

DECIMATION

To describe decimation effectively, one has to have seen it. Waves higher than what was thought possible winked in the sunlight as they jauntily swept away the coast. Leaving behind a ravaged skeleton who's only purpose was to remind of what was. And though this in itself was tragic, the smell saw to up the ante. The smell, the reek of salt and what used to be houses and mutual friends. The smell that travelled in drifts. Reminding that loved ones were gone. The smell that smiled as you saw the bones in the wrong places, what was left of bodies, left in a perpetual state of agony. The smell, the stench of years of grief and loss that, if left unchecked, would take more life. The smell that lingered just out of reach reveling in the anger and hurt it caused. The Woman lay in the rubble thinking her life over. Kate wondered why, how she hadn't seen this coming.

Unfortunately, tragedies are not announced. And so, as Kate awoke on a normal Wednesday, she did not anticipate that in just over ten minutes She, her dog and her extravagant dress collection would inevitably be identified by a search and rescue team, in multiple pieces mind you. So as the sky blackened and the world started to spin, she didn't possess the urge to take in the small two floor beach house. Its washed-out green walls a gateway to a forest after rain. The small bedroom a dry nook in the turmoil now unfolding around her. And yet it was only after the third wave hit that she pondered that something may be amiss. The sea had come to her and now lay proudly around the lower floor of her house. Eager to show itself it lapped at the woodwork as I had done to so many other houses beforehand. It was at this moment Kate seemed to consider her life. The good, the bad, and the dresses. She started to worry about her finances, anything, almost to contain her terror by replacing it with something more suitable. The water now, like a restless child picked up its pace now growing tired of waiting for recognition. It would show her. The waves grew higher. It would make the city one with nature. The waves swept over the remnants of the buildings caressing them the way a hand on a shoulder does after a funeral.

Kate sawt to cry out at first, but then, as if seeing the irony of it all resorted to laughing instead. She wasn't sure why only that it seemed to help the way a band aid helps a broken bone. She laughed; A shrill sound infested with fear. Her dog now, like her seemed to sense something was off. This prompted the dog to chase its little tennis ball around the room. Scrabbling against gravity as it rounded a corner. Kate, with a lightning speed now had the uncontrollable urge to check the stocks of the US economy so that she could shake her head in dismay as the avalanche of water continued unabated. For some reason Kate now wanted to immerse herself within all the problems of the world hoping, praying the water would all go away. The corgi now comfortably ensconced in an emotional fight involving terror and lust for the tennis ball decided to question why humans were as they were before the lust for the ball regained its grip on the corgi's free thought.

Kate had not always been this way. When she smiled others would smile back only to be outmatched by the blinding exchange that would follow. Never complaining, Kate would always immerse herself within a world of paper and imagination. Having the worlds within pages cuddle her in ways no other human was capable. A storm was so commonplace within her heart feelings of sunlight would burn. Her frame was delicate, breakable to the slightest touch. A flower growing in a carpark, she was surrounded by weeds. Never able to express her feelings, she recoiled only to find that inside her was just as unsavory. With this realisation came a time of change. A dog was sold against its own will and a house was bought. It was by the sea Kate decided she felt at peace with herself and the world.

Four years would pass like hours in a bed thirty minutes after you were supposed to go to a board meeting. She waited for the time her life would make sense. And yet that day would be swept into her arms by millions of litres of seawater. One day out of so many. A star within the hopelessly large expanse of space bearing the means to alter her life, and her dress collection in a way most humans need not consider.

To describe decimation effectively one has to have seen it. And Kate now laying in the ruins of her house surrounded by the confetti of what was human life had seen it. Decimation was cold. A blank sheet at the end of a book. Empty. Quiet. And as the sun shone she knew that 149.08 million kilometres above her no one would know. She closed her eyes, a fluid motion tears leaking from within caverns of regret and wasted time. She knew then what she wanted out of life. And death would bring her her final joy.