COVER THE MOUTH WITH HANDS

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He opened his mouth with a shout to a waiting world. It was the last sound heard; where words are outlawed by zombies, who walk through late night reruns, always silent, because the volume is turned down, hanging around the black and white crowd, leaving the darkness to mimic the gray shadows that dance, faster than the eye, but slower than the heart in times of heartache.

The shades are drawn tightly like, “The Cat Got Your Tongue.” Death and the morning after are always worth one breath of words, sometimes no more than an “Oh,” a sigh, leaving the mind baffled. They came to carry out his body.

He dreamed he was only a visitor to occupy his time, but stayed filling in the empty spaces, holding the outlines of figures in a sketchbook, keeping them from bleeding into the vastness of shapes, colors, and sounds... He sits animated by rumors, “sticks and stones may break my bones,” like wrinkles on a face, left on a mirror, silhouetting the time he had spent aging as if he were a leper, illustrating the suggestibility of the flesh beyond the continuum of foreplay, foreshadowing a wasteland where solitude is a pretender.

They would come through a colorbook of prayers and crossing hearts, carrying their wounds like secondhand scapulars, inherited from a Brothers Grimm, leaving the mouth to scream where it doesn’t exist.

They came to cover his mouth with hands, taking his shout and throwing it to a world where shouts are common, and heartache is nativity.