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## Drunk on Canadian Pride

I can still feel the ghost of her arms around me as I watch her stumble through the front door of my eggshell-colored house; she's a complete mess. Tripping over her own feet, the apologies that flow out of her mouth are worthless to me right now as she starts to climb the dingy and rough carpeted stairs. Her curled hair is tangled and her midnight-blue mascara is running down her rosy cheeks as she's trying to converse with me. I'm not really there; I'm on the bitter front steps in the middle of the night, silently thinking. I can see the stain on the front of the Canadian flag she pinned into a shirt, much like the color of faded cinnamon, where alcohol had dripped sloppily down her front while she tried to drink earlier in the evening.

Before arriving at my house, we had been downtown in a thick sea of red and white covered bodies. Everywhere I turned, I saw people either screaming or singing along with a beat that was all their own. Together we walked amongst them, trying not to get separated by the large masses. Now, thinking to myself, It would have been much more desirable if we had been disentangled in the beginning. Every so often she takes small sips from her opaque water bottle, filled with something that a police officer would be required to confiscate.

Hours pass, as the sky slowly turns from oceanic blues to dark stallion blacks. The moon shines above the bustling city, but no stars can be seen with the tremendous amount of bright, glowing lights surrounding us. Every time I turn to her and attempt to hold a decent conversation, I can't bare to hear her speak in a combination of slurs and inaudible mumbles. She begins to tumble down and lose control, of both her body and her mind. Brain cells fall out of her extremities with every mouthful of alcohol she swallows, and there's no stopping it.

The fireworks start in celebration of our great country, hundreds of people stare in awe at the colored sky, but I can't seem to wrap my head around more than the job at hand. She's running around on the dark paved streets in excitement, it didn't even cross her feeble, compromised mind that somebody could pick her up and take her home. Trying to keep her safe and close to me seemed like a hopeless task, with the way she was acting. When the crashing of fire flowers overhead died, the crowd started moving toward the ad-infested city buses like a pack of red and white wolves moving in on their vulnerable prey.

Since it didn't seem as if we would be getting back home by city transit any time soon, I pulled us out of the way to higher ground in this concrete jungle. The animals below us began to growl menacingly, prowling below us to mark their territory. While on the phone, I could hardly make out the voice on the end of the line through the noise and commotions around us; I'm sure I saw blood. Knowing that somebody was coming for us, I could focus more easily on lying to her through my clenched teeth.

My jaw goes stiff and my body ridged whenever she asks me if I'm okay; I want to yell at her vigorously. The hurt flows through my veins like a vicious poison, inhibiting every red stream that branches off throughout my body. I want her to feel what I'm feeling, but I know she'll never comprehend, not even when she's free of the inebriated binds that she's placed on herself tonight. She tries to wrap her arms around me to apologize for the things she had done; I stay rooted to the spot, unmoving.