

Chapter 9 Forgetting: A History

Three AM. Dead of night. No light. No world. No body. Infinite silence. Deep sleep and dream images. Consorting. Nothing and something. No mind. Particles of becoming make love with deep space. Creation moans. Nothing in something and something in nothing. Being before sound and shape. Non-being before an after. Three AM, clouds forming low on the water. Spirits roam. Eternal peace No self No place Unbroken quiet, unbounded love

A bolt of lightning. Another. Something like thunder. Shaken. No sound. The crack of lightning. No place. A long way to return. Am I tumbling? Where am I? What? That sound. Lightning strikes like a spear. What, a body, which way? Something tugging, urgent, come. Crash, hitting the atmosphere. Slammed into consciousness. Shit. The phone. Oh no. Where? What time? Fuck, 3:00 AM. What are words? Speaking through miles of clouds.

“Hello?” A voice opening like a door with old hinges.

“Hi Jimmy, whatcha doin’?” Georgia’s voice was chipper. She could have been a 12-year-old eager to go on a picnic.

“Sleeping.”

“Sleeping?” Instantly Georgia is annoyed, sensing she may have done something wrong. “Well, why are you sleeping at this time of day?”

“Mom, It’s 3:00 o’clock in the morning.” Don’t get mad.

A silent gasp comes from the receiver. She’s done it again. No. Don’t give in. Georgia reflexes to denial.

“No, it isn’t 3:00 in the morning. Really? It can’t be.” She rustles with her phone straining for the clock. Prove it wrong. All wrong. “Well, I can’t seem to find the darn clock. Are you sure?”

“I’m sure, Mom. You all right?”

“Oh sure, I’m fine.” There is a crack in her voice.

“How about if I call you in the morning?”

“When are you going to come see me?” Georgia tries to camouflage the demand and the panic. Her voice morphs into the shrill growl of a cat, cornered, her back arched.

“I don’t know, Mom, soon, I’ll try to get over Thursday morning before work.”

“Thursday!” She is stunned. Thursday is never. She feels slapped and reacts by collapsing into angry despair. “You mean I have, I have to stay in this God-forsaken place by myself until... When did you say you were coming? Oh God. Do you have any idea what it’s like to be here alone all the time? God, I wish I’d never left home.”

“Mom, take it easy.”

“Take it easy? I thought you were going to help me. When can I come over?” By now her fury is burning the wires.

“I’m sorry, Mom, I’m trying to help.”

“You haven’t lifted a finger since I got to this awful place. You don’t give a hoot. Oh Georgia, what have you done?”

Don't be defensive. "Haven't lifted a finger?" Stop.

"That's right. Not a damn thing. Just dropped me off at this place and left. Why are you asleep now? Why aren't you working at least?"

"I'm sorry you're not happy, Mom. I'll try to get over tonight. We'll have some dinner. Okay?"

"When?" Daisy perks up.

"Soon. About 3 or 4."

"Oh sure, sweetie. That sounds lovely. Okay! I won't keep you now. See you then. Bye-bye, Doll."