Heart Beat of War

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Heart Beat of War

Ebony Jackson

War in its deceit leave men unable to feel
Their flesh feels not the cold of winter's fingers
Their ears silent to the screams of the wind
Tongues tasteless and numb to a pleading lovers lips
The enemy is not my enemy
Rather it is war that I must hate
I have seen the everlasting changes war brings
No matter the days, weeks, months, years
You will come back different
He came back different
He was a star in the sky that returned back to me broken
I can recall him so strange to me
The day he pulled the trigger for the first time
He died
Only alive by the beat in his heart
Where is the romance?
He is now a heroic tragedy
All in the name of an idea
Nothing can change the bitterness in his heart
Not even my bullet-proof love

The Indestructible Jacket

Patrick Seaman

“I see you eyeing our moleskin jacket.”
“It's an interesting piece.” Andre eyed the door.
“Haha, it's not a museum piece,” the salesman tried to
We've sold that line for 35 years.”
“And not one return?” Andre asked as he pulled the sleeve taut.
“Not one damaged return, and I will throw in a lifetime
guarantee because I stand by this product: the stitching, the zipper.
Every single button.”
The salesman smiled so widely, Andre could see his molars. “I
want a printed warranty. This is an expensive product right here. 140
dollars for something I don't really want.”
“For you,” the salesman pointed “I will sign a printed
warranty and throw in a peppermint.”
“What about a butter mint?”
“That's a good one, sir.”

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“Answer me,” Andre squeezed his thumb until his knuckle cracked. “Answer the f****** — Hello?”
“Good afternoon, sir. This is Abrahm Attire, serving the
greater Portland area since 1990. How may I help you today?” The
woman sounded like a droning jetliner.
“I need to speak with one of your salesmen. He said this
jacket's indestructible. He told me this morning when I bought it.
And it's a piece of garbage. Listen to this: the zipper broke!”
“I'm not sure who assisted you, sir. I've been here all day.
Only me.”
“That's not true,” Andre kept calm and eyed the warranty.
“He was tall and thin. He had a yellow blazer and brown hair.”
“Oh, you mean Roger,” the woman lost her professional air.