

Fat Tuesday

Tuesday, the day after Monday, had gained weight. Tuesday wasn't chunky, Tuesday was downright fat. And when Tuesday is fat, Sunpie's opens their door and colors float in. At the door, a greeter with Cleopatra hair and a name like a Greek God, Zog, handed out beads. There was power in the name, power in the man, but gentleness in his hands.

Zog lay a garland of beads around Audrey Rose's neck, so thick her breasts were covered and warmed with beads, tiny clinkings of movements with each step she took. Mermaids appeared with hair of blue, orange and green, sequins swimming over their bodies. A fairy sprinkled dust as fine as the sands of time on Audrey Rose's head, subtle shimmerings spinning away to lands where jokers joked and sin was forgotten for one night.

A mask of translucent white feathers covered half of Audrey Rose's face. A gold star and a royal prince looked back at her through masks of their own. A girl without any costume, without any adornments, laughed and her laugh filled the bar and melted snow from the windows.

Colored liquids poured down Audrey Rose's throat until she almost grasped some small truth about life before that truth grew wings and flew away, tangled in the four leaf clovers that grew out of the ceiling.

The God, Zog, had moved away from the door, closer to Audrey Rose and blessed her with red and gold confetti, bloodshed and wealth, a history of the world falling upon her, showering her, landing in her 1,957,336th strand of hair. The air was thick with heat, Audrey Rose danced outside into the snow.

One strand at a time, Audrey Rose stripped away her beads, decorating cars along way, because everything should have a sparkle, some color in the dead of winter where even the trunks of trees disappear into a storm of white, where stars compete with the snowy hillsides, with each snow flake that falls. The jeep with the cracked window was still parked out front. Audrey Rose chose her most beautiful strand of beads to hang over the sideview mirror.

As the music and heat of Sunpie's faded, Audrey Rose headed to the place she once called home. The hollyhocks were long dead, but a sparkle from her skirt was glued to the front door. She moved around back and climbed in the window. The curtains were different, brown instead of blue. The bed was empty.

Audrey Rose held her breath as she opened the closet door. Her pillow and blanket were still there. Audrey Rose crawled in, spread out her blanket over her and closed her eyes to rest while Tuesday slimmed down for the next year and Wednesday gently appeared.

-Do not attempt to recreate the events of Audrey Rose's life. They will result in internal and/or external death or at the very least a yeast infection. -