

The Brightest Sunshine

I lit my first cigarette after one hundred and nine years. The morning was dark and the whole earth was soaked with her tears. Now that the windows were closed, the smokes were floating in the air like thousand tiny souls. The sweet taste of the cigarette.....wait!! Did cigarettes always taste sweet?! I searched my memories...but...the only thing I can remember was the bright light and the last question:

“Do you really want this? These pains and this flesh?”

“Yes...”

Anyway, now the taste was not the best of my concern. I have a dead body to identify. I called the morgue....

beep...beep...peep...

A music player somewhere was playing:

*“When I find myself in times of trouble,
Mother Mary comes to me
Speaking words of wisdom, let it be
And in my hour of darkness
she is standing right in front of me
Speaking words of wisdom, let it be
Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be
Whisper words of wisdom, let it be.....”*

Nobody spoke; so I let it be.

I brushed off the smooth dust from the photo frame which has a captured moment of me and my girlfriend. It was taken last year. We both were

smiling. Mine was more like a mimicked one, but she had the softest moonlight glued to her face. I looked at it for a few moments. I wondered how she was doing!

But for now I had to break the eye contact and I took my raincoat and hit the road. I knew the way to the morgue very well. It was built on an old graveyard. History repeats itself I guess.

The only thing bad about the rain is that it stops. Now that it had stopped, the sky could not express her feelings properly. She was sad, I can feel that much.

When I have reached the morgue at first I could not realize that I was standing right in front of it. I entered into the long lobby. The reception desk was empty as always. I guessed it is a very hard job to be a receptionist at a morgue.

"Not more than mine..."

I mused.

I entered the room where the bodies were kept. The doorman knew me, another day he might have talked but today he gave me an "I understand" type of look.

I knew which drawer it was. I did not even think twice. I opened the drawer and looked at the cold dead eyes. They looked grayish blue; discolored.

It was hard to imagine her as the same person in the photograph with me. It was hard to imagine any kind of smile on her face least of it the moonshine.

She was as dead as the white sheet of cloth covering her. And she smelled of formaldehyde. Her lips looked like as if those had never touched any other lips. The deep blue mark on her neck looked like a permanent

necklace which had been glued to her skin. The drop of blood from her nose looked like a ruby which had been tossed out carelessly.

"Hello, Love..."

I said.

She batted her eyes; confused.

"Am I not dead?..."

She asked.

"Of course you are love, you made sure of that."

"Then how are you talking to me?!"

I replied with a smile.

Her eyes were confused and then like the rush of the tide, surprise took place.

"I am sorry..."

She said with a drop of tear then continued-

"I am so scared..."

"It's okay dear...Everything will be alright...I am here now."

"But that's weird! Why am I scared! I am dead; no?"

A pause.

"But they say deads have no fear...the hardest part is the death itself!..."

"They lie..."

Joe the doorman come caretaker came in. And she was dead again.

"Livings must not know..."

I thought.

"Sorry man...I do not know what to say."

Joe told me.

"It's okay...The show must go on and the graves must be filled..."

It did no good, he still wears that sad puppy face.

"Now old fella...don't be sad..have mercy on me...!!!"

It worked like magic and the patriarch tough Joe was back. Nowadays it seems like everyone is so merciful!

"Here son...The papers...take your time and sign them..."

He handed me some papers which wanted to know the most secret private life of mine and her.

"If you do not want to dig today I can manage someone to dig the grave just for this one...you know..."

"You want to fire me from the grave digging job! But this is the only job I had for eons!"

Now it's my turn to make puppy faces.

"No no...man...no not that...ok...just..I will leave you alone..take your time..."

He was caught by surprise. He left.

She was alive again.

"You knew, didn't you?"
She seemed angry now.

"Yes, I did..."

"Then why did you not stop me!?"

"Not my job love...I have dark wings...not white...."

She was still angry but a little bit resigned too.

"So what's now?"

"Now I dig your grave here and carry you to the ocean..."

"When I was alive, we were together...why you did not tell me any of this?!"

"I could not...things work in mysterious ways...you know.."

"But why...?"

I had no reply. I just shrugged.

"Did you love me? Like normal...I mean..."

"You are the only one dear...from when I had taken the flesh and the pains..."

".....(sobbing...)"

"I really loved you...and...and...I am so sorry to do this to you..."

"No harsh feelings love...it was your time..."

"Are you in pain?"

"....."

She sighed.

"It's time my love..."

I spread my left hand to her. She took it. Then she hugged me and for the first time in that morning, I realized why the sky had stopped crying.

"Sometimes tears are not enough..."

I thought, looking at the sky through the ceiling.

We walked outside the deads' house. We walked towards the corner where her place was selected. I was carrying her body, she was walking beside me; silent.

The whole time I was digging her grave she sat on the old dead tree, which was lying beside her grave.

I gently put her coffin in the grave. Then I filled the grave. Nobody was there on that old graveyard. Nobody to say the last goodbye to her.

"I was all she had and she was all....."

"Let's go..."

She seemed cheerful when she interrupted my thoughts.

I bring her close to me, holding her in both of my arms I spread my dark wings.

I flew directly towards the ocean. The the most beautiful ocean, the purest of blues like the necklace on her neck.

I swift like wind, I rushed like the light. The whole time she was pressing her head close to my chest hearing my heart beating.

At last, we were flying above the ocean. I came down near the water surface.

"Time to go love...time to say goodbye."

She looked directly into my eyes. And smiled. The moonshine!

I was losing my tight hands on her and then....then...I made the worst mistake of my life.

I kissed her. With all that was left of me. I kissed as if I had never kissed before. Like a child first time discovering the taste of another pair of lips. Then...then...I gently landed her on the water surface.

She vanished; a mist.

Then I flew hard over the vast endless ocean. My whole body was aching like a bleeding heart; shattered like a moon's reflection on a flowing river.

Then I looked at the ocean for the last time. Now she was all over it. Not lost in it, not drowned in it but she was the ocean!

Now it was the reflection of a bright sunshine.

Brightest of all sunshine!