

Gone With The Wind

Tuesday was the last day I saw green. I recall it vividly. I was watching one of those movies from the early fifties, the ones made right after the invention of Technicolor. I remember because those movies always made me sick the way they flaunted their lavish gowns and how every scene had to take place in front of some disgustingly electric sunset. It was like they had tapped this fantastic geyser of color and had no way of capping it, so they just let it flow, covering every bit of dialogue with the deepest purples and the most provocative reds. I felt so nauseous I had to go to bed right then and there. I woke up Wednesday to a world without green.

I have a friend who is colorblind, but it's not the same thing. He's always picking things up in the store and asking "is this yellow or purple?" He came over that morning to have breakfast. I was going to make omelets, but I couldn't find any green onions, so I made oatmeal and toast.

He turned to me, chewing on toast. "Is this hat green?" he asked. "I just bought it at the store, and it looked green, but I didn't want to ask the girl at the register."

"What hat?"

"The hat I'm wearing." His hair was matted down to his forehead and sticking up awkwardly in the back.

"You're not wearing a hat." He dropped his spoon into his oatmeal with a splat. That's when I started to worry.

I looked around the room. Somehow, I hadn't noticed the gaping hole where my dishwasher used to be. On the windowsill, red blossoms laid dying next to empty flowerpots. My neighbor trimmed invisible hedges outside my window in a lacey white bra and panties.