

Firecracker
by Alvaro Escobedo

You sit on your desk, minding your business suddenly you hear a loud boom. What could be making that sound you ask? You look out the window and see the sparks. The neighbors have once more climbed the parking structure and set fire to the sky. At first you are excited then you are annoyed. This is the third time this week.

Tonight is a rather windy night.

You return to your desk and try to make sense of the situation, only now you cannot concentrate. There is nothing you can do and just when you think you have grown accustomed to the sounds you hear the sirens. You let out a sigh as your train of thought once more derails. The neighbors now scatter like the sparks that once flew. Maybe I can finally do my work you say.

There is a glow on the horizon.

One second you see the quadratic formula the next you blink and it's gone. No, you have not gone to sleep, the lights have flickered and died.

A cable must have snapped.

You grow impatient, but that is not the only thing growing. As you string up your fairy lights you realize the situation is helpless and you need more light. You go to sleep.

The neighbors are gone, but the sirens are back.

You wake up confused and wonder why? It is still so dark, but you can see the sun. How can that be you ask it is three in the morning? Soon you realize what you see is not the sun, but the mountains for the fire that once burned with such beauty and color now burns with such hunger.