Suicide Note

R. Scott Yarbrough
He used a German Luger his father toted back from WWII. Imagine what that gun had to do to get back to Abilene, Willis Street. It could have just as easily rusted under sand on Omaha beach or pushed up flowers in a garden in Moulin Rouge. But someone decided it needed to float an ocean. He shot himself in the chest.

Suicide is a secret that is just about to spill and color the earth a color besides blood red. Blood is easier.

He was left handed, so he would have had to hold the barrel with his right just away from his chest and pull the trigger with the thumb and index of his left hand, like a looking glass searching for a purpose.

I mean, suppose the calculation. Suppose he would have hung himself: cutting the rope; is it strong enough; which tree; how far should I fall before it catches; the measuring tape; looking up "Hangman's Noose."

That might be where he saw a picture of the human heart, in the "H's," and how it's just to the left of center like he was.

Then, he must have considered how that indifferent bullet with hollow head would spread and push its way into his heart like an instant cancer, indifferent.

Suicide is everything that leads up to it. But ultimately it is that second when one jumps or pulls or thinks the world is better off without them. None are right and he was wrong. We needed him suffering or not.

So now I'll have to make my own Colorado Bulldogs at the family reunion and apologize for my fingers trembling off the neck of my guitar during his eulogy. Now, I'll have to try to remember his megaphone laugh and his Texas running shorts pulled up so high you could see his jewels.

What was so bad that a bottle of wine and key lime pie couldn't cure?

I really wish he wouldn't have done that.