

On Brooding

Sarah Golden

After much consideration and rigorous testing, I have come to the conclusion that

It is sort of difficult to brood when you are an accountant.

For artists, of course, brooding comes quite naturally.

They can unleash their restlessness onto a canvas,

Or a sheet of paper,

Or perhaps a formless lump of clay,

Poking and prodding until the flame is

Tangible, visible to the naked eye.

Musicians can brood, quite easily I think.

Especially those with a knack for composition

Fervently scribbling stanzas and motifs

Until rewarded at last with something that sounds the way their passion feels:

Particularly dismal, or perhaps, even bordering on villainous.

Something that would make others question if

Perhaps you had indeed sold your soul to create such a piece.

Athletes can brood, though you may not have thought they could.

Repetition after repetition, set after set, day after day
Until the dull ache is the same both outside and in
Gnawing away with a hunger that matches their own stomach.
After all, the best way to fuel the fire of ferocity
Is with kindling made of brooding thoughts.

Poets, I believe, have the easiest time with brooding.
There is no better pastime suited to a poet
Than to brood about one thing or another
And then to try a million times to aptly put
Their findings to words.
Poe was certainly a brooder, and Dickinson especially
And Frost and all the other greats
Brooders, the lot of them.

Accountants, however, cannot brood.
If an accountant were particularly plagued by
That which is dark and dreary
I can hardly imagine him opening up
A spreadsheet file with which to vent his feelings
Perhaps he would create a macro filled with hatred
To execute only the most sadistic of code,
Or maybe, organize a database with malicious
Intent guiding his keystrokes.
Maybe he would create a chart or graph with an angry color scheme
All reds and blacks, and bold, large, angry fonts.

Or, perhaps, he would simply bottle it all up.
He would not open a spreadsheet.
He would continue about his day.
Silently smoldering.
Lying.
In wait.
Waiting until the late hours of the day
Or even the earliest hours of the morning
(the perfect time to brood).

And then

He would turn to art, to dance, to written word, to spoken verse, to
song,
Whatever his choice of medium.
Crafting a work filled with (at least)
A days' worth of melancholy.
Perhaps even weeks, months, years,
All repressed until this singular moment
When that bottle is finally uncorked
Unleashed
And flows
Finally
Freely
Out

Sarah Golden is a junior majoring in accounting, with plans to pursue her master's of accountancy and CPA after graduation. In the rare instance where she isn't running from one of her many Dungeons & Dragons games to the next, she enjoys collecting uniquely shaped earrings, playing board games, and making her roommates' cat regret waking her up too early.