

A Friend, A Foe?

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Who is death if not a friend?

At least, that's what I say to myself—a man who wore grief as an accessory. Around my wrists, dangling on my ear, and hanging from my neck. Decorating the calluses of my hands from years of holding a pen.

It became a part of me. Lingering with a stench of orchids and a memory of oranges. I see Grief in the shadows of faces living in this city. Richmond, you are dear to me but this constant reminder of misery puts your beauty to shame.

Time continued in your absence. Life spun its web and strung my strings too tight. A facade of a century. Kept my feet in motion— my pen steered on nature— yet my soul was empty. Hollow, as if you took its light. If death is a friend, then why do I feel betrayed?

I still avoid the unassuming hotel where we met. Intoxicated in mirth and bonded by sport. If I enter that place, I fear I will be hearing your voice. Singing jazz, shining in your prime— rivaling the chandelier and exotic decorations it bore. I can never look at postcards the same way again.

So I searched for answers— a balm onto my grieving self. For how can I accept your death if I knew your soul in torment? If I found death to be ruthless instead of forgiving? Does god judge you when you die? Is death akin to an endless sleep? Or does death equate to a time loop you have to relive over and over again?

In my pursuit of truth, I found that the answer I seek can only be given if I became a guest of Death.

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You'll find my soul resting underneath the sunset of a marvelous garden, laying beside a black cat. A bricked place of a fellow writer's memory, shrouded until now in mystery.