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Eternal Stillness



Caleb Stacey

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There was a girl with me when the flood came .

A storm so massive it wiped away everything I owned.

My belongings. My comfort. My identity.

She didn't panic.

She looked me in the eyes and said:

“Go see what's left.”

I stepped out into the wet, broken street.

And there it was:

Only one thing survived.

A gun.

Not fired. Not aimed. Just waiting.

—

Then I heard something—a voice.

A young boy, crying.

But it wasn't normal crying —

He was freestyling, spitting broken rhymes through his pain.

Behind him was his mother—not comforting him,

But training him.

She was preparing him for a world that eats softness.

And in that moment I realized:

That boy was me.

Not literally.

But symbolically.

Pain turned into performance.

Emotion turned into survival.

I kept walking.

And time... bent.

I was aging through the dream.

Years passed in minutes.

And soon I stood in front of a mirror.

Worn. Weathered. Still holding the gun.

I looked at myself and said:

“All my friends who were like me are dead.

Does that make me special?

Or just lucky?”

And silence answered back.

At the end, a man approached.

He told me I had to cut my hair.

My beard had grown wild—untamed, like the truth I'd seen.

I noticed I was balding in the center —

Right where vision, spirit, and intuition used to live.

He took clippers to me.

Stripped the wildness.

Made me presentable.

Took the flood survivor...

and turned him into something that wouldn't scare the world.

But even in that moment —

I remembered:

The flood.

The girl.

The gun.

The pain-boy.

The mirror.

The question.

And I knew...

I can't unsee what I saw.

And I can't pretend I didn't survive.

Grief

Identity

Symbolism

Resilience

Transformation



Written by Caleb Stacey

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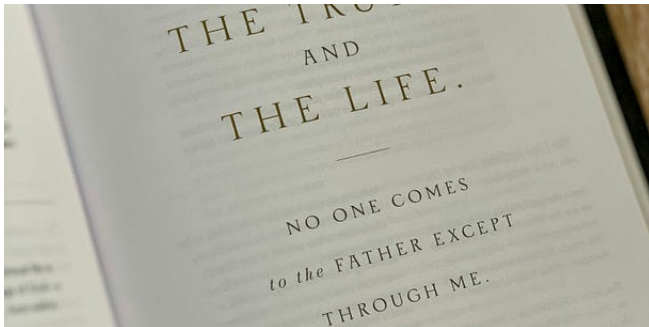


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
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