man with hat

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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 through his laughter was the last piece to the complicated puzzle. He replied by lighting the match over my father's grave .

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.

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.

The incense leaves a heavy emanation in your charisma, a certain haze that does not disintegrate. It becomes a burden that is also present in your dreams. Perhaps they are not nightmares, but they hold a certain truth that does not digest well with you. This is when you turn to me with salty tears in your eyes, and a weight on your soul. Supposedly I am the cure that invades your essence . . . the pill of spiritual satisfaction.

As I said before to your shadow on the wall, "I am the gravedigger." You think that I am your absolute comfort in your time of need, yet you are deceived. Who do you turn to in your time of need? "Deception," I said, "comes throughout all of the senses, even those that your subconscious owns. However, you are not the one to live by the ways of the unknown. You must try everything once." You shake your head in disbelief as if I am being sarcastic. Yet, you know the difference between raw honesty and my sardonic tones.

"It is not that I have to try everything once," you replied, "but I cannot stop my actions. They are a part of me, and that part is so determined to take care of my every want and need." The wry grin on my face disturbed you enough to look at me with fear. You did not want me to reply, yet you could not keep yourself from wondering what brilliant information I had to give. "You are the epitome of disturbing behavior. I see your writhing body stricken on the kitchen floor. Yet you are still determined to tell me that you are under control, and yet if you do have a problem, that it is not mine. 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 could not believe that I was capable of saying such things. We had 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 contaminate your body and soul . 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.

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."