

DROPPED ACID¹ ON THE COUCH² AND CRIED WHEN GRANDFATHER³ DIED⁴

Ariel Abrahams

(1) as instructed by Rav Leary z”l to tune into the body, a great swelling came upon my face, and the hollowness filled me. I had always dreamed of his funeral. My dad bought two tickets but none was for me. I stayed home to watch my sister. On the phone with my brother we both said that we didn’t know what we were supposed to say. Susan had cooked us a week’s worth of shepherd’s pie. I was upset because I thought that my friends would judge me. For not going to the Animal Collective release party with them. It didn’t occur to me that there was nothing to be ashamed of. And even in that year 2009 A.D., (six years before The Force Awakens, seven years before the Rise of Trump) it was made clear that “this lonely body” is but a body, and that I never knew my grandfather really, and could learn about him through the embodiments of his spirit as manifest in folklore, and even more so in elements of my own humor as passed down from my father, and presumably from his father, and father’s father, and father’s father’s father, and even more so from the way that when I take my first sip of coffee in the morning or the first spoonful of soup at dinner a resounding yum-of-selwyn rises through me and we enjoy together.

(2) black, leather.

(3)

(4) what we did was fumble. Later I learned that one could: fill a hot bath with the peels of lemons and soak. Or: shred a tear in your shirt. Or: let your beard grow out. But these are tricks of the magician. Titans move with grace. We are beasts, wide shouldered. If you are strong this is what you must do: speak to the dead as you would speak to the living. For who has taught you that they have gone away just because they do not answer with their voice? And remember: we are surrounded by the dead as we are surrounded by fools. And remember: even the dead can be foolish. Who is the most foolish? The one who believes only what he has seen.