

Amber

by Cooper Renner

You can see, surely, how occupied I am. Busy, in other words. Would you stop my being productive? Caring? I am the marigold wheel no one can understand, the menace your grandfather warned you about. Yes, yes, that last phrase was overkill, the whole sentence a somersault beyond reality, totally out of character. It's been weeks now, I confess, weeks of chaos, a chaos so all-pervasive the air around me assumes an amber glow, and I am the mosquito slowing his pace within it. The new Pompeii. They will find me, insulate, entirely preserved, in the kitchen.

