

Gods Alive Just Forgotten

Thank God It's Friday. End of a long week at work. Roy was focused forward to winding up to Whistler for a couple of days winding down skiing. The weather forecast in his head was all sunshine, light snow, cold & clear.

The skis he'd bought-- with his retainer for defending that goof with a gun-- were itching to ignite & he was a twitching spark.

He needed to vamoose from Vancouver. The city was closing in on him like a fly caught in a web. He needed a release, some space to squeal. A chance to clear his mind, let loose all those thoughts in his head. Whistler-- the halo'd home of the 2010 olympics—had the height to do the trick.

Leaving the sterile stale air of his lawyers office everyone wished him well, 'don't do anything I wouldn't do,' 'Yea Yea, Ha Ha.' His legal eagle sharp intuition knowing its all only a false front. Anyone here would stick a sewing needle in his eye at any hint of weakness. Especially that dangerous Delila she was right out of the bible.

He took the elevator down the eleven floors. It took forever seemingly stopping at every button. He was first out the door not waiting to be polite & made his way through the lobby out onto the sobering sidewalk. Heading straight north up Burrard. Cars, taxis & trucks whizzing unwittingly by.

It was dusk *** dusty. The temperate ocean breeze stirring up the excessive excrement we call exhaust. Road traffic was like a cattle drive. The sidewalk was full of cowboys without horses. Everyone heading home. Roy fastened his spurs & jumped on in. Yippee ki oh kai ay.

Roy lived downtown. An urban cave dweller. His was only a five-block trek to his den. It was so close he did it in a daze. So routine, his way of walking was like a roving robot.

He was picking up his pace tonight, eager to exit this town, get this party started. Get home, already packed. Leaping down the three flights of stairs, two at a time, to the Jeep-- waiting expectantly in the sour stench of underground parking—get in start it up & hit the road. He'd have his dinner in Whistler, at the party pub the

rowdy Longhorn Bar. His regular spot when he was looking for rest, relaxation & a place to let loose. Maybe pick up a hamburger at MacDonalds on the way out of town for the drive. All planning like a memo spinning humming in his head thinking as he walked.

There was a grey-dull sheen coloring the air as he walked amongst the horde. Remnants of a setting sun squeaking through concrete towers. Like some giant from beyond peaking in. Shards of sprinkling twinkle meshed with the gritty grime of the city smothering the dusk. Knitting a sparkling dull grey friday night trance for those on the prance.

Roy was bustling up Burrard, giants glaring gaze, black & blue at his back. Crowding out his spidey sense. His intention taking him directly across Georgia Street. The main east west thorough fare of this the emerald city.

He figured he'd give a last-minute call, on his cell, to the hotel to let them know what time he'd be in. Not bothering to slow down he could do it on the fly. He was a multi task master, his mind always on the go. There was never to many decisions to be made.

As he was looking down at the cell phone pulling up the hotel app, the traffic light up ahead on Burrard—unnoticed-- changed to red. The traffic control on Georgia- in immediate response-- glared green.

All the walkers had started slowing down & were stopping. Roy was oblivious, 'Hello, this is Roy Dewey . . . ', he said raising the cell to his ear.

The UPS driver was on Georgia heading west, intent on making the green light up ahead, trying to time it at maximum speed. Passing right through the Georgia & Burrard intersection. Right through the route--- where Roy was presently focusing on telling the receptionist at the hotel that he would be there around eight, not to late.

The UPS driver sped up just a touch as he saw his light up ahead on Georgia turn green. He'd timed it just right & pressed down on the accelerator ever so gently.

The scourge & speed of our life swirling like a tasselled umbrella. Scent & sounds of a human race just trying to keep pace. Attention to detail a thing of the past.

Everybody in a race to the end without faith. Our characters of Roy & the UPS driver on an undocumented synchronistic course.

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Perhaps it was that final flash of sun dying down, draining the light, changing the bright. Or that unhealthy cough from the contagious poor soul begging for change sitting against the wall. His simple sign saying please help.

Something startled Roy, he looked up abruptly from his phone as he stepped off the curb, just as he was saying, see you soon, to the flirty voiced hotel host at the hotel.

His full six-foot frame froze as a mime pushing against a wall --- in that moment of silence which fills the void between tic & toc --- he stared like stone into the headlights of a three-ton UPS parcel van bearing down on him going much too fast. Roy had missed all the signs, was this to be his last. Time had long since past.

But No!!!

A solid—previously pragmatically renounced force-- forced Roy back. A whisper of wind swept by like a butterfly. The van careened close --- missed him by a whisker. The UPS driver relieved he made the light. Never seeing the fright or acknowledging he might have just been party to a taking a life.

‘Jesus Christ,’ Roy screamed in his head, tottering like a drunk on the curb. His heart was soundly heard, solidly pounding through his chest. He stood distraught & distorted,

‘Oh God,’ he gasped, as if in prayer. Growling for air long lost, head bent down trying to catch his mind back to a place here on earth.

Amen. . . said a-- hereto silent-- voice sharply in his head. All this time you thought I was dead.

The end