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Concordia

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Concordia

Today will be wonderful.

I can see it in the sparkling grapefruit waters, in the shining tangerine skies. Look out at the inky rocks and take note of how the rays bounce off of them in a million parallel lines. Nothing could destroy this day.

I will sit with you in my glance and your dog at my feet. He'll whimper softly, and I'll lean down to run my hands through his golden locks. I absorb this day on the porch jutting out of the back of this house like the rocks jut out of the shallow ocean. This house, passed onto you from the parents you never saw, is draped in curtains the color of the skies and covered in carpeting the color of the waters. The mahogany furniture is as dark as ink, just as your parents left it. I know you think we don't belong here; I can see it in your kelly green eyes. But, we do. Sometimes, you just have to keep your back turned on the world so they won't knock you down with their cruel words and high expectations.

My back is turned on the world — or at least on your nosey neighbors. They'll stand on their kelly green grass all day sipping red wine from crystal, complaining about the riffraff that has taken over the neighborhood. They'll set tee times and lunch dates and write them in ink. They'll stuff their plans into shirts and pants that match the colors of the waters and skies, respectively, and drive away in their flashy cars at eight.

You and I — the riffraff — will stay here until dusk, sipping General Store wine coolers that match the color of the skies (but taste the color of the waters) through straws. We'll watch the sun set, just as we saw it rise, from our broken kelly green lawn chairs and ride away on rusted bicycles at midnight to a small tattoo shop down the street so you can decorate yourself in ink with dreams your parents would disapprove of.

We'll ride back to the house, while your nosey neighbors lay in their water bed wrapped in sheets the color of the waters and rest their heads on pillows the color of the skies. All the lights will be out, leaving the house as black as ink.

Maybe around three or four we'll do the same. Our heads will share a pillow the color of the waters and our bodies will be held close by a sheet the color of the skies. In the morning, my mascara will leave traces of ink under my eyes, and we'll come outside and do it all over again.

Today will be wonderful.

[*Diana Mergiotti*]