Walking Towards the End

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The ghastly yellow colored lights shone along the phosphorescent sidewalk. It was dark. The street light caressed the very tips of the green bushes, shadows mating with light. She would always walk alone; no one tries to understand an amateur. She smirked. A walking cliché. Her feet thudded heavily on the gray ground. No other sound around her. She hardly had the energy to fold her arms. She couldn’t protect herself from the cold. She knew what she wanted to do with her life. She would throw it away.

Her mind traveled to him. It burned. Wince. She shoved the thought back. Back into the murkier fascia of her mind. In the velvety breeze, her hair brushed across her face. It reminded her of his effortless fingers. His silver rimmed glasses hid striking eyes. They were whiskey and sky. Wavering in search of a story—her story. She felt transparent. She never understood his envy. He was everything she wanted. He was quirky. His wit never faltered. The comfort of his sly smile. She thought of his rugged hands. Choppy and serrated like stones. She liked tracing the deep crevices in his hand. Walking alone at night her thoughts always drifted—from heavy love to light suicide. Her brain was withered and loose. A dilapidated leaf.

She contemplated the could be. She contemplated the should be. She contemplated the would be. A shrill voice always lurked inside. Taunting. Her future was black and thin as oil. She was slowly drowning. She almost enjoyed the pain. The pressure on her lungs. Explosive. The dirty aura choking her lungs. The beautiful blue tinge of the body. Hair cascading, gliding and swimming in the deep water. She was a pessimist.

Dead air. It was a jacket tight in the wrong places. Her thoughts evaporated with a silhouette’s appearance on the horizon. Her double devil must be stalking. It followed her. It had for years. The knife slicing across her veins. The glorious blood river in the tub. It was coming for her. The same feelings embedded deep. It was her
doppelganger with vivid red eyes. Her Beelzebub was plump and brimming with false promises. Her shadow twin whispered frantically.

She walked over the lacy shadows on the sidewalk. Her ears reacted to a crow in the distance. A mangled sigh escaped. The figure became clearer. It was no monster. It was a man. His light blue windbreaker glowed under the street lights. He glanced her way. He walked past.

She really didn’t know what she was doing. She knew what she was doing. She felt directionless with a direction. A rush of frailty. She felt like a bird flying without wings. The bleak stars were the passive witnesses. She heeded their caustic stare. Poignant edges. She took in a sharp breath. Under the moonlight, the faded scar on her wrist bloomed white.

The air shifted. She was evading the dream; the dream of being something else. She was sick of looking in the mirror. She was sick of her own dull reflection. She thought back to when she was content with the world. Eight years old. Pure simplicity. She was little and lived in a small town. It was quaint. White picket fences. Neighbors waving. Lawns freshly mowed. Little purple flowers and green hedges lined the front of every two story house. It was a fantasy childhood. It was her fantasy childhood--she could remember the reality. She recoiled. Drunken fights between parents. Brown bottles spilled over the white kitchen floor. Voices screaming. The image of her father’s distorted beard. His dirty crown of blonde hair. Stumbling up the stairs into her pink unicorn room; her pink unicorn life. Bending over to whisper goodnight. From his lips, the pungent smell of alcohol tickled her ear. Yes, this she remembered too. Suburban life was not glorious. People lose their minds. People lose their life.

She blinked. Cool rain spewed across her face. Her past always invaded. She couldn’t escape. She felt like a martyr--God’s most pathetic creature. Dejected, low and hollow. Her head snapped back. She drifted. Semi conscious in the delirious night. She traveled across the outstretched sidewalk. Rain started to drizzle. The vapor covered all other sounds. Seeping through the grasping leaves of oak trees.

Creeping cold. Waves of chills under her skin. She tucked her chin to her chest. Somehow the leaves seemed to mock. They swayed in unison. Out of the dark an errant leaf tumbled from a branch, bulky and rippled like black intestines. Swaying and turning. Gliding and twisting. It landed in front of her. It was illuminated. It was profound. A captivating subject under the dense artificial light. She picked it up. It was debilitated brown. Cracked along the edges. An anomaly, a misshapen form. The veins resembled those under paper thin flesh. Squinting, she
noticed a remnant of green above the stem. Barely visible, but there. She carefully planted it into her pocket.

Her head was now infinitely clear. The air was less dense. The haze had lifted. She saw the edge before she approached it. A whisper escaped her perished throat. It was decided. To the edge of the broken, truthful cliff. She looked about her. The cathedral sky. She could see for miles. She was above the world. Everything stretched out below. She looked down, confronting the abyss. It was dark. The bottom yawned. She felt as if she were at the cutting points. Digging deep through the rubber flesh. She tore the leaf from her pocket. The blemish of green was gone. Perhaps it was never there. She let it go. Spiraling downward into oblivion. She knew what was ahead. It was grim. It was messy, but she wouldn't see it. All she could see was the borderline. An infinite realm of martyrdom. A biting cry escaped. She looked behind her. Nothing. She looked forward. She took in a shallow breath. She closed her eyes. Letting her feet glide away. Her doppelganger smiled. A rapid rush of wind through her hair.