

"Going to the crawl-space ..."

(a discussion of human behavior, and German
Shepherds, during bleak moments of the spirit ...)



by

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I know I haven't posted much of anything since early September - there is a reason for this ...

In the last few weeks, pretty much since late August, the general "angst" of this age, our own dreaded zeitgeist, has infected me; I feel covered, imbued, with the darkly negative spirit of this wretched season of the heart.

... fuck (that sounds bad).

It really isn't that bad, but I guess I figured "work is enough for now ... wait, see ... see what happens, keep your head down, enjoy the silent reflection of inevitability ... stockpile beer and other things so you can sit back and watch the world burn".

Our world is driven by forces far beyond the control of ordinary people like you and I - sure, there are points of leverage, places we can seemingly have an "impact", but these are slippery, facile, momentary, blips. I'm not advocating for surrender here, just the idea that ceasing to do stupid things is not equal to "giving up". I will choose to no longer do stupid things - like going to jobs that are pointless, or buying fast food so I can die of butt cancer ... stupid shit.

But with that, a voice still beckons "what's the point, see friends, say goodbye, not much time left to do so." - that idea has been bouncing around my head for several weeks now ... but it is also linked to a memory - a memory of growing up off of HWY-20 in Washington State,

about 10 miles west of Burlington (WA).

We had a LOT of dogs when I was growing up - I forget the exact number, but I think it was 6 or 7 (perhaps as high as 9). We had our own pet cemetery growing up, a big one, out back - we didn't own all of these dogs at the same time, they all died separately (but with similar cause of death).

HWY-20 was a 2 lane state highway, with a posted speed limit of 50 MPH (as I recall) - bad place to have dogs off the leash.

I have faint memories of those times when the dogs learned the horrible truth about chasing cars on HWY-20, and suffered the consequences. In some cases my dad would just come home from work and scoop the poor creature off of the asphalt. He would dig a hole, bury the dog out back, and let us kids know that we could "hold our funeral in the morning" (and we did ... we did hold funerals for our dead dogs, most of whom were German Shepherds). Oh, those eldritch rites.

In other cases, that still involved holding a funerary ritual ... and, as I would later find out from my friends at my elementary school, wasn't that "special" to our family ... when the dog had just enough energy to move to some place private, the dog would take his/her broken, dying, body and drag itself into the crawl space under our house.

That's how we would find out where 'Troubles went' ...

That smell ...

(you know the smell)

This happened to us more than once, and my buddies at school said it happened with their dogs as well. I remember having a conversation with a friend at school about this, and he said:

"Dan, I think they know ... they know when they're finished." It was second or third grade, and this kid had the most perfect and grim explanation – they know when they're "finished".

Fast-forward to today ...

I read the news (the little I can stomach) ...

I watch the videos of events from around the world ...

And since late August ...

I have had this feeling that I am not alone in my sense of dread, fear, loathing, for that storm that approaches. I'm not a lonely dog, crawling under the house by himself – there are others, out there, preparing for that as well. I feel as if the whole planet - EVERYBODY - is like those dogs from when I was growing up. We sense that something is awry, we feel as if this sham of an existence is ending, and we are silently skulking our way to our own proverbial "homes" and their respective "crawl spaces".

We mostly know what's coming is bad, even if vague, even though we will not admit it to each other, ever - we

must keep the fiction alive, for the children. Sure, the parents may feel the "tug of the crawlspace", but that doesn't mean there isn't "hope".

We know, but we don't want to know.

We know enough to know the time is nearing to say goodbye to those things we've taken for granted and to get our asses off of the couch, to turn off the TV, the computer, to make our way to the 'crawl space'.

(to silently, pathetically, await the inevitable)

(just like a dying dog, hiding under the house)