Sea Breezes of Switzerland

Victoria Blevins
He sat alone, like he always did, with a paintbrush in his hand, teetering on the skin between his thumb and forefinger. The diluted paint dripped and the droplets collided with his egg-white canvas. An envelope postmarked from Switzerland lay on the table beside him. Every number had been scratched out by his pen except the postal code, 1754. “There isn’t much to say,” she wrote. “But here’s the recipe from my aunt, the one you liked. Don’t forget to clean the gutters on the front side of the garage.” Signed with just her name, emotionless and more distant than the three thousand miles between them. Simply, Marci. She left for the natural, immaculate landscape, and the ocean mist that lingers on your lips even after you’ve gone inside. At least that’s what she had said she wanted. It’s a shame there are no coasts in Switzerland. She surrounded herself with good intentions. He classified himself as never good enough, while surrounding himself with filthy gutters and premature art.