



The Worm
(Flash Fiction, 185 Words)
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"The cut worm forgives the plow." -William Blake

There is no light. My blessed damp cavern. My city of roots speaks to me of grace in a language the common choose not to learn, but I am fluent. I was raised this way.

Ageless stones harbor generations of fungi below the feet of giants, their children's children telling stories. I overhear as I pass. Each grain passes through me as time through an hourglass. I am the hourglass of subterranean subways. My labyrinth forgotten in modesty, imperfect service, glorious wonder.

My humble past, humbling, a faithful transient decomposition. There are rumors below the concrete, but in the morning they sound like lies. Echoes of the steps above can't be trusted. Dominion disturbs our ceaseless quiet. From my lowly, hushed corridors, I can't see the sky. For as long as the half-celestials have looked to the stars, they never know the gods as I do. The soil is a mosaic of miracles.

They dig, and they dig. I am severed, I am bisected, I forgive. My decay became life. My parts are carried away.