

Glory

On the third day of the third month, my son died. He was riding into battle, as brave as he had always been, when his hair got stuck on an oak tree. They shot him three times. He was brave, and strong, and smart, and fast. He was called a hero, and he fought valiantly until he died.

It took three months and three days for the corpse to arrive home. They brought it wrapped in a blanket. It was clean, as white as snow, and it even seemed to shine. The people who brought it almost seemed to revere the body, carrying it with utmost delicacy. A soft breeze moved the fabric, creating soft waves, over which the body floated. A hero he was, and a hero he seemed. They left him inside, and went on their way.

As soon as I closed the door, any sign of divinity had disappeared. Blood, as black as tar, came out of his wounds and stained the cloth, which stopped glowing. Maggots began consuming his body, and flies laid their eggs in the crevices of the cloth, while a putrid smell invaded the room. There was not a remnant of his glory left, not even the slightest similarity with the person he had once been.

It was then, that I finally saw it. Not a legend or a hero. He who once had been my son, became nothing but a pile of rotten flesh. I heard the screams of a thousand mothers, the cries of a thousand fathers, and silence. Heavy silence. A terrible harmony pierced my ears, and I became the soloist of a concert to nobody. I prayed, I swear I prayed, uttering something similar to words over my sobs. I mourned him for three years, three months and three days, time passing around me.

I had a son. He was brave, and strong, and smart, and fast. He fought valiantly until he died. Everyone loved him, they spoke of his feats in battle, his mercy towards the poor and weak, his sense of justice, his beauty. But he was not a legend, he was my son. He is not anymore. He is dead, and legends do not keep him alive. Glory brought him death, and dead he shall remain. And glory means nothing now.

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