

# The Promethean

---

Volume 26  
Issue 1 *Planet Nowhere* (2017-2018 Issue)

Article 50

---

4-17-2018

## Pop!

Josey N. Meats  
*Concordia University - Portland*

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



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#)

---

### CU Commons Citation

Meats, Josey N. (2018) "Pop!," *The Promethean*: Vol. 26 : Iss. 1 , Article 50.  
Available at: <http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol26/iss1/50>

This Story is brought to you for free and open access by CU Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Promethean by an authorized administrator of CU Commons. For more information, please contact [libraryadmin@cu-portland.edu](mailto:libraryadmin@cu-portland.edu).

## Pop!

Josey N. Meats

“Wait for someone you love.” That’s what Mother always said. Well, it happened and now we’re on his front porch smoking a cigarette. My first time and I don’t even know this guy’s name. Two first times. My first time smoking, as well. I know... a cigarette. *Em.* Taste good? No. Feel good? Yeah.

He comes up behind me, presses his body against mine, and runs his clammy fingers up my body. I squirm.

— Well, was it good for you?

God, he’s a sicko!

— Whatever.

I rip away from him and go inside, through his room into the only bathroom. I sit down to pee. The dried urine on the seat is like crusty Top Ramen powder. The state of the bathroom doesn’t reflect his taste. It’s piss-ridden, and yet he has Ralph Lauren towels and Gucci cologne. I look at myself in the toothpaste-splattered mirror. I look...used.

I realize I am wearing a faded orange sweatshirt my dad gave me. And I can see him. I see him cheering for me at my soccer games, taking me to the father-daughter dance. Tears run from my eyes, stealing my mascara, leaving a charcoal trail.

My phone buzzes—the Lyft’s here. I stand up, throw up, and walk out. As I leave, I notice a picture of a woman propped up on his nightstand. She’s smiling—powdery pink lipstick, hay-colored hair with electric purple ends. *Short skirt, long jacket.* She’s beautiful.

He’s still on the porch and we don’t speak. I get in the Prius and it speeds off into the Portland night.

\*

She wasn't Nirvana. None of them are Nirvana. These are hookups, not lovemaking like Mommy and Daddy. A sigh of guilt slips through my lips as the girl's Lyft drives away.

I go inside. In the doorway my nose runs—I wipe it. I can smell the sweet, treated tobacco on my fingertips; they're orange from the shit. I *should* quit.

I wander into the bedroom and start ripping off the sheets, then douse the room in my favorite scent: *Guilty* by Gucci.

My eyes catch the reflection of her picture. I pick it up, admiring her. All her Beauty. Tears swell and blur my vision—*Oh, Nirvana.*

A thought ping-pongs through my brain and drains out of my mouth with a chuckle:

— Well, did you enjoy the show?

I stand in silence.

My phone buzzes with some notification about a tweet sent out by the president. It's 3:27 a.m. It's only twelve on the West Coast. She's awake.

\*

At 12:27 a.m. the phone buzzes across the glass nightstand, but Nirvana is fast asleep. She wakes up at 6:15 a.m. She showers, drinks dark drip coffee, eats some cinnamon spice oatmeal, and does her hair. Curls today—let it be natural. She throws on her newest white and orange pantsuit. She then adds the finishing touches: a Tiffany watch her father gave her for graduating from Yale law. And two spritzes of *Guilty* on her neck. Now, she looks at her phone. She reads the three words he has sent her.

She replies with a mere acknowledgement. It reads: *Read:*  
7:21