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Absence Cannot Be Imagined, Only Felt

Betsy Hulick

The millisecond of postponement in a dancer's descent, fish scales articulated in sunlight, a distant music carried on air turning the lock on the mind's prison, none of this will follow me there, and yet, I picture myself alive when dead, with memory still intact. That is why hell and heaven persist in the iconography of the soul as places, although who can deny it: With Auschwitz, the template for hell has been exhausted and Islam's view, privileging the erotic, is thin soup for the hungry heart. No touchstone, no talismanic good, not even the thanks that I've lived in my time, can penetrate there, where none commit suicide, go mad, or compose "Tristan and Isolde." Those for whom sleep is a refuge and waking a punishment know well this arrangement is for the best. But my postcard to earth, had I one, would simply say: "I miss you."

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