

I Remember a Man

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I remember a man: he used to be one of the smartest people I knew. He used to ramble about things no one thought was sane. He wasn't sane. He used to consume drugs on the regular, but he didn't abuse them, or at least he didn't tell anyone, and nobody saw him abuse such things. Nevertheless, one time was enough to break his brain: and there he was, abused and bruised by himself, soul broken in pieces that never would come back. This man, I've met a few like him, but none were as smart as this... Well, as he used to be.

It has been many a year by now, and last I saw of him, it was an accidental eavesdrop of an incredible coincidental moment.

A walk in town, exiting a cathedral after hearing a practice recital and a religious experience later; then down back to a bus stop — here he was by the side of my eye, back turned, voice clear, talking to two people that seemed suspiciously too much like they would supply those that asked for it.

And so it must have been as such: a druggie talking to his drug dealer, that also happened to be old acquaintances of his, judging by how they were interacting. It was not of joy, nor was it of friendship necessarily, and it certainly was not of excitement or even of time kill filler.

It was instead one of concern, of departure: a mourning before flowers would be lowered six feet under.

A few weeks before this encounter, news reached me that this man left the place that tried to take care of him. I do not know if he had housing past this; maybe he did, or maybe he was simply just a smart individual; not a wise one.

Even then, someone like this out in urban jungles does not have long to live. His pride was so strong that it became a death sentence. Maybe it is saddening, but when I think back on that last moment when I heard him speak and say his forever-farewells to his dealing-friends, all I can muster is this simple thought: "He must be dead by now, right?". Uncertainly is somewhat hopeful, as he was not a person tainted with sins of weakness — in that he would not let himself be devoured by his emotions and passions despite his state of permanent damage — but still. What would he be like now if he were not dead? What if it wasn't permanent and could be 'fixed'? Surely this isn't impossible, correct? But then, that would not explain all those that lived their lives in similar states and died holding in their arms a broken heart.

Whatever, what's done is done, and what was now only lives in memories of wonder. And so, I also do wonder how many people think of him from time to time.