

Wilderness House Literary Review 20/1

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Sleep? Is It Really? Or Letter From A New Widower

Lately I almost always awake with a dream about me and Louie doing something. It seems that I have developed a netherworld where the "real" world has nothing to do with me. It's there, people come and go, I try to be kind in my thoughts, for my tendency is to feel that they are the live ones and have not much to do with me. Here in the Philippines, I am an official retired resident now and it might also be said that I have not much to do with them. I try to embrace the family differently but it's not much different. Just like everywhere, they have their own families and lives and I'm just this netherworld inhabitant that lays a track over strange dunes and makes no real wake. I am sad always and I no longer attempt to look up. Sometimes I cry but weep rarely. My walking little by little becomes that gait of the aged and not like it used to be. For the most part people recognize me and "cheerio" some. They have no idea about who I really am and I find no need to tell them. Mostly we give each other room to traverse the terrain and not bump. I think closeness, while I had it but was not really akin to it, died within me. I just have a destination like most people and that is our commonness. In short, I wander through life and have to work to find its meaning. And always it is tied to the dead. Probably this is the main wall between me and "the world." I don't have a cook anymore so gathering food is my main activity other than trekking the cemetery and experiencing the reality that fits me better than the one I just came from.

I am in a hotel on a trip to the most northern island of this chain-several hundred miles from my house. It's the first place that I have been alone and it is not the same. The spirit of discovery is nowhere to be found. Just movement. The first thing I felt when I had time was missing the grave. I ache for it now. That I can feel close to and it is always there, dependable. It guides who I am and what being alive means which is not much when compared to the everlasting. I have my prayer there as they say Jesus instructed. I get an iota of meaning from it but that's all. I must fetch my food then. Not much verity. The pig is all over and I don't eat pig. Nor cow for that matter. It's a bit of a distance to gather up the chow. I get it mostly from food stalls near someone's kitchen. I don't like to cook or shop for the ingredients. Everything here is so time consuming I get pinched by the chores. I don't watch TV much anymore. It's alien now. Not flattering myself, I am the point on this final patrol. That's ok but it sure is lonesome. My hardest concern is seeing that Louie's share of the money gets to our family. Financial roadblocks for that are everywhere. There are more laws than I can count that aim to keep your money when you go. It's so shamefully visible Americans have no right to be as rich as they are... and decadent as the devil....no shit!

If you want, tell me how you think you are. If not, I got a good idea anyhow. It's like in the war when thinking about those beyond the wire. If you've been there you pretty much know how they are. God bless you and yours. Take it easy and lots of luck. – Charles