

Goodbye

By Casper Cowan

Through my rose-colored windshield, the flashing lights seem so sweet
The pink people run round and round my mom's old lemon
Oh the lemons on my backyard tree have the sweetest hue
Golden like the sun with hints of emerald green round the stem
Just the thought of their bittersweet taste on my tongue snaps me from my world of yellow back
to my pink paradise
If only my mother could see the monochrome world I find myself in
The sounds of silence ring in my ears
Too bad I can't hear the pink people yelling at my lemon
What silly little men they are to yell at a fruit but I can't be mad I'm sure yellow is brand new in
this world of red
My silence is popped by a sound on my right, I can't turn my head enough to see what it is
"AAAHHHHH" The figure shrieks louder and louder
How rude of it to interrupt my perfect little world
With its screams in my ears shaking my mind, the longer I look at the world the darker it gets
My ruby red world now crimson with anger and fright
My silly little men now burly and buff their screams unheard yet pounding in my head
My perfect yellow lemon crumpled and bent, seeping bittersweet juice on the ground
The being on my right now silenced by dread, it wriggles and struggles in vain
The dangerous lens I now look through stains my eyes with its dark hue
Pennys fill my lungs both in weight and odor
With every blink and thought in my head, a new pain or realization wakes me from my daze

Where was I coming from? Where was I going?
From that party, that's right
There we tried something new, something sweet
It was golden as my lemons with a label emerald green
Oh what a time we had on that couch, floating through songs and swimming through the stars
above my head
Friends to my left and Andy to my right, oh Andy my sweet valentine
His citrus cologne still vaguely on my mind his soft but firm voice still ringing in my ears...

Andy oh Andy it's him I know it is, the crash turned him into a feral screaming beast
Is he okay? Am I okay?
The world gets darker and darker where is it coming from?
Oh God it's him I know it is my perfect pink paradise formed from the copper scented blood of
my love

I wriggle and struggle just like the beast once did, I need to escape I need to be free
The more I move the redder it gets, the louder the sirens, the deeper the scent invades
A hand slams on my shoulder with such force I almost jump
“Shhh, keep still” he’s quiet and soft, I can hear the tears running into his mouth
My head is still firmly attached to the dash, with greater realization I can feel myself flowing out
of a gash in my head
“The blood” I groan “is it mine” I whisper, there's no question I only seek confirmation
“You’ll be okay” I can almost hear his forced smile
“Those men are getting help the ambulance is almost here” his reassurance fills my lungs and
weighs me down
My brain swirls with the thundering clatter from up the hill
Men with ladders are coming but I fear it’s too late
Like a bottle I pour merlot on the dash, I can feel it drip down and thaw my frozen feet
I wrap the car in a coat of my seeping warmth, the men outside cascade down the hill as I flow
onto the floor
With every blink, it gets harder to open, with every breath my lungs seem heavier, with every
thought my mind goes blank
Mumbling and shouting but the words are all blurred, the grip on my shoulder gets tighter as if to
pull me back
Too late I should say, or a comforting phrase to him as I fade
But all I can muster for this man that I love, one word and it’s not good enough