

He Called Me Again

I don't know how I ended up here. I must be sleepwalking again.

Cold air brushes the back of my neck, and a shiver shoots down my spine. My breath hangs in front of me in pale clouds. It has to be below freezing. Maybe three in the morning. The last thing I remember is crawling into bed, watching the clock change to two, then crying myself to sleep. A week of constant shock and sympathy messages had drained me completely. I still can't believe he's gone.

I'm standing in the cemetery. In front of his grave. Again.

The dirt covering him is still fresh, a raw mound, the tombstone is blank, just a cold slab catching the moonlight. Stars glint overhead, stretching long shadows across the headstones. I should be terrified. Maybe if it was the first time. But I have woken up here every night since the funeral, three nights in a row.

The scent hits me. Damp soil mixed with something sour and rotten. My stomach twists. I pull my robe over my nose and realize it's smeared with mud. My bare feet are numb, caked with dirt and leaves from the woods I must have walked through, frozen to the ground where I stand.

I swallow and stare at the grave.

"Why did you call me here again?"

DeeDee Gregory

Storyteller & Copywriter