

As I am preparing my rope with reverence, I am wondering what Odin was thinking during the nine days that he was hanging from the tree of life, how he filled his mind with pride of his humbleness.

What a jerk! That is what all gods have in common, I suppose.

‘Oh, look at me. I am sacrificing myself to myself, lowering my divine existence to your human, pathetic experience. So, from now on, I have the undeniable right to ask you to do the same. You cannot say anymore that I am an arrogant god. I now know how it feels to be a sacrifice, thus...’

You know shit, mate. You don’t have the slightest idea of how it really feels when suffering is not just for show or a pointless bet with yourself, how it is when you are actually deep in shit, with no hope to escape, and not a clue of not just what will come in the future, but even if there will be such a thing as the future.

Kind of like how my sister thinks that she knows how difficult life is because she raised her three kids, living in a mansion-house with 4 bathrooms, a babysitter and a cleaner. Later, a new car and £1500 child-maintenance (after she left her posh husband) when I wasn’t even more certain where I could give birth, than Mary was in Bethlehem.

It comes in handy now though that she could afford with that money and that car to climb mountains for a hobby. She is, after all, the one that taught me how to make proper knots.

The sun will set soon, and I’m waiting for the full moon. Everyone needs a friend at the end, I suppose.

I take the plastic-folded stool out of the car, and I start the playlist that I’ve prepared for that moment. It’s been years that I’m listening to that playlist, fantasising of this moment.

The sky is red now and the moon is here, smiling at me.

‘I know the gods have failed you, but why don’t you forgive them? If you think about it really, that’s the humane thing to do. You know that; forgive and keep walking. That’s the only way you can see me again. That’s the only way I can see you again, my friend.’ The moon says and smiles.

I’m so unbelievably tired, but I know she is right. How can I leave a planet that has her for a moon? How can I hold grudges against the gods when I have a friend like her?

I take the rope and the stool and make a swing.

I don’t care if you are Dionysus’ kid, or Dimitra’s. Bring wine or beer when you come. Bring a cider, for all I care.

Even if you don’t come... I still have my moon.

I’ll stay here for a while. I have enough pages to write a book.

Just let me stay here for a while.