

Digging Up Life

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Gathering Old Stomping Ground

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Returning to the old town where childhood began and ended so soon, Our old friend had died and in a conversationalist twist all of us who gathered from school began to discuss the wrongs done to each of us in our youth. It must have been brought on by a mixture of sadness and depression also alcohol consumption, but we made a list of things to put right. It was more a list of people to track down and hurt for hurts caused to us. A group decision to dig up old bones and put them together into some form to provide a justice that had been denied so long ago, some wounds deepen when even when we do not pay attention to the pain. Out we set, inflicting violence and torment upon those one by one, each time informing them of the reasons and forcing them to agree that this was the right thing to do. This was a satisfying endeavour but when all was done, so many people had been hurt, even ourselves within. Damage is damage and worsens with action here in the old stomping ground. New addiction took hold, that being pain, with nobody to hurt outside our group we turned on ourselves. A path of destruction. I heard one of the women started cutting herself and her half-gay husband. Some of the men inflicted self-hurt in other ways. The youngest of us, a girl named Lison, disfigured herself by setting fire to her face. That was sore for all the guys as she had the first mouth that each of our cocks got into back in the schooldays. Now, back in the cemetery, our old friend buried deep in the soil, three of us gather around with shovels and whiskey, daring to dig up life.

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