2012

FDR Memorial

Casey Fuller
Concordia University-Portland

Follow this and additional works at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Fuller, Casey (2012) "FDR Memorial," The Promethean: Vol. 20 : Iss. 1 , Article 34.
Available at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol20/iss1/34

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by CU Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Promethean by an authorized administrator of CU Commons. For more information, please contact libraryadmin@cu-portland.edu.
him. I went to counseling for a while, and it helped, but after a while I roadblocked and didn't process anything. Six months ago, I wrote a mini-memoir about him in a much more compelling format than the present one, and I thought a curtain had fallen; I'd finished my mourning and I was ready to get back to living.

But two weeks ago, I realized that I'm still pretty badly fucked. I close my eyes and I see his body swaying over the river, his neck snapped, the rope wrapped tight around his throat, his body dangling like a motherfucking noodle, limp and cold and white. I never saw his body after the incident; but my imagination, usually stagnant, is pretty fucking vivid in this respect.

Jesus tells us, “Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” But I can't give my pain to God. I point blank refused in the middle of a prayer. “I'm not ready to give this to you Lord. I need to hang on to it. This is my pain! It's tearing me to hell, driving me to sin, and frelling with my mind, but I can't let it go.”

The truth is, deep in my heart, I wish that I had died instead of Sam. I wish to God that I had. God had a different will, but there it is. Thinking about Sam brings me so much damn pain. I don't know how to process it, I can't figure out what to make of it, so I just don't think about it. I lock it away like an old-fashioned fool, and I do my damn best not to bring it up.

But a shadow and a threat has been growing in my mind, and it came to light two weeks ago. By ignoring Sam's memory, my brain has started to delete it. When I try to think about him, memories don't float to the surface. They stay trapped under the ice. It's hard for me to remember the adventures we went on together, and we spent eighteen years embarking upon them!

That is unacceptable.

I must not forget Sam's life. I must not cease living because I'm too damn frightened to face my horror.

The only thing more horrifying than the image of Sam's body blowing in the wind is the thought of forgetting that image. So I watch *Friends.*

**FDR Memorial**

*Casey Fuller*

Before they were statues; before they were shadows; before there was a wall and a sidewalk and a door;

before promises were made and they looked to a future; before they were four men from small towns and one from Chicago;

before there was a Chicago and the trains that brought them; before they thought of being brought and before they thought of anywhere;

before they were men instead of statues and before they were bronzed; before they were photos a sculptor used to work from and before they seemed similar and could simply be called poor; before they could be summed up and described on this paper; before they had boots, before they had hats, before they had their hands in their pockets and arms—they were just men, without a history, lost, waiting forever to fall into line.