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## Simply existing

Christopher Hanson

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# Simply existing

the offer presented itself, draped in magic & mystery. beige-bulbed heads danced around on white stems for legs. the three of us, a ragtag team, ground up these tiny dancers into a fine, white powder. the recipe called for avocados, mangoes, pineapple, dairy-free milk, & eight (8) grams of this dust that has been kissed by nymphs.

there she was, sitting on the couch, looking at the green blend that sits at the bottom of her mug. there she was with her anime eyes, pale blonde hair & dark roots that match mine. I finished my potion in a matter of minutes while she fiddled with hers. there was ambient noise coming from open windows letting the sounds of the city drown out the hushed sips.

*I'm finished*, I decided to break our silence. she looks at me with subtle shock, so I giggle a bit at her reaction & she follows.

we hear the distant rummaging of our friend upstairs, collecting belongings we will need for our journey: a pinnacle point, the peak of the mountain, that we will have to find balance upon; teetering on the highest point, equally beautiful & terrifying.

*let's go*, they said, entering the room with a backpack filled to its brim, standing in the threshold to the living room we sat in, wearing a jumpsuit & the widest grin.

we set our empty mugs in the empty sink. we always moved quickly, one thing after the other. our stomachs were hollow, too, besides the single cup of green juice. food for thought kept us afloat, until the letter s started f

all

In g the

off

page.

## less talking, more looking at the sky

watching things unfold, simply existing, endless unraveling. I watched layers peel away from my body: the topcoat of traditional clothing, then the intangible shell of the ego. shedding the skins of a serpent, crawling away from my human existence, breaking free from a chrysalis.

walking a familiar path lined with evergreen trees, my bare feet pressing into each pine needle, every fallen leaf. a calm, spring breeze brought us to the end of the trail.

seeing signs in the sky, messages in the clouds, patterns in the grass we decided to lay upon, watching the ground under us breath. it seemed as everything began melting – worries, fear, guilt, lyrics that demons always sing.

then, my eye began to open:  
the beauty in morality; the disguise of demons; the endless wandering, pondering, getting lost in introspective silence; the calling to service; the ticking clock that strikes midnight; the love that I have for people I once resented; the companionship of strangers, the gift of guardian angels; blessings bestowed upon us by God; the unanswered questions that we will not achieve until we untether from our physical forms.

this was not the end of our journey, only the beginning.

## About Christopher Hanson

Christopher is an undergraduate student at the University of North Dakota with a major in Communication Studies, a minor in Sociology, and a certificate in Writing & Editing. He is planning to graduate in December of 2020, and hopes to spend the remainder of his life writing, exploring, & experiencing.