

An elegy for Demos

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It was Sunday
In every calendar
at the gas station,
towards the end of his shift

His watch relentlessly crunched away time
waste away madly, greedily
chipping time away
Robbing him of 10, 20 years
it might even have been 25
Eaten, chewed, thrown up
All spent in just 22 days
It was my little brother's watch,
It was Demos's watch.

The whole body
sprinting in a race
Organs randomly colliding with each other
attesting to the problems
telling us in multiple ways

That it is finished

do not think anymore
do not wonder
It is Death that chews time

coming in strides
and noise unknown
my little brother, Demo, is looking for.

Death claimed him fiercely
like an uncompromising lover
like an unchallenged master
like an absolute possessor
No debate, no breath, no pause
no stopover, nothing to touch comfortingly
nothing
nothing
a wild chase ran the body down

The devastation of the body.

But the soul, the soul?
The consciousness, the imagination?
The dream?
Could they tell, name it, spell it?

Was he setting traps for us
to utter the word
To say the fucking word
is coming
is coming
is coming
This meekness, this gentleness, this silence
I have been trying to understand ever since
Did Demos know
or did he entrusted this to those of us who were hovering
aghast again and again

at the medical updates

He did not ask me,

this,

this

what I'm trying to say

He talked to me but didn't ask me

Why didn't he ask me?

Was it because he did not want me to have to say the bloody words?

Didn't he want to hear the answer?

Sweet complaint?

Or maybe,

Perhaps he thought

"I know sister,

You don't have to tell me"

Did I want him to know?

Did I want him not to know?

I know I wanted him not to know,

not to panic,

not to be disheartened

Not to waste his strength on terror

but have strength to breathe

just breathe

I wish we were able

to let Demos

just carry the weight of his failing body

and nothing else

As I hope he did

He persevered with gentleness,
reaching personal greatness

I hope we have lifted the weight of reality
the weight of that dark moment
That final roar of death

He was slipping
He was taken away
He was changing
shrinking,
being sucked, bended, squeezed
My little brother Demos.

We saw death
Only for us
Demos is dead
For him he slept

Isn't that what Shakespeare says?
Our little life is rounded with a sleep?

Author

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