

A Short Story of a Long Tale

In the morning, it all begins again. A new dew, renewed fear. That is the way it is now.

There was, of course, a time in life when this fear was unknown, all fear was unknown, unimaginable. A time when that which was unknown was so intriguing, enticing to consider, packed with private rebellious potential, so fertile. Fear at that time simply did not seem to exist. It was reserved, it was thought, so unconsciously, for those less creative, less crafty, less convinced of the notion and belief that anything and everything was within reach. A sense of privilege, not at all rooted in wealth, but of a type incorrectly understood to be unique, of familial arrogance, prevailed.

Brains, not brawn, governed, nourished through sheer perseverance and a belief in the virtues of intellect and effort over all else. Everything sweet would somehow come, and all would somehow, often inexplicably, be absolutely fine. Not unlike the absurdist's notion of Heaven, simply perfect, but really, much more like, as it turns out, the Devil's notion of his own Hell. That is the way, then, the delicately private earth spun on its flimsy yet constant axis.

But that belief has now revealed itself to be quite flawed. Naively and profoundly flawed. Much carnage later, too much carnage, the truth spills across the oft stained, mildew floor and drips through every crevice, in what turns out to be a house with many broken windows, crumbling worn plaster, composure in disrepair, and too many unfulfilled promises. Tolerable, for only a house, but not so for a home.

Now, fear of loss is here, its route through the slightest of void or grandest of gaping hole, who knows? A moot point, as it has arrived. It fills the room. It sits by the bed awaiting the sun, never slumbers, always follows. No sense of humor at all, laughter gone, a somewhat gaunt and hollow fellow. Omniscient, yet barely noticed.

The former brain, so filled with gall and mischief and secrets and dreams and pride and love and respect of family, of what would be, now cowering in anticipation of that persistent and painfully reliable dawn. If only, that there would not be space for this new companion of the dew. And so, a rather confused head, with its gutted heart, greets the confusion of each new morning, alone, with resign, and, of late, the gnaw.

What will be next, and why? Regardless, why not do all conceivable things to delay its appearance, confound this brutal cadence to disrupt the inevitable? Then, to again wait for the next to arrive, knowing that, at least, there will be less moments, in sum, with pauses to heal, then start again, hurting, but maybe hopeful.

One morning, possibly, likely without forewarning or clue, a frost will instead be there, in the shade, in the room, never to thaw, but to put the whole discussion to bed once and for all. After that, the dew alone will be missed, but the longing futile, as it rarely reappears.

Written by Gregg Donovan

Audio Version: read by GD; "Song for Meghan" performed by Josh Pinkham on Mandolin (Tone Poets)