

Temple and a Crypt

by: Daniel Devenney

Ma died today.

I got the call at work. They said: heart attack; too much shit in her veins. I agreed. She used to drink a bottle of Chateau Martinez for breakfast. I told her that wasn't normal and she should go see someone. She told me to fuck off. They said I could come see her, so I got the train.

Ma hated trains, couldn't trust anything she didn't drive herself. I was greeted with condolences when I arrived. I hated pity. A woman in a stained shirt asked if I wanted to see her now, I told her yes, that is why I came.

In the room, I asked when she died. They didn't know. Told me a story about a cleaning lady I didn't give a fuck about. Ma was dead. The last of my family was dead. The woman told me I should get a check up; better be safe than ending up like my ma.

We stood in silence for a while. When I said I wanted to leave, she said I looked a lot like my ma; that made me throw up. Ma was dead.

I told her ma used to say, "Your mind is a temple and your body the crypt that holds your family together." She said my ma was a clever lady. I guess she was right.



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