

The After-lie

I can still remember vividly, the early morning sermons we used to attend together, when we were preached to about the endless wonders of the afterlife, like it was some luxurious vacation we should be looking forward to. “You will be blessed for all of eternity,” our elderly minister used to say, as if he had been a long standing resident of “God’s Kingdom.” I think someone forgot to tell that naïve old man, that it is *who* you spend eternity with that really matters.

Why did I believe that I could put my faith in a divine corruption called religion? I would sell my soul in a heartbeat to be able to haunt your being, if it meant being close to you again. But I am not allowed to go anywhere near that life anymore. His rules don’t work that way. I was snatched from your world when it was decided that it was my time to leave, and that’s the way it stands. And all I brought with me on this *vacation* was the smell of your hair, and sweet taste of your cherry lips branded to my soul. My suitcase is as empty as the corps that occupies my coffin.