

Still Single

by Epiphany Ferrell

The sky wears sunset like eye-shadow and I stand here on the edge of the cliff admiring it.

I fear overcrowding.

My mother told me to cheer up, I could be working on an assembly line. I thought, what the hell does she think I'm doing? Counting steps in a parade, matching my stride to those with whom I have never, ever wanted to keep pace? It's all just a game of chess anyway, played by the bright girls and the funny boys who substitute delicious laughter for gray matter. How progressive.

"Yes, Mother, of course I'm still single. No, I haven't joined the Army. No, I'm not moving back home."

Back home. Implying there is some concept of home to which I could return. I should get off the phone. I'll just goad her into disowning me again.

