

COMMISSIONED

By S.L. Hofeller

One - "The Vigil to Mourn"

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It was then, sitting at my rented desk, room 425 of La Quinta, Crabtree, umbilical cord from external hard drive to placenta laptop, rifling through my dug-up treasure, I felt it. At that moment, and more and more and more, each time I comprehended it. And now, I feel that loa calling me to urgency. It is not near, it is not far, but he did, at that intersection in times, choose, right then, the moment of my death. He has decided to claim me...he has a plan.

Everyone comes home, where we are all many, and we are all one. Death. I don't know what makes me his, my children, but oh, I know that I am, with every knower there is. Though, I don't so much use the ones (the knowers, that is), that make words...rather, it's with the knowers that we use to make reality, create it, like a movie, create it, like a dream, with those knowers I know, that I belong to him. He remembers and waits for me, "...crying of the love for me he's shown...". It is not resentment, he misses me, even if he planned with me, knew how I would go. ... "but you'll know me every day...", he said, "I will never leave your side."

It is him I see in you. That there, is what I see, that air of him. You smell of his perfume. It will last forever for you, but you are already gone. Destiny shifts, no gravity is stronger than 'is'...not even the big ones.

Now, you will be drawn, where? How long? You don't know? So, then, if you don't, use one of your other knowers, and see what you come up with...

The poems don't come just only because I have something to say, it's mostly about when I can't talk to you. But, you see, just because I can't talk, doesn't mean I stop talking. I am slipping all around and sliding, time in time, sideways, even.

Will you kill me? No. You will see me to the ending, walk my side. So, go ahead, I see you won't fall behind. It looks like we're going the same way. Fate is with us, to spend this time together,

"...take from me, it won't be yours for long...".

I think I know what it's like, to be on the way down the wall, back to all the times and places, where all of us were one. Reaches he, the loa, over to me, behind me, rests his chin, turns his breath to my blood, warms it, and inhales, wraps me slowly in, and summons and spells and teases my soul from my body, and whispers a memory that whips me, so as I toss back my head and I'm out, and again I travel. As it seems I am traveling. I am on my way down the wall, again, as before and again and before. And that thing, afterlife...it *so is* a dream!

And both before and after...it reminisces me, and awaits, plans adventures for me...the vigil is for both. Throws this life at me, throws me in to the worlds. The explosion is so loud...the one that fires me through the atmosphere. Or, the walls of air fall in, the ceiling collapses, and below, the murky twister of gravity pulls at my ankles, you are dizzy from the sound of it, but I? So many times now, I don't fear it anymore. I know what comes next, it won't really hurt, but I'll say that it really might look like it will...or did...or will. Again and here it's arrived again. And you remember the other times, and marvel at how massive that body we call "everything" really is. You remember, now, the time before and after you were ever afraid?

Oh, Reader, you don't understand, you say? Well, then, I don't mean to be rude, but if you don't feel it, then it's none of your business. What I see that I need to do, I have to do it. And now that I see that you saw, you can't take it back, we move on...or do I need to explain it all again? Well, then, I'm going to be explaining it anyway, so please, do, listen in.

*"...I don't care, let me bathe in the sight
of your skin, and the blood underneath.*

*It's the vigil to mourn, and your corpse is still warm
in your arms, I might live through the night."*