

EFFLEURER

FICTION

Greyson Thomas

It's nice speeding down the Mediterranean coast in a classic convertible—even better when the ride's painted dandelion green and the roof is dropped, and the driver's lemon nails look immaculate. Her floral outfit, rose gold colored cat eye shades, and chiffon hijab rippled in the wine-brushed wind as her smile reached her ears, baring her teeth in an obvious state of excitement. On the center armrest sat her blade-wielding, rough-skinned cane toad, named Green Sugar, adorned in matching headwear and orange-sweet perfume; the world seemed such
a precious little thing.

At the seaside, sporting scenes of circular waves and the smell of seafoam, stood a man dressed to kill in his crimson suit and tie; his baby blue turban matched the waters behind him. Green Sugar's driver only slowed down a little and began ripping donuts around the man as he lit a cigarette and looked to the horizon, fighting a smile, tobacco smoke escaping from between his lips. The smell of burning rubber, and the smoke tornado didn't seem to bother him much. The car screeched to a halt, and she stepped out, giggling. Her lipstick was bright red and probably tasted like strawberries. She stood next to her car with the door open. Green Sugar was making his little toad noises, as toads do. The woman tore off her sunglasses, struck a pose, and blew the man a kiss. Had this been a movie, this would have been the part where the camera zoomed in on her lavender eyes as she asked,

“Am I yours?”

She winked at him, showcasing her mascara, shining like gold. “Mhm...” the man said, as he walked towards her, putting out his cigarette on the asphalt. He extended his arm forward with his hand in a fist. Then, his fingers outstretched with his palm facing down to the asphalt, a silver link chain fell from between his fingers, hanging from his knuckles. At the end of the chain was a silver rose flower—it continued to sway after its fall. He must have sprayed it with something; its scent probably made the woman think of bluebells.

He arrived to her, and she couldn't help but blush tulips. As they embraced each other firmly, she was enshrouded with feelings of hiraeth, and the desire for the future to stay far, far away.

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