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Come What May

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Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"Powdery horizons emerge at dawn as the heaven's pale, fuchsia skies sparkle timidly against the splintered, charred remains of my life, blending murky grays with budding blues. The dwindling clamor of helmets and oxygen tanks give way to the hungry cries of baby robins nestled safely in the tree above. Sirens and walkie-talkies whispered in the distance -- I'm alone now."

Cover Page Footnote

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COME WHAT MAY

BY SELENA COCHRAN

Powdery horizons emerge at dawn as the heaven's pale, fuchsia skies sparkle timidly against the splintered, charred remains of my life, blending murky grays with budding blues. The dwindling clamor of helmets and oxygen tanks give way to the hungry cries of baby robins nestled safely in the tree above. Sirens and walkie-talkies whispered in the distance—I'm alone now.

It's cold in this place—empty. The smell of old, musty rock and burnished metal, lend credence to the longevity of granite and earth. I wonder how many dreams are buried here amid the blackened ruins. How many I'm sorrys cry out from the smoldering earth below, never to redeem the depraved in spirit or pacify the guilty conscious? How many, I wonder, belong to me?

It's dark in this place—barren in this place; yet, I'm still here, standing, inhaling, and searching the debris for signs of my existence—I find none. Anguished tears streak my face. Am I dead or alive?