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Category: Flash Fiction

And Then She Dropped The Urn

All at once, I fell in love with her magnetism. How she stood in the room of my mind with a hundred mirrors multiplying her reflection into infinity, occupying all my thoughts. How her smile formed a crack in that eggshell of a face, and words and colors and lines and shapes all spilled from her lips and controlled the contortions of mine. As if someone opened my brain, cut it into two hollow shells and scooped out the memories like pumpkin seeds then filled one with confetti and the other with Sriracha and shards of disco ball, and then glued the two halves together again with honey. Then she'd lean an elbow against the kitchen counter, hold it up to the light and say, "Pretty, isn't it?". And I wouldn't be able to respond because she'd hold my brain in two of those perfect mannequin hands. So I'd stand there with the cobwebs of my nerves glowing in a tangled mess inside my body. And she'd take my brain and buckle it into the passenger seat next to her while I lay on the roof of the car, wrapped tight like a Christmas tree in the glittering strands of her praise. And we'd get to the bowling alley and she'd hold my brain close to her cheek before rolling it down the center of the lane with impeccable dexterity. And it would collide straight into the wall of pins and send every one of them tumbling onto one another's bellies before a heavy rail would fall from the sky and scrape everyone off the cliff and under the ground. And a fresh set would immediately float down in perfect formation while my brain traveled through a tunnel and appeared at her side, ready to be used all over again.