

The Carrying Kind

AMANDA CHIADO

He holds the death on and in his body like a baby. It throbs in the bags under his eyes like fat moon slices. It is too jagged to exit from the tear ducts. After breakfast, his belly is a grave site with a pile of ripe soil. Can you sense the rustling? His eyes glaze in the haze of his fullness and a fuzziness comes over him like he is the drawing being formed by the eyes of the artist. He spins on an imaginary axis trying to dislodge it. It is hard to keep the death quiet in the padded room of the body. It rattles, and weeps and whimpers. It sings songs that chain you. I keep asking the angels to transform him, but they don't keep ordinary time. It trills and hisses and catcalls. He carries the death on his left shoulder till sunset like a stone gargoyle with hurting teeth and ancient eyes. I can feel the death looking at me, so I overfeed the doves. This is the acoustic part of the movie when you know it's coming to an end. At night, the death crawls under his skin and its scales tremble under his flesh. Thank God, he is drunk then, or he would scream, *exit here* and I'd have to perform an unsuccessful exorcism. I can't look at him with his forcefield halo. I have a habit of rocking everything to sleep, but death, sweet vortex, won't shush. He keeps trying to swallow it, but it's not that kind of death. It is the carrying kind.

