

Snow Alone

by: E Geist

idea/argument: Canada's "genrature" deserves equal billing within that staid Canadian literary canon.

The snow is crunching beneath his feet; the sun is blinding above his head. There is no wind. His ears attune to his every breath. His every step. The silence is tranquil. He hears nothing, but feels the maelstrom bursting his gut. He tastes the acid bile. It's rising and ready to explode.



Every encrusted footprint he leaves behind, tranquility vanishes. Peace is always momentary.

Only he is allowed to enter the perimeter. Alone. The spectators gawk from their perch. The first responders and the culturocracy. Canada's minds. An odd amalgam of the curious. He doesn't look. His job is to assess the mess, not manage the minds. *Assess the mess. Assess the mess.* His only political quirk. They are the words he tells his son daily when queried about his job. "I assessed the mess," he says and his son is happy and content. His son thinks him some recycling god on a mission to fix the garbage dilemma. And with some guilty pleasure he hears the twisted truth behind the lies he tells his son. The semantic truth is better than blatant deception. He is responsible for the criminous garbage that is sludging up the country's arteries. He will tell his son one day. One day when our original sin doesn't poison us from within. One day when the pimps, politicians, hookers, hustlers, rapists, junkies, and serial killers clogging up our communal intestinal tract are enema-ized. One day, never. Today, the truth is for the movies. It smells better.

The crunching snow is changing tempo. The clean path is now broken. His feet feel the contrast. He knows he's getting closer. His objective is within meters. He stops, looks down, and glimpses the edge of red staining the white. He abhors and adores this moment. Every scene a unique, ghoulish masterpiece; every scene a subconscious polaroid imprinting his brain and forever haunting his mind. One more step and his feet rim the edge of red. He sees It. The body. His reason. The bloody frame is shaped as a maple leaf; the body contorted to form the veins. A picaresque Canadiana yarn. This is no more redemptive utopia of the North.

LEGEND

device/pattern/vocabulary	example from text
anti-thesis sentence	The snow is crunching beneath his feet; the sun is blinding above his head.
simple sentence	Peace is momentary.
anaphora sentence, alliteration, metaphor	One day when our original sin doesn't poison us from within. One day when the pimps, politicians, hookers, hustlers, rapists, junkies, and serial killers clogging up our communal intestinal tract are enema-ized. One day, never.
new word	yarn, culturocracy