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Life

by Violet Wilson

The flowers always find a time to wilt in the summer, grasses burn, and the trees know nothing but to lose their leaves and tumble to their demise at the hands of a thick blade.

I've always been terrified of death. The thought of it, the sight of it, used to make painful tears flow from my puffy eyes. I guess that's human nature, hating things we can't understand. I could never sit content with my life knowing that the terrifying, cruel temptations laughed at my feeble attempts at survival.

Another lamb's blood shed by a neighbor's dog, the thick ruby liquid spilling over its soft white fleece. Forever sullied and ruined.

Death has followed me around my entire life, never giving me a single moment's gasp of peace. I used to be teased about it by my classmates, my fears, but deep down I think they were scared, too. After death, of course, nothing matters. All the work you've done, all the lives you "changed" are useless. It's done, you've died.

The faint scent of decay crowding the room at my own mother's funeral, taken too soon. Her stiff body that had been found only two weeks ago posed in her casket like she was sleeping.

It is omnipresent, I can not escape it. When I was younger, I remember the fear being far less strong. I was joyful, so joyful in fact, that I was bullied for that, too. Silly girl, they would say, silly girl knows nothing of the world. She knows no hardship or pain or anything other than the joy she wears on her pink dress.

Bruised and bloody, her body. Not as pristine as I remembered, she must have fallen again. Her mind was broken, but still loving enough to hold me and let me cry like a baby. She kept a sad smile, never allowing a tear to fall down her full-moon cheeks.

I would run around the glorious fields of flowers, the colors painting on the green canvas a picture for only me. And my mother, of course, who would lure me back to her side with the sweet allure of daisy chains and cranberry muffins. I can nearly taste the tart red berries that were soft enough to be sweet but firm enough to pop in between my teeth and stain like blood. Those days were my favorite, I always loved the way the clouds could tell me a million stories. The winds were my friends and my mother was there to guide me through them.

The empty pill bottles, prescription and meant to save lives. Out of date and opened, displayed just in front of the couch. Six bottles, three missed pills, no lives spared

I find maggots gross. The very idea of their wriggling bodies devouring through flesh makes me shake. They eat around the bone like a dog, becoming flies, which might be

just as bad. Though flies, unlike maggots, were a bit less disturbing. I could deal with flies, who were associated with gross things, but maggots were the henchmen of death. They bore no face nor bore they any limbs. They scared me, I knew that they, too, would one day eat through my flesh and around my bones.

A rope that I held in my shaking hands, a rope sturdy enough to support a good deal of weight. Scratchy and unneeded, useless for anything but one thing in its state that I had put it into.

It's not just death, it's what's beyond. Hell if you don't allow an outside force to take you, Heaven even if you take someone else's. As long as you repent, you get on your hands and you get on your knees and you beg for forgiveness. Then you go to Heaven, a beautiful place with beautiful choirs and beautiful angels. Suicide was a one-way ticket to Hell, where you would be punished for allowing yourself to die instead of being beaten by God until you collapse to your death. Not even tears could free you there.

Vomit hitting the floor, my eyes watering and my throat threatening to bleed. For a second, I imagine maggots and feel myself struggle to keep calm. I imagine the scene. Six bottles, three pills, one couch, one mother, and one life. A life that would be taken for granted because of her fear of the inevitable.

I would do anything to be a child again. Carefree, knowing that death was only another part of your life's cycle. Welcoming love because I knew it was true instead of refusing because in the end you die and nothing can love you when you die and you go to Hell. Believing that I, stupid me, had a chance to go to the place of all joy after I leave my life on Earth instead of knowing the truth.

