

Creative Writing Pieces

Resolution - Final Draft

Surrounded by resolution, beautiful resolution

Somber sky spinning above me as I stumbled over the railing

The hull of the cruise ship scraping my body as I slid forward

Splash.

Surrounded by resolution, sharper resolution —

Lightning splitting the sky above me

Squeezing my ribs, my favourite pair of dark jeans I slipped on this morning.

Elderberries – sharp and sweet – staining my Mom and my senses during afternoon tea.

The forget-me-nots my sister and I sneakily stuffed in our bag from the lobby's bouquet.

Surrounded by resolution, overpowering resolution —

Nostalgia overcoming my mind

The striking color of my boyfriend's car as he drove into my driveway for the first time

My graduation cap that I had struggled to fit, as my family smiled from afar

But tonight, it was only me

The ocean and I

The swell swallowed my body, sinking me down.

Space cadet, aegean, steel.

Sapphire, denim, St. Patrick's blue.

Savoy, berry, smalt.

Resolution.

Surrounded by resolution, final resolution –

The ocean settled my fate.

Dissonance

Clenching my fists, a red pulse surged to my temples, resting there, explosive. His silhouette advanced towards me, arms like mortar, his shadow engulfing my scrawny figure. Ginger hair, too vivid, burned against my dull features. My fists cracked against his carved, concrete jawline. Punch, after punch he didn't flinch. He didn't even blink. My knuckles split. Red, my fists red. I drew my leg. Kick after kick. Red, my joints, red—still nothing. My body fell forward, the sidewalk tearing into my thighs. Squinting, I saw it, dark red liquid drenched onto the brick wall in front of me.

Paralysis

My bedroom wall, unmoving. A stiff blanket entrapping my figure. My beating heart, alive. But my body, unmoving. The argument spills in from outside, "Melissa, stop—" Their words blur together. Homework sprawled across the floor. Light flickering against the ceiling. My room spinning out of focus. A pile of musty clothes in the corner. "The bills we can't—" A shattered canister of perfume. Scents burning my nostrils. But my body—still nothing. "Shut up, Paul!"

My chest tightens. My mind insisted everything was fine. My body would return in minutes. My nervous system, unconvinced. Palms drenched. Heart slamming. No air.

Materialization - Final Draft

The automatic sliding doors beckoned me inside as I struggled to keep the tears from falling down my face. The three red, block store letters shone its light blindingly on my face as I stumbled into the store. My hands refused to stay still. "15 minutes," I mouthed, pursing my lips together tightly, "This will only take 15 minutes." Aisle 14. Green. Liquid soap. I scanned shelf upon shelf. Rows of labels blurred together. Greens too bright, too light, too dark, just wrong. Picking objects up, putting it back down. If I thought I had found it, it appeared to be something else. Letters blurred before my eyes. "The store will be closing in 15 minutes," a robotic voice taunted, blaring from the speakers. My ears rung. My legs trembled, my knuckles gripping the cart handle until they paled. Eventually, my knees met the floor of Aisle 14, my body eventually collapsing onto the ground.

Yesterday. Tests failed, eyes ignoring my presence, smirking expressions.

My body lurched forward, my mouth agape. There in front of me, a puddle of bright green. Footsteps began to close in on me, as frantic voices circled above. In the distance, a distant wailing noise rang continuously as flashes of red and blue lights stung the corners of my vision. "Customer service needed in personal care," the robotic voice taunted. Closing my eyes, I sank into darkness.

