

# Resurrection

Strange rhythmical sound – where could I be? Now I recognize hoof beat on the street. The driving is strangely rigid, inevitably drawing and braking. I am driving with the horses. Peculiar, our family uses only horses for marriages and funerals. Marriage – that is decades ago, so if I am playing the chief part, there is only the other possibility. Now I have gotten accustomed to the darkness, there is, in fact, a small beam of light. It is probably where the worms are given the chance to escape. Let me also get out of here! But I cannot produce any sound – this is what they at the hospital called 'unconscious,' now that 'apparent death' has been abolished by a decree! I can hear bells from a church coming nearer – no, logically seen, I must be coming nearer and the bells stay where they are. I cannot bend the right arm, it is completely stiff. The left arm is not much better, but here it is clear why I cannot bend it, there is simply no space. I should have listened to the doctor's advice and lost weight, but I guess that is coming now. Finally, I can knock at the wall of the coffin with my straight arm. Not very loud, I fear.

The horses' hoof beats are making my tunes inaudible. I must wait until we stop – and fortunately, that is now. It is now or never!

My knocking was heard, a child says "but isn't here somebody knocking here?" Well done, my friend, I shall make it again. Then another voice, probably the girl's mother, silences her.

"We don't want any scandal here. It is probably only the horses that are making that noise."

No scandal? I shall give you an unforgettable experience when I suddenly rise! No, the lid of that coffin has been screwed on, it doesn't move a bit although I press with my left arm. They really don't want any scandal. If I could only escape through the worms' emergency exit. But now the coffin is being moved. Compared to the move upon the 6 shoulders of different height, the travel on the horse wagon was a pure pleasure. Let me deduct: if it is getting darker and the bells are less distinct now, it means that we are on the way into the church. In that case, I shall soon hear what they want to tell about me. A unique occasion, many would like to hear it but generally, though physical present, people are unable to appreciate the words. Occasionally, people read their own necrologies when it by accident is printed too early. Without such accidents, we had never become the Nobel's price – never mind, I did not get it anyhow – because the inventor of dynamite suddenly recognized the need for a better obituary than what he had just read. "The rumours of my death are strongly exaggerated," Mark Twain said while recovering from a common cold while reading his own necrology.

Hey, don't throw with the coffin, even if you find it too heavy. After all, there is a human in it, a living human, but nobody expect that. Finally, there is somebody who starts speaking. How beautiful, very touching. Unfortunately, it is a lie all of it, but it were brilliantly made up.

Oh no, now him with the monotonous voice and the talking machine without any firm content. Why is he here today? Of course, this is his chance to give on of his endless speeches without being interrupted. I cannot listen to him for five minutes without getting sleepy ...

What, already finished or did I sleep too long? Unfortunately, I have no watch, not even that did they let me keep here. Again, I try to knock at the coffin but it is no big sound that comes out of it, they are all relieved to get out and stretch their legs now. The six shoulder's transport company finished their job, now there is some sort of driving without horses.

"I am looking forward to get a beer after the long false praises," a man states.

"Yes, an I got hungry," a woman answers. You have problems, I think and try again to knock at the coffin.

I am flying and it is getting dark again. The reverend murmurs something; the endless speaker's long intermezzo has probably broken the frames of the timetable and they are trying to catch up again. Exactly as I try again, there is some sound upon the lid of the coffin, first sand and then earth shovelled. The end, it seems.

And then you may ask, how I can tell about it now? Well, to be on the safe side, I wrote everything down in advance as I still could.

Written in Danish, April 7, 2007 (translated to English the day after)

*John Schou*