

Wilderness House Literary Review 21/1

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A Home For Thou & I

FAITH UPON OUR MANTLE is a faith we look upon but walk past, the same fickle memories that seem to blip for a mere moment before vanishing into the dark.

I only ever have dreams now of the fire that burned down the church I used to live at, back when I was no one's child when I was no one's man.

No one can know what waits in store for them beyond the rubicon, nor do you know what is across the door you will open next; can the choice really be ours when we're bound by chains made by our own hands? I could never—I'd rather stay upon the altar.

Bask in the moderate, dull schedule, repeating every day of working on the altar; fire is no one's pet, it yields to no man, nor command, and it grants its mercy upon those unwilling and unwilling.

They counted the casualties; nearly 27 church goers were seriously burned and 6 perished in the fire. Their bodies were burned beyond recognition. They are most certainly holding a closed casket funeral.

Even now after the repairs were done, I can still smell burning flesh and hair—no matter where I go it still lingers, like a demon resides here instead of the spirit.

I don't like it. Why are the things that we love always destroyed? Always ripped out of our hands like a parent taking away a toy? Did we do something in our past lives to deserve such trials did we offend some higher power?

I do not know, nor will I bother trying to find out.

I'm content in this mediocrity.

Best to sit upon a chair of sticks than lay upon a throne of blades.

And yet,

I yearn

I yearn for what's beyond this mediocre melancholic life

I yearn for what's beyond the red curtain; I want to take my own yellow brick road to a destiny I need not know of

I envy to find the purpose that lay behind a machine beyond what I know of

I no longer wish to be the ant I've made myself into and yearn to be the dove that soars above

I've moved on from this old church and now seek an even greater chapel for which I can live by an altar. I've moved on from fire and now I travel to more bustling places.

Can we ever hope to fly, to go beyond what we know to newer places, to go beyond our comprehension, to learn the unlearnable?

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Or will we be stuck upon our burning piers made by our own brothers and sisters and carve the symbol of beast into our own flesh?

Faith burns in an inferno made by the same men that stare upon the ground and proclaim they've seen the stars.

Seek the stars thyself and go upon the world with fervor and purpose.