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Rain

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Author Bio

Geoff Calver was born June 14, 1985 in Fribourg, Switzerland to two Canadian parents, thus making him a true maple-leaf toting Canuck. He fell in love with writing at the age of six when he read *The Art of War*. At age nine he befriended fellow French Canadian Jack Kerouac, as well as Allen Ginsberg, and Neal Cassady, subsequently he got himself into some trouble in Haight- Ashbury. In 2004 he began attending Gettysburg College. He is majoring in Writing the Narrative, a self-created major, and is a proud editor of the Mercury fiction section, he is also a frequent editorial writer for the Gettysburgian in the gonzo tradition of the late Hunter S. Thompson. He hopes to someday meet Ryan Adams and would like to travel the world, taste many exotic foods, and write about his experiences.

Rain

Torrential rains flooded the streets as I slammed yellow cab door. Walked away. Fragments of raindrops shattered onto the concrete. The resounding echo was something like a shotgun blast. Streams pooled into ponds. Which lead to creeks. Lakes. Rivers and oceans.

It takes a man minutes to drown, how long does it take an ant?

The ground trembled as the cab taxied its way down the avenue. Weeds grew in the cracks along the sidewalk. A man begged on a stoop. The doorman shooed him away. On the third floor a woman called out to Henry, and Henry kept walking.

Footsteps were quiet. The ground absorbed them, drowned them out with a cacophonous rain. I reached into a pocket and grasped a coin. Rolled it on my fingers. Felt the ridges sliding against the ghostly layer of skin. Steam poured out of a conduit. A bird wrestled with the air overhead.

In a corner of an apartment window there sat a sunflower. It lay wilting in the gloom. It swept around me. Wrestled with my hair. Behind the marble walls and shining smiles there lay deception.

She had peach eyes. She was somewhere overhead. She was flaying into some guy. Screaming his name. She was curled in his arms. Her cigarette was out. She poured a drink. Vodka. On the rocks. She grimaced as it coursed its way down her throat.

I clenched the coin tight. Wanted to break every one of my fingers. And in the silence I would scream. Everyone might turn. And look. And wonder what the hell my problem was. And keep on going with their lives.

The coin could be a bottlecap. And it would slice into my knuckles without shame.

I could see her everywhere. Not only in the window. Where she stood, naked, touching herself, feeling. She was the businessmen marching forward, their mouths slightly agape. Briefcases in hand. Their heads down. Shoulders thrown up and out. She was the children playing in the puddles. She was a flower reaching towards the hidden sun. She was the women, carrying their umbrellas in their hands. With pink dresses on and pink lipstick.

She was a brief whisper in the wind that danced around my legs. She was the sound of a million feet slouching through the rain-soaked streets. She was lightning cracking across the sky. And the Muslim prayers emanating from a cab. She was everywhere.

She was in the lighter in my pockets. The hands that felt cold metal and flak. She was in the cigarettes and coupons. Chapstick and keys. Dollar bills and pens. She was in the barrel of the gun. I put it to my mouth and pulled the trigger. And in the ensuing carnage, no one diverted their course. They were too busy with their own worries and thoughts in their heads. It occurred to me then, that I would have done the same.