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Blue

Willard Hanson
West Virginia University

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Blue

Willard Hanson

Blue. Or red? Maybe green. Actually, I think it's magenta. If not a stealthy shade of lavender. Wait, what was that noise? Don't tell me it's making noises now. Ugh, I hope not. My head hurts enough already.

The impossible object: how long do I need to stare at it before it makes sense? Is it changing or am I changing? The specifics don't matter I suppose. Shape! I can explain its shape. Well, it'll be difficult to explain, but here I go. Okay, so it's a sphere, but not a sphere. A triangle that wants to be a trapezoid. A rectangle but without its pride. Does that make sense? Do I make sense? I promise I'm not crazy. I can say one thing: its shape tells a different story than its color. Too bad I suck at telling stories. Its color tells a story as nonsensical as reading Shakespeare in reverse. As for its shape, think *Star Wars* but without the color black. Or *Gone with the Wind* but with the raging confidence to tame a bull.

Am I too forward? Let's go backward: it's definitely not the color black. Not unless I close my eyes—I guess that's cheating though. Although when I close my eyes, I can see a picture of her. A still image of her standing there in the rain with the brightest smile across her face after stepping in a large puddle. Her laughter infectious and glowing through the downpour...

Anyway, smell! It smells of sunshine and of clouds traversing the radiant atmosphere. Its fragrance is that of a fluttering butterfly's wings. Or maybe of the way hummingbirds migrate to warmer climates, with a hint of the way flowers bloom but only before the winter. At times, it also smells of the way a waterfall sticks its landing, but with uncertainty. But at the end of the

day, it has an aroma remarkably similar to the last bright glimmer of a sunset's reflection upon the water before disappearing entirely.

It sings like rainbows and breathes life to a melody that dances in the spotlight. But not as good as the way she would sing aloud when she thought no one was listening. Not as good as the way she would blush when she turned the corner just to realize the person she was singing to was listening the whole time. Whenever it rained, her voice would light up the sky more than the sun ever could on the warmest summer's day. Whenever her favorite song played on the radio, she would always welcome the urge to dance like tomorrow had already ended and she was just living the best yesterday possible.

It feels concrete and solid. The edges are rougher than they appear to be, but that's not to say it's entirely deceiving. In some places it's incredibly smooth in the way water streams down a fountain—like how the rain would fall down her face or how my tears rolled down my cheek. In other places, it is rough to the touch, like my emotions during that last drive back. Like the front of my sedan after I rear-ended a stopped car. Like the unsteadiness of my voice as I called my family.

This thing makes less sense than my calculus class did. At least calculus teased the possibility of understanding it. I could never fault calculus though. At least it was upfront with what it was offering. Calculus made its intentions clear. Calculus wanted me to learn it. All things I took for granted in a stupid math course that didn't even know me.

Like a mute professor, a deaf musician, a blind athlete, or an illiterate philosopher—so much potential and understanding is locked away with the key given to a dead locksmith. No matter how hard I stare at this thing, I can't understand it. Regardless, it will always make more sense to me than why she left.