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1900-01-00

Cameron Sells

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## 3:27 AM

3:27 AM.

I'm trapped in a cloud of cheap bourbon and pine trees.  
I've wandered in this place for days or years or half an hour.  
My eyes burn with tears that ran out three beers ago.  
I was trapped in the backyard for at least seventy-seven minutes.

3:27 AM.

At some point the screen door gave way under my misguided bulk.  
The hinges cried out in agony, pleading for mercy not coming.  
I'd stolen through the darkened kitchen  
Tile catching pale strands of moonlight like ivory spaghetti.  
Warped and squiggly and infinitely beautiful.  
The bottle's neck nearly shattered in my white knuckled fist.  
There was no one there to care.

3:27 AM.

The box had been full at some time before now.  
Full of love and romance and hope and faith and trust.  
Now it was almost empty.  
It had been a secret treasure chest, now it was just a beat up shoebox.

3:27 AM.

I'd started with the letters we'd written.  
Crinkling whispers uttered a thousand miles distant  
Their melodious crumpling and tearing like a bittersweet cacophony.  
The matches snapped and sizzled in an almost erotic flash.  
My flesh came alive with the memories of kisses and embraces.  
My stomach turned to stone, my tongue to ash.  
The little flame kissed those pages with as much love as I kissed her.

3:27 AM.

I started up that bonfire and burned the bitch in blazing effigy.  
I danced around it half-crazed with fear, hate, loss, betrayal, and a  
shot of vodka.  
Ok, maybe two shots of vodka. Fine, it was the whole bottle.  
In my midnight revels, I turned again to my tinderbox, ready to spend  
the last of its fuel.  
The lumps that hung from my wrists pawed weakly at its contents.  
There was nothing left. Instantly I was sober.  
I danced a new dance, one fueled by desperation.  
Stomping on the flames fighting back the ochre tide consuming all I loved.

3:27 AM.

I saved most of one picture.  
It was all I had left and I cursed the man who first brewed  
barley and hops.  
I found more tears, hidden somewhere in my shoe or fingertips.  
I'd thought I'd cried every last one, but a flood poured out  
fresh and violent.  
I cried, wishing I hadn't made those flames rise up from Hell.  
When I used up all those tears I'd hidden, I just sobbed, cold and alone  
under the pines.  
Everything was gone except this one picture. It would have to do.  
It was all that was left.

3:28 AM.

*Cameron Sells*