they never had before. She wondered if she knew what she had done. She wondered what he would say if she told him to never stop driving. What would happen if she begged him to keep moving forward and never go back in any direction?

"1236 Winding Lane, and please take Interstate to get there." She knew he wondered at that comment, usually passengers tried to save money by requesting the shortest way possible.

"Yes, ma'am." She looked at the roads rushing by. She wondered at how life worked itself out in nature. She wondered how nature could allow herself to be perverted by all these unnatural things—unnatural buildings made of cold cement, unnatural roads, made specifically to contain nature into a controllable environment. She wondered about the people living along these roads. Did they feel themselves affected by how they lived? Eventually she realized she wasn’t crying any more. If she concentrated enough on the external world, the reality of the act was no longer relevant.

"That is 25 dollars, ma’am." "Thank you," she answered. "Thank you very much for the ride." She turned and walked into her building, rode the elevator and entered her apartment. It was much as she left it. Next, simple, unembellished. It was necessary that life remain that way.

She remembered her appointment at six o’clock. It seemed so far away.

She looked up at the clock on the wall. It was time to leave.