

Ryan Listens to Midwest Emo

By Morpheus Shield

Ryan listens to Midwest emo. His mom died a few weeks ago. It's all that makes sense to him anymore.

He wears things that are comfortable now, anything that hides him, really. Hair pokes his eyes but he can't be bothered to get a trim.

He meets with the other boys every night. They've been doing it since school let out. Hot nights are spent running through blackened streets and sweating out all those poisonous thoughts.

"Let's climb it." TJ always had the best ideas. No mountains were unscalable before him. That's how they ended up in the school.

Mold and mildew reeks, but their weed is way louder. Ryan is really good at drawing goblins now. He's been doing it since May. "It's perfect," Cydni said. "But it could use more red." and she was totally right.

"I found the ladder!" John hollered. Now they're on the roof. Towns can look so small when you know them. Mom spent her whole life here. She must have been suffocating.

Strange how home can be a prison, how halls can become cemeteries. Everyone can love you, but that doesn't matter. Love doesn't feed you. You can walk without it. "Are you ok?" TJ can read him like a book.

Ryan wipes his eyes and brushes him off. Must be the dust. Stars wiggle like fish through those teary eyes. He wondered if there was anything up there, or if anyone was looking back. What would that even mean?

“Let Ryan choose the music!” The speaker was out now, the heat was on. Thoughts sought something cool, something danceable. It was like he’d never heard music before. Time is slipping by. The silence is mounting...

Ryan listens to Midwest emo. He wonders if things will ever make sense again.