

Time Without Consequence

The boat pitched and rolled like a frantic child thrashing about in the waters of the choppy and wallowing sea. Here and there, massive crests topped with white froth charged through the sea. The immense receptacle of water pulsed with life and seemed to smile a mocking smile at the plight of the helpless people on board. You couldn't tell where the grey skies ended, and the grey waves began.

Soon my eyes, wavered from the sky and the water, and descended on the man. He was standing on the edge of the boat holding tight to the iron railings, his knuckles white. Dressed in one of his old suits, he leant into the gale to feel the white salt spray that came crashing right over the boat. Through squinting eyes, he drank in the sight of the waves. He looked intently into the horizon, almost in a pretentious way and then looked right back at me as if he knew something I didn't. Slowly with weakened confidence he raised one leg and put it onto one of the lower bars of the railing and looked at the waves crash against each other violently, the destruction it almost made me think of how we got here.

The summer if I remember was one filled with red stains and broken glass. Violence was in the air, the smell of death continued to linger on, as if to haunt me. And there loomed a translucent, red, grey cloud over the people and the buildings and the dried leaves that littered the ground. Smoke rose from the city as if it were in a state of craggy frustration. There was not much to it, but there was still a gravitas, a sense of beauty in complete control. The destruction was disturbing but there was still something beautiful about it.

When I reached the beach I thought I was going to die, thousands of people had gathered, as if to attend some grand party. Chaos had unleashed as people looked furiously for other family members and shelter. I felt a calm rush, the feeling was disturbing and familiar at the same time.

We slowly approached the bridge linking the shore to the boats, it was not firm and uneasy, just like the way we were at that point. Working through the massive amount of people on that tiny bridge we finally made it to the boat. It was not a large boat, just enough to carry about 50-60 people but I guess there were about at least a 100 on it. We squeezed our way onto the outer deck, ready to compromise the warmth of the inside for a little bit more of breathing space.

A sudden gust of wind woke me up as I drifted away into my cave of memory and I looked right back at the man. My eyes were a vague blue just like the sky had turned now and as I stood on my feet and stretched my arms upwards looking at the night sky, I felt an ache which conquered my whole body, drowning me back down to the cold, hard floor. Soon the man put his second foot on the railing and looked right up to sky as if he saw something holy, as if he had seen the dark man really close.

Father was a coward. At least what I knew of him, I didn't really know him much. I didn't believe he would actually do it though. He was a man of less action, but he jumped. And in all honesty when it happened I didn't feel anything, all I could notice were the waves when he fell in and the loud sound it made, and obviously mother screeching behind me. He disrupted the whole flow, the waves moved so perfectly in direction, rising and falling, they were rhythmic and perpetual, how could I fail to love them as they danced in violence beating against each other, but as he fell the pattern was broken and that irritated the hell out of me, I almost wish he hadn't jumped.

Mother didn't seem to care for the waves, she rushed to the edge wailing and crying almost over dramatically. She leaned over the railing to see father, you could almost see her underwear when she did lean over, I think it was a bright pink colour, I'm sure quite a few men really enjoyed that. It all happened quite quickly for me to digest it, and maybe I just didn't have the stomach for such a thing to be honest. On the other hand mother was crying her heart out, I guess she loved him.

Time passed, the boat moved, the sun set, the people cried. I didn't feel a thing.

I tried to sleep, but I couldn't, just like way I tried to cry but no tears came. The night for me was hurtful, like a frustrating race, it almost felt like I was running through my mother's gelatine pie. I felt a sheer childlike rush from just thinking about it, my mother's pie and home, but then I began regretting the loss of that feeling. I felt empty, like a starless night sky. Although mother cried, and reached for comfort, I just didn't have the energy to help her.

I got up from where I was sitting and I left mother on the floor weeping, she would stop crying eventually I thought. And I looked up into the night sky, but still I felt nothing. It was the coldest day of the year I think, and what do you think of that?, I mean what did I? I probably didn't think anything, but if I did, perhaps I am myself again.

