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Denna text kom till mig på engelska, så den fick bli kvar i detta språk. Människans naturliga svaghet har alltid fascinerat mig, den framträder starkt i denna berättelse.

A Tear for the Damned

As I watched the black night sky, I knew something was wrong. The moon wasn't full, yet it felt stronger than the night before, when indeed it did have its full potential to strike back at those who questioned their God. I couldn't quite put my finger on it, somehow it seemed like the pattern of stars had changed, so maybe someone was out there after all? Maybe someone had set out on a journey to destroy the patterns that held us all in our chains, as we lay in bed at home, deep dreams whirling around us in the dark, making the shape of a blood-red torch. Some nights I just wished the torch would die out, yet other nights I fall on my knees and pray. Why do I pray? I never figured that out myself, though I guess it must be in fear that I might never see the torch again, nor feel its warmth.

On a hill in the horizon I can make out the contours of a church. Religion has never given me any comfort, lots of damage has been done in its name though, of that there can be no doubt. Still who am I to judge? I just admitted that I pray. Maybe in this very moment, Jesus is laughing at me knowing that he did indeed win after all, he made me pray. I still think that none of this really matters; as long as the patterns in my night sky remain unchanged nothing can reach out to me, touch me or disturb me in any way. Knowing that the world of which I speak is history, I might have to find another star to watch, that is if I can find one. A woman had walked up to me; she was watching me as if she was listening. I never said a word during this time, but she kept on listening. I thought that maybe she could hear what I was thinking, and with a subtle nod she confirmed this.

I looked in her eyes, deeper and deeper until they showed me what they were trying to hide. I saw myself falling. Maybe someone had tricked me into jumping off a cliff; maybe someone had pushed me over it because I had asked one too many questions in my life. It didn't really matter now, did it? I just kept on falling. She was now even closer to me; I could feel an aura surrounding her, as if she was a lit torch, glowing with a blood-red flame. Together we gazed upon the distant church on the hill. It struck me that we were the two only people in this world that knew of my betrayal towards this church, the secret that I was to burn forever and that Jesus laughed at me through the night. I turned to look into her eyes once again.

- Every life has a choice, she said. You chose to be someone people will remember. You chose to be somewhere at a specific time. That is why you are weak. You just couldn't take it, could you? Just look at you now...

- Tell me, I answered calmly. If a person, anyone you can think of, sits down to recollect his memories, what picture lays there above all the others, in pride and glory?

- You tell me, she replied with a cold voice.

- The knowledge of being remembered. The knowledge that I had the courage so many others lacked. The knowledge that people saw me in a specific time and place, and that this time and this place are now the same as my very person.

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