

The Crayon

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It was a dewy Saturday morning. He had got back from his run and took a warm shower. After reading “The Post” and watching an hour’s worth of Fox News, he remembered that he wanted to take his suit to the dry cleaners before it closed at four.

As he went into his closet and pulled his suit out, the entire wall of suits collapsed, creating a splatter of silk and other expensive fabrics.

“Fuck,” he said.

As he piled up his suits and as he continued to clean up the mess, a green crayon that was 3/4’s of what it once was caught his eye. He dropped the suits again, fully inclined by the crayon. He slowly picked it up and stared at it for a long time. He then closed his eyes and smelt it, transported into another time. He then went up to his attic and pulled out this dusty, brown box that was stuffed in the right hand corner.

The box had a pair of white baby shoes, a few pictures and a few locks of blonde curls that were saved after a hair cut. He took out the shoes and put them against his forehead, closing his eyes- lost in transparency.

He then opened another box which had a picture of a woman smiling on the beach and two gold wedding rings in it. He surrounded himself around these two boxes, holding each of them close and resting his head against their dusty exterior.

He didn’t cry, nor did he sigh. He simply thought... He didn’t make it to the dry cleaner’s that day.