

SURPRISING WHERE YOU FIND GOD

by Henry Enzor

Your cage is still holy, they said, there are stars in your cage. But the voice on the radio warns that they will eat of me till they are full and sick. To repent is not enough. Rotten grapes make sweet, bloody wines.

I refused to be fettered by the failings of their God and for my sins I was locked in a cage within a cage. A concentric tether to physicality so that I might never break loose. I was damned in the first place, so damned I would remain: a creature to be exorcised. A house to be haunted.

What is an unwanted body?

Cadaverous.

Decaying in real time.

The house I became was old, and it sagged, and it creaked, overgrown and under-kept, but a house beneath it all. And I lived. And I live. A million nameless human emotions all stored in the stomach.

I wish I could have love without death and I know better than to wish, really, I do. Only a child prays for that which he cannot reach, never will reach, deems it simply unfair, crosses his arms and screams or sobs or sets something on fire until someone pays attention. Until someone else besides him feels the hurt. Longing for a reason, an answer, a promise, something different to split apart the skull of tedium.

As the house burns down, as we burn the house down, miasmic, chasmic is the dreaded night air when my love is but a plague. Lord, have mercy on me—I follow, we fly; wee dye, keepe out. I was bludgeoned into keeping this body, that body I never wanted, impelled to remain alive for someone other than myself. For reasons apart from my own comfort. So look at me. Look at me and tell me, where do I belong, if not right here, engulfed in flames?