A Graveyard

The gravestone wasn’t anything special, all I could see of it was a rock with the picture of a baby in front of it. It was night and I had sneaked into the cemetery wanting to see this child one last time before I move on.

It was raining, as if setting the mood of the night so clearly. If this was Gods doing or dumb luck I couldn’t help but find humor in all of this.

I pick up the shovel which I sat down on the muddy dirt. Digging the rusty old tool into the water ground I noticed that the ground had been dug up already. I paid no mind to it as the hole had been refilled, maybe someone wanted to have sex with the body. A fucking sick bastard he would be. It didn’t matter anyways, as long as the body was still there I will be satisfied.

As I dig into the soft ground I had some time to reflect on my life. I was homeless digging into the last of my savings, and soon I would be begging on the street as if it was my job. It won’t come to that though, I had a plan. The plan wasn’t the best plan, or the smartest plan, but it was a plan all in all.

Once my shovel hit something hard, I knew it was almost time to being the plan. I strike the shovel at the head of the coffin with all of my might. The coffin was dented, one more time I thought to myself, but this strike was less controlled and reckless. The strike hit my foot, it was painful, but I found a strange sense of humour coming from it. It was a joke, a fucking joke, granted not a good one, but still a joke. I chuckle with a sour taste in my mouth, letting this world know I got the joke.

Ignoring the pain knowing it would be gone soon, I gazed at remains of the child I loved. The remains were disgusting, and decomposing, so much I couldn’t even recognize the face. Though I could feel it0 in my heart, the emptiness inside of me as I gazed into the eyes of this horrible mess of a tiny body.

“I’m sorry, it was all my fault. I should been a smarter, I should have been more careful,” I said without a pitch of reason in my tone. I thought it would answer me, I thought fate would give me one last time to hear this child’s voice one pre time. Yet it sat there, staring into my eyes without a responses.

“Please, I am sorry, what can I say for you forgiveness. I just want to hear your sounds one more thing little one”, I just wanted to hear her speak one more time.

“Why?”  I heard a disembodied voice say.

My eyes widen, who was that? I look around me to look for the source of the voice, but it was nowhere to be found. Finally I look down at the corpse with a realization. “Why” it said deep within my head. Everything about this moment reminds me of something I once heard from an Albert Einstein quote “Insanity is doing the same thing, over and over again, expecting different results.” At the time I thought that it meant that doing the same thing over again means you will become insane, but now I understand that it meant doing the same thing over and over is a sign that a person is insane.

I had done this all before, but I don’t remember any of it. It was as if my mind had blocked everything after that traumatizing moment. “What the fuck was going on right now!” I scream into the air with tears running down my face.

After a moment tears turn to laughter, and the laughter turned to cries of angry. “DAM’IT, DAM’IT, DAM’IT, DAM’IT, DAM’IT, DAM’IT, DAM’IT, DAM’IT, DAM’IT, DAM’IT, DAM’IT, DAM’IT, DAM’IT, DAM’IT, DAM’IT, DAM’IT, DAM’IT, DAM’IT, DAM’IT, DAM’IT!” I cry out in a frustrated manner. Tear swelled in my eyes once more, but laughter consumes my voice. “Why is this all funny? Why is this all funny? Why is this all funny?” I continued to repeat to myself, if it would help me clear my mind.

“Why couldn’t you do it? Why weren’t you smarter, why could you not save a 1 year old child from dying? She had so much to offer this world, and you killed her! You murdered her!” The voice from before cried.

As the moment continued my mind becomes unclear, “what was I here for again? What was the again?” I whisper to myself as I try to rip out my own hair. The voice continued its rant in in pure rage, “Your weak, you’re a weak man that could save his own child. You’re so weak you couldn’t even save me when I died!”

Terror reached my mind, I was now scared, scared of what it would say. The voice continues to ring through my mind, with talks of me being weak, how I couldn’t save it, and my child. Finally it said stop yelling and the voice became softer. I could even hear a chuckle that sounded like my own voice. The rant started to die down ending it off with two sentences that widened my eyes. “You’re so weak, this pain is nothing compared to the children in 3rd world countries, to the war veterans that lost their friends and family in a dick measuring contest between two groups. Go on with your plan and kill yourself that will just show how weak you are.”

I laugh, not with insanity, but with sadness at the revaluation of the voices identity. I filled the grave back up with dirt. I forget what had happened at the graveyard once again just to repeat the process again, and again, and again, and again. Each time I do this, I seem to expect different results, as if I was hoping to see my one year old child one more time, to hear her voice one more time. Deep down I knew that it was all a mad man’s dream, but I don’t care.

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