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Actualities

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I am the gravedigger. Well, at least that is what I have been told. “The world is a shallow grave, and I am gravedigger.” That is always what my alcoholic grandfather told me. I was given a “gift” ... a gift from whom? It is certainly not from God, or is it “the curse of Job?” “He never gives you anything that you cannot handle,” says my mother through the weeping willow of my dreams. Through her words the willow still weeps however. It weeps stronger through the mist that is portrayed on foggy nights ... the foggy nights of death.

“Does death smell?” I said as I entered the tomb of my grandfather’s spirit. His gay laugh answered my question as the tears rolled down his face. Thus the gaiety heard in his voice was an illusion, an illusion that fooled many. The illusion heard through his laughter was the last piece to the complicated puzzle. He replied by lighting the match over my father’s grave.

This thought trembled throughout my body, but what exactly did that mean? I was thinking in the wrong tones, yet I couldn’t get myself to think in the tones of adulthood. Every time I would look in a mirror, I would see the age of innocence. The age from which I was a child, and everything was pure, and nothing was raw.

I am the gravedigger, the gravedigger of souls. Though mine may be misplaced, I find my solace through others. Through their pain may I grow to reach heights that nobody has achieved. The disposition of others is my only refuge, and I do make my living off of it. Though it may seem sick and twisted to you, I am the one that saves yourself from eating yourself alive. I lead you in the direction that matters, a direction that goes beyond the voices of others. I am the champion in disguise ... but my race does not matter to you. I may lag behind, but my endurance will always make me the leader. The thought of that leaves a sour taste in your mouth ... a taste that does not go away.

The incense leaves a heavy emanation in your charisma, a certain haze that does not disintegrate your body and soul. Your drunkenness, not just by liquor, penetrates through your pores, and exceeds the decency of all individuals. You are primitive in your actions, and are at a loss in society.

You could not believe that I was capable of saying such things. We had been bonded together, and yet the safety and reliance that you used to see in my eyes was no longer there. The gravedigger had spoken. At that moment the emptiness that you felt would never be fully restored. There would always be a gap between the past and the future. A bridge had burned, and present time seemed to have been the match. Purity was lost, and it would never be restored. The virginity of our relationship had just turned red with deceit and salt-stained tears.

The red was hidden through the white powder flowing through your veins. Your life was slowly being taken away by a syringe. You were never one to be taken control of without a fight, yet willingly you were feeding the devil in your soul. It talked to you every moment that it had, and the struggle that I expected had vacated from your soul. Every part of you was of pure mortality. The angelic spirit that you once had was now absent, never to return.

I am the gravedigger I say as I stand over your grave. The humidity beats down upon my neck in the sweltering heat, and the oak that you are hidden beneath doesn’t decontaminate your body and soul. You confide in me, and rely on me to decontaminate your body and soul. Your drunkenness, not just by liquor, penetrates through your pores, and exceeds the decency of all individuals. You are primitive in your actions, and are at a loss in society.

You gave me the look of purity that I longed for from you, the look of hope, and you say, “No, I am the gravedigger.”