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Not with a Bang but with a Crash

Raeann James
Concordia University-Portland

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Not with a Bang but with a Crash

Raeann James

I love the cold days in Oregon. It is as though you can smell the Christmas in the air. Running down the street, I can feel the burn of the stress exit through my lungs and flow from my pounding feet. Last week's paper, *thump, thump*, the balance in my checking account, *thump, thump*, why didn't I get invited to go to lunch with my friends, *thump*, did they not even think to invite, *thump*, me, *thump, thump*. I don't think to pause. This is a fairly quiet neighborhood.

Thump, thump.

It happened very suddenly. It isn't very often that you have a memory or thought that really sticks with you.

As much as I try, I struggle to create an image of the moment I drove under the iconic red steel of the Golden Gates, or when I looked up at the green face of Liberty. Moments that mean so much, that you can quantify and post so people can validate your #experiences.

It didn't end with a bang, but with a crash.

The power and momentum carry me over the roof of the car. It is one frame that I cannot forget. Trees and their Technicolor leaves, or lack of, cement, cracked and frayed, the anticipation in my knees and hands.

I know it is coming,

the ground.

I can feel the pangs of childhood scrapes and of the lines of red that seep from the cracks in little knees. But, it isn't like that.

James: Not with a Bang but with a Crash

The impact is a brilliant burst in the slowness of the accident. I feel the ground reach up for my shoulder, opening the seams in my jacket and embracing my flesh, keeping more and more of it for its own. My head pounds the ground with indignation. It wasn't supposed to go like this. The rest flows away from me. Streaming toward the forgotten leaves that decorate the edges of my vision. Orange, green, brown, yellow, but mostly red. I can feel the slam of my heart and a few car doors.

That last check for those shoes is probably going to bounce now, *thump, thump*, I am never going to get that math test turned in, *thump, thump*, am I really that boring?

Thump