Minutes From Passing Out

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These exclusive whispers pierce deeper than outward shouts directed to; yet there they huddle, a hallow of secrets, reminiscent of a lunchroom in my youth.

I’m a bit blurry: eyes fading in and out of focus, face flushed, skin sticky; hair emerging to rally a rebellion against decency. My body is different than any semblance of remembrance; the mirror reflects a wreck beyond recognition. As for my mind, synapses toward reason have lapsed.

I float, a remnant, traversing the scope unaware of direction; steered by forces outside my own.

Kaleidoscopic colors tug my bones and veins to waltz a conversation; I splutter on tongue’s unrefined whim from a mouth tasting bitter and coarse.

I enter the crowded kitchen, struggling for composure; water drowns the demons quiet, and I materialize for a moment.

Until,
“Shots, what me?
I couldn’t possibly-
Well, alright I guess…
What you too?
I suppose one more couldn’t hurt.
A double? Sure, why not?
Here’s to you!
Down the hatch!
You as well!
Cheers to life!
Love you too.
No, you need help…”

I stand,
stagger the stairs,
I hear or is it feel?
Whispers again,
laughing at my expense.
So fickle,
drinking and doubtful;
disappearing behind
lies,
she said,
must remember,
important,
pillow,
4:32;
bed.

Christopher Kent is a junior in Performance and Philosophy. He transferred from University of Northern Iowa and this is his second semester here. He enjoys reading books that previous owners have written in, as well as telling stories both on stage and in ink. His hope is to own a cat one day.