

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Raw

by Melody Bertucci

“Call on me in the day of trouble.”

Call on me. Call on me. Call on me.

The words perforate a gaping hole right through my entire body. From my temple the hole gains in size as it melts its way past my eyes, nose and mouth momentarily choking me as it powers on through my throat leaving me gasping for air like a fish out of water. It melts away south through my body like a Dalí piece of art.

My heart now a puddle of red goo mixed amongst my other melted organs, gather on the floor by what once used to be my feet like hot lava.

The sharpness of those words stung at my soul like a swarm of bees.

“Call on me in the day of trouble.”

Call on me. Call on me. Call on me.

But you see I simply cannot even do the most basic of things, such as clicking that call button underneath your name on my phone screen.

Today is “the” day of trouble and although you meant those eight words strung together so effortlessly, I today or any other day for that matter cannot call you like before.

That’s all down to my own doing. Actually...” our” doing which then led to “my” ultimate undoing.

And so, with that, guilt and repentance now feast off my oxygen. They are taking it all for themselves leaving me starving for the one key necessity that keeps me ticking in this world.

Was I wrong? Had I been too hasty removing that plaster during a moment of what at first seemed like...clarity? You know like when dark clouds part after a storm allowing rays of sunshine to show you a new beginning? How could things feel so harshly unclear simply with the passing of one night, leaving me to feel fogged up like a boat stuck out at sea in the middle of nowhere?

I feel bound to this moment in time, stuck not able to move any further but perhaps contemplating on moving backwards and just...settle. Then at least we'd both be spared this pain, my bed will not be cold, and I shall not walk alone.

Just the thought of back-tracking, however, sucks me in and under like quicksand. My struggle is palpable its staring me straight in the eyes, but despite my head knowing I have only myself to get me out of this I'm still rendered immobile. Stuck in place and stuck in time.

I'm sinking deeper in this limbo as guilt persists chipping away at what's left of my body. My moment of clarity and honesty has caused hurt to the one that muttered those eight words and although I know it needed to be voiced, I am very aware that the recipient is hurting...feeling the tearing that I had breathed, tasted and cried many times over. If only we could have spared this.

Maybe if I could just...call on you now?