

COMMISSIONED

By S.L. Hofeller

Preface - "I'll Jump Right In (The World of the Dead)"

January 14th, 2020 7:27am

I'll jump right in, not presuming one small thing about the story you're chasing.

The first clue follows:

December 1st, 2018 - 1:35am

Earlier tonight, I sent him several, I'm drowning in a sea of my own mania style, texts, including one, at 10:52pm:

"Horse Cock King is menacing me...he's giving me the stink-eye..."

and another, at 10:53:

"All I have to defend myself is a bunch of scribbles on lined paper"

...I received no reply.

Say what you will, but it's one of the clues. I'm following the clues...

Tripping, sliding, waiting, outside of reality more and more, everyday....

The best I can tell you is, continue starting here. It's as good a place to re-start as any other:

October 1st, 2018 - 2:06am

So, my father is dead. He died last month, August 16th, one day after my little girl, his granddaughter, turned 5 years old.

I remember five. He and I didn't fight at my 5th birthday party, unlike at my 4th, which I also remember...

Ask me about it sometime, it had to do with a balloon...

So there it is, he's dead. And I knew, I knew death was near. I said it out loud, so I could not take it back, a feeling of death, unmistakable, standing so confident as to be beatific, irresistible, distinct, almost predictable:

"June 14th, 2018 - 1:35am

It's a season of death. I know that now. I'm never really certain if that season is the same one, the same one that I felt coming that winter, the season that took my son, and sent this world I'm on careening off into the wasteland. All of the faces are like monsters. I am lost. I am surrounded and yet, somehow, alone."

I wonder if the feeling will go away...or is this feeling a new one?

I wonder if this one will be wrong. I hope this one will be wrong.

October 1st, 2018 - 6:12am

I checked. My father died on the day that John and I dined at Taqueria del Rey, and later sipped lattes at Always Brewing.

I was thoroughly distracted with things even more important and tragic than this, so I dodged the death signal when it went out. It ricocheted off the wall of the future curve, then bounced back at me.

I caught it, right in the face (I tend to face future-ward). But since it was coming from that direction, I thought it was yet to be, not already done.

My “other” senses are so often out of time. I’m still trying to learn how to recognize a reflected signal.

***That** loa, the messenger, the one at the crossroads. There, in my memory, he suddenly is, as there he had always been. An alter was, already back then, to be erected to my ancestors. But I couldn’t do it then. All I could do is simply display him, give him eyes to watch, with my children, and link them to their secret family...somehow...*

But sure enough, there it was, under his portrait, clear as day, the portal.

The loa was there at the gateway, channeling, waiting for my father. He was waiting to stand in front and beg for my father an audience with me.

Of course I would be the last one that my father would see before crossing over the threshold...

I, standing always with one foot in the world of the dead.

Still, January 15th, 2020 - 2:39am

“...Dead, Indeed!

Once or twice, escaped it

Now, sentenced to it...”

**I promised myself I’d upload it. And promised whatever muse it is
whose paperwork I signed.**

It’s a good way to wrangle the ones that just won’t be finished.

**Just wrap it up and put it on display, time-tied, waiting for you to
snap a pic:**

Working title, “Commissioned”

“I don’t care, just stay warm in the flood

of the dead, as we wash to the shore

If you live, raise your hand

from the layers of sand

And I’ll pull you, again, from the mud”