

Two Flash Fictions

Abigail Petersen

The City Dust Angels

The painter dipped his brush into the oils, casting his gaze to her gently perched against the windowsill. She must have fallen asleep because her eyes were closed as she slowly sunk against the pillows. The city shone behind her. The city, where anyone could be anyone. He put the brush to the canvas, his touch deliberate against her stomach, then her shoulders, coloring in the details of every vein. He knew this was fleeting. Both chased dreams in the big city that the other could never comprehend.

There was no space for another.

The city lights cast her in a golden hue, a halo adorning her crown. He quickly moved to capture it, his hands the only medium that could. This would be his big break. Everyone would ask him about the angel amongst the city that never sleeps, his name signed at the bottom.

Another brush stroke, and he took a second to stare at her again. Her sternness had melted away to something childlike. For a moment, he forgot she was twenty-five, almost too old for the modeling scene.

He put down his brush and made his way to her. He put a hand

against her cheek to wake her. She was cold as porcelain. It began to crack under his fingers.

He held her gently in his hands as it crumbled before him, this once living girl who laughed at his jokes now the dust on his floor.

Concrete Parachute

Every path leads somewhere, even if it is a dead end. You stare, standing on top of the highest building here. You step a foot off the edge to feel the wind encapsulate you, holding you in space and time. Another step and you would fly. The way your siblings did. The way your mother did before the culling.

Eyes closed, you begin to lift the other foot, the silhouette of a dancer accompanying you on the next building.

You feel them. A heavy weight on your back as you tip forward, the wind rushing past you as you begin to fall, a rock against a stream. They have always been a part of you, but now you desperately want them to work. To prove you are more.

Distantly, you hear church bells ring out. You watch as people begin to flood the streets, released from their prayers only to find something new to pray about as their eyes turn upward.

You fall, a ritual in itself as the world spins and twirls around you. For a moment, you are flying: dizzily, hastily, and out of control, your reflection wobbling and blurry in the stained-glass windows.

A space has been made for your landing, and you barrel toward it. You wonder if your creator envisioned this as your demise? You, who guarded this place fervently. You, who held on longer than the others as the sun and rain beat down on you.

Her devout worshippers stare, hands guarding their eyes from the sun.

You shatter against the cement, chunks of rock and concrete skittering down the sidewalk.

A young man will sweep up the remains and store them with the others. Gently, he touches what is left of your wings and wonders what it feels like to fly.

Abby Petersen is a third-year law student. She enjoys playing wild west games, reading, writing, and hanging out with her cat, Ash.