The Indestructible Jacket

Patrick Seaman
Concordia University-Portland

Follow this and additional works at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean
Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol22/iss1/16

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.
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 convince him. "That there," he pointed. "Is an indestructible jacket. 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."

***

"Answer me," Andre squeezed his thumb until his knuckle cracked. "Answer the ******* — 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.
"I'm not sure. Who is Roger?"

"Roger was looking after the store while I was in the bathroom. I apologize for the confusion, sir."

"You just told me you were alone. Is he or is he not a salesman?"

"Yes— Well, no." The woman paused. "You're saying he spoke to you?"

Andre cracked another knuckle, "He sold me this jacket; he rang me up."

"Oh my. I'm sorry, sir. Roger wasn't supposed to say anything to anyone. He was supposed to just watch the store for me."

"Then who the f**k is Roger?" Andre asked, unnatural and forced.

"He's my boyfriend..."

"Your boyfriend? In the store?"

"Please don't tell Mr. Abrahm. I'm so sorry about Roger. I'm livid," the woman said in an evidently stressed tone. "I'll kill him. Just—please, sir, Mr. Abrahm is not the understanding type. I'll lose my job!"

"You know what?" Andre sighed. "I don't care about this. All I want is a refund for this oh-so-indestructible jacket."

The woman did not respond.

"Are you there?"

"I'm here, sir."

Andre could hear the rattle as the woman stood up from her chair, "I don't know how to tell you this... We don't actually do refunds."

"Are you f****** insane?" Andre mocked before sarcastically laughing.

"Roger's insane. I'd take your word on that. But Mr. Abrahm stands by his products. He insists that they're indestructible, just like Roger told you. I must've confided in him about Mr. Abrahm and his silly tangents."

"The zipper is still broken."

"That's not possible, sir. Our zippers are indestructible."

The woman caught herself returning to automation. "Those are Mr. Abrahm's words, not mine. We have a no-money-back guarantee— I mean to say we have a no-refund policy."

The customer paused.

"Listen to me," Andre said. "I will f****** find you. I will find you and Roger, and I will burn you. And I'll get Mr. Abrahm to f****** fire you because you decided it was a good idea to f*** your boyfriend at work! I will ruin your life if you don't take a return on this jacket."

"If you come by the store, sir, I can get your money. But it'll have to be out of pocket. I'll need you to watch the store while I run to the ATM."