

No One Remembers Your Name

There'd been a death in Paris the night before I went looking for Jim Morrison's grave. Well I presume there had been; from my tiny balcony in the 20th arrondissement overlooking Pere Lachaise, I had watched as a convoy of ambulances and police squealed to a halt at the apartment building next door. There had been a clamour of emergency services as the first responders had entered the building. The night was so quiet, I could hear their booted feet on the stairwell. Then a shattering of breaking glass as a door was kicked in and a dislocated silence until the procession returned again slowly, emerging into the streetlight-clad night. The vehicles drove away one by one, leaving only a solitary ambulance into which two paramedics despondently hoisted a blanket-clad gurney.

In the morning, Paris' first garden cemetery wept tears of rain as I followed splashes of colourful graffiti to the Lizard King's final resting place. Emptying my hipflask of its bourbon offering, I thought of Paris of a city of souls, the famous and the infamous keeping guard together, of life as a transient mechanism, as fleeting as newsprint in the rain. As I planted a kiss on Jim Morrison's grave, my lipstick smeared across my dampened cheek and my eyelashes were pointed spikes in the drizzle. I felt it then: the Earth's rotation and how we are always in exactly the place that we are meant to be.

Published Flash Frontier – December 2020

Amanda Hurley