

Last night, I rested my face on a salt rock lamp and cried. It sits just left of center on the bureau in my bedroom, with a dimmer switch that adjusts the glow from subtle hints to fiery blazes of orange that sail around the room. I am not quite sure what triggered this sudden flood, but I could feel it coming long before I could say it out loud: nostalgia (*i want to stay here forever, and already miss things not yet gone*).

Perhaps it was one too many of those pale ales I had at dinner where I sat alone, proud of my fierce independence and willingness to be solely with myself. That was until my subconscious decided to sharpen up my skill of side-eyeing, picking up on every couple and pair on either edge of my peripheral: aching (*watch that jealousy of yours, you know that wanting something you don't have is really on blood orange's turf*).

I wake up thirsty in the morning, knowing well enough that water won't scratch the surface and coffee needs time to brew. I pour myself a routinely and automatically small glass of juice, cursing a name I don't know that somehow ingrained in my brain how packed full of sugar it is, and sip liquid sunshine regardless: scorching (*the biggest star can spit almost as much fire as I do*).

I look out the window where our westward view goes on and on, almost all the way to the Scioto streaming just blocks away. Every building in the skyline could be traced from here, but instead I settle my attention where I usually do - new apartments and condominiums I will never afford are being erected by men in neon décor, operating colorful machinery splattered with dull earth. The cones and barrels that creep right up to our backyard are almost a friendly elementary school reminder, but the signs that flank them declare **WARNING**: nothing is the same here anymore: volatile (*i can't remember a time where things stood still*).

On October 31<sup>st</sup>, 2016, easily the color's biggest day to shine, my cellphone buzzed on the desk to my right reading – “Gooby” – the name my sister and I affectionately call our mom. I had the exact premonition before a word was uttered, and this may actually be the last time I can remember where things stood still; “I have some sad news...Grammie died this morning.” explosive (*I cannot see in front of me/I can see every single color in front of me, I cannot hear anything/I feel as if I have supersonic hearing, I taste bitter ash/I want to be sick, I smell the coming sadness/I cannot breathe at all*).

“What’s your favorite color?” A question asked numerous times over the course of someone’s life, my answer has always been the same without hesitation: orange! I remember my older sister harping on me jokingly one day – “Why orange? No one has that as their favorite color.” My answer has always been the same without hesitation: “It’s the only color you can taste.” unique (*“but what about blueberries?” ...my mind is a real fickle pickle bitch sometimes*).

Thinking about those little bluets more; have you ever seen the sheer harmony that is orange beside blue? Lavender and gold put up a stiff fight, but crimson and evergreen are too jollyeasy. When I was little, I would pair Crayola markers together as couples, imagining blue the boy and orange the girl (weren’t those the days, when you’d never heard of the gender binary that made everything so cautionary and confused?) consensual (*you haven’t been with anyone in eleven years nor allowed anyone inside of you in one point five*).

Of all the colors they could have picked for prescription bottles, translucent sienna seemed to fit the bill. Of course I’ve seen them done in other ways, but that seems to be the run of the mill image everyone pictures in their head. There are things that happen in my head requiring four little peachypink capsules a day. They sit forever eyeing me in one of those ubiquitous bottles blinking with a daily reminder that

I “have something”. defer (*we’re working on it, but we don’t talk much about the day you tried to snuff the dull static in your head completely - thirty little blues swallowed fervently with a few gulps of pulp free straight from the carton*).

Last night, I rested my face on a salt rock lamp and cried. It sits just left of center on the bureau in my bedroom, all at once calm and melancholy sailing around my room. I am not quite sure what triggered this sudden flood of tears, hitting each forever parched shard of Himalayan history, but I could feel it coming long before I could say it out loud: nostalgia (*i want to stay here forever, and already miss things not yet gone*).