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Kevin's Room

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I Wish I Was Your Harbor

I wish I was your harbor, there where you rest.
I wish I was your boatswain, to help pass the tumult's test.
I wish I was your cannon, to defend you strong and sure.
I wish I was your hull, to wrap around your curves.
I wish I was your patron, to aid you in your quest.
I wish I was your sovereign, to share in your success.
I wish I was your rudder, to be fixed by your command.
I wish I was your wheel, to be held within your hands.
I wish I was your current, to steady and give you drift.
I wish I was your watchman, faithful to my shift.
I wish I was your starboard, much more than just your right.
I wish I was your dawn, to melt away the night.
I wish I was your moon, to keep vigil at vulnerable times.
I wish I was your sun, to see your joy at my shine.
I wish I was your wind, to drive you glad and fast.
I wish I was your stars, winking at you fore and aft.
I wish I was your maiden, to wait with tough tenacity.
I wish I was your mother, to hope you would hold fast with me.
I wish I was your father, proud of your travels and gall.
I wish I was your artisan, to paint your beauty, scars and all.
I wish I was your port, to be seen as all that's left.
I wish I was your destination, the reason for your quest.
I wish I was your hope at home, to bring a smile to you.
I wish I was your religion, the structure of your truths.
I wish I was your lover, yearning with expectancy.
I wish I was your life, to find the best in me.

Kje/A/kire

Kevin's Room

I walked in his room, and there were only the two of us. He lay quietly, tubes and machines mangled into complicated meanings of life or death. His tan skin had vanished; it was now dusted like pasty white dough. I wondered if I was looking at death.

"Hey, bud, how are you feeling today?"

"My lungs feel heavy."

"Does it hurt?" I asked.

"Sometimes. The doctors are debating whether or not to give me a breathing tube. If they decide to, I won't be able to talk."

I am afraid I will forget his voice. What do you do when you forget your best friend's voice? His words provide density to my life. I grabbed onto the moments we spent talking to each other. He always had a way of lifting my spirit when I felt down. I didn't want to lose that gift.

He never admitted or complained about his pain. Suddenly, I felt suffocated, smothered at the thought of not being able to hear his voice.

Reality hit me like a breaking dam flooding a town of unsuspecting people. Impotent to help his immune system, I stood back and prayed for his battle to be conquered. Why did God choose him? No one wants to believe a person could die from something as simple as second-hand smoke.

"Oh, he had weak lungs," the doctors would say. People said his case was isolated, but just how isolated is it? Millions of children each year are raised in homes inhaling smoke, breathing polluted air. As if the world doesn't have enough pollution to breathe. Could society call smoking a form of child abuse?

Hours later, I arrived back at the hospital and heard an unfamiliar sound, like a cat hissing. I was afraid to look around the curtain.

"Kevin, can I come in?" I didn't hear him answer. I peeked around the corner. His mouth was shielded from the polluted air. "Kevin, are you awake?" Two weary eyes slowly opened. I feared I wouldn't be able to talk to him. His eyes told me everything. I could do nothing. I scrambled to find any kind of solution. Why is this happening to a person who deserves so much more? My heart was a whirlpool of emotions; I didn't know what to feel. Confusion. Sadness. Guilt. I wanted to be mad at his parents and society for creating such a glamorous image. We lived a lavish lifestyle; big house on top of La Cañada hills high above Los Angeles. My days were filled with marble floors, house cleaners, and maid service. Elegance and fortune are portrayed though cigars and ancient wines.

In my subconscious, he won the battle with the big guy in the sky. Kevin and I talked about God and how much Kevin looked forward to meeting him. I am glad he went home to be with God, because he won the final prize, a life without pain.
In reality, I began to let go of the suffering will continue until some unknown evil-doer is discovered, Oedipus starts an investigation. When it is revealed that it is Oedipus himself who is the sinner, having unwittingly killed his own father and married his own mother, the Queen, Jocasta, hangs herself, and the despairing Oedipus puts out his own eyes. Creon, Jocasta's brother, takes charge, makes himself king, and Oedipus is forced into a homeless exile.

In Antigone, Sophocles presents a later chapter of the story. Before departing into exile, Oedipus left the kingdom to his two sons, to be ruled by them in tandem; one ruling one year and the other the next. (How well would this succeed, do you think, Dear Reader? Oedipus appears to have been a bit of a muffin-head when it came to politics.) At the end of the second year, Eteocles, with the backing of his uncle, Creon, refused to give the throne back to his older brother, Polynices, who then went off to a neighboring kingdom, rounded up an army, and returned to fight his brother for the throne; thus providing the plot for the Greek tragedy Antigone, a later chapter of the story.

The story of the martyred Antigone, of her fierce rebellion against her tyrannical uncle and her passionate love for her dead brother, comes at the end of a group of myths known as the Oedipus cycle. Much of what we know about the history/mythology of ancient Greece comes from a handful of plays — all that's left to us of works by three Greek playwrights, Sophocles, Aeschylus and Euripides, all three of whom wrote more about Oedipus and his family than any other subject.

Sophocles' version of the story tells us that due to a warning by an oracle that if Oedipus lived he would grow up to kill his father, the king of Thebes, and marry the Queen, his own mother, he was sent away at birth to be left in some desolate area and allowed to die from exposure. The servant sent to perform this task took pity on the baby; and so, without telling anyone, gave him to a humble family who raised him as their own. Grown to adulthood, Oedipus set off to find his fortune in Thebes, one of the three most important city-states in ancient Greece. At a junction of three roads, he met a chariot driven by an imperious older man who refused to give the right of way. Words led to blows, and Oedipus killed the unknown traveler. Continuing on his way, he was barred from entering the city by a sphinx who forced all strangers to guess a riddle, devouring those who failed. Having solved the riddle, and thereby freeing the city from the sphinx's oppression, Oedipus was welcomed by Thebes as a hero, and also by the Queen, who had just lost her husband, the king, in an incident on the road. (Can you hear the not too distant rumblings of the foreshadowing of events to come, Dear Reader?) As king, Oedipus had children by the Queen, two boys and two girls (the elder of the girls being Antigone); and ruled wisely and well for many years.

The story as told on-stage opens at the moment when some sort of trouble has enveloped the nation. Having heard from the oracle that...