Melancholy Joy

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Abstract

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Sketch

gently up and down, as if it were drowning. The coke tasted watery by now. Suddenly she pushed it away.

“Come on, kids. Let’s go.” She had to move, put on her bandana, pick up her books. She was dying inside.

Davie was rotten. He was no good.

That was tough wasn’t it, Mary. How many times had she gone over and over it, telling herself, knowing it, believing it, accepting it, gritting her teeth against the thought of him.

Once after he had called her half an hour before a formal to say he couldn’t make it, she had locked her roommate out and had spent hours telling him off in the darkness of her mind. But when she saw him, felt the slow warmth of his smile seep into her, she knew she couldn’t ever say it.

Sometimes, when she let herself, Mary wondered how many more days—weeks maybe—or months, she’d go on telling herself how rotten he was.

And melting inside instead.

People had called it a purple cloud, a blue haze, a whirlpool, a dreamy heaven. They were wrong. Mary knew they were. It was a dull gray-green, with red sparks in it that clutched and choked and whispered to her at night, and wouldn’t let her eat, and blurred the pages of her Chem book. That was for Mary. That was life. That was Hell.

Jan said, “Davie’s a good guy. He’ll go places some day.”

—Margret Wallace, H. Ec., So.

\[\textbf{Melancholy Joy}\]

I stood in the shadow of the eaves. The liquid “plip” of the slowly dripping water added to the dreamy quality of the rain. A streetlight glowed through the misty, fog, fuzzy, indistinct, faintly flickering through the branches of a dripping tree. The billowing mist blanketed the ground, swelling here, then there, shifting in an endless roll that knew no time.