

Good While You Last

EASY READ

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I never really liked church. Even as a child, it felt like a place where time went to die. Moving backwards would've been too fast, so the seconds hung, strung together and all through the same noose, motionless; they didn't even kick, they were born dead.

I had long since exhausted the stained glass, the cornices, the rafters and the carpets of any mystery or interest, and there wasn't a line on my hand that I couldn't trace with my eyes closed. I was bored beyond measure. It was a lot of nothing, really.

But you used to go, and all I wanted was to be around you; you made me feel safe and... warm.

Decay

The consequences of your operation never struck me until a decade later: you weren't meant to be here. Your body was damaged, and the treatment wasn't enough, so you started to use a stick.

You were supposed to be in the village that you left behind for this place, but you couldn't rely any more on the strength that brought you over here, so you couldn't go back.

Displacement

I've been there and seen your home for myself; as myself, but as the illness really began to pollute and muddy I went there time and again as you, as a child.

Out of your bedroom's one window you desperately pointed and used me to see the heavy fruit trees that grew as they liked and the tiny houses that hid in the high grass between them; chain link fences surrounding little brightly-coloured schools and the hills that they were built on; your father heading out to the sea, to work, too early to be under the sun and calling him, pleading that he come back - he'd forgotten his lunch.

You were always the final word but, the illness has found its way in and spread itself tirelessly and the parts that built you are continuously being pushed out.

Everything changes eventually doesn't it?

It all passed, and none of it will ever get to be the same again.

It's hard to know how many bricks can be removed before a tower will fall, though; I think, in the end, all that can matter is that you're good while you last.



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