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The Amateur Resurrectionist

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Shipers: The Amateur Resurrectionist

THE AMATEUR RESURRECTIONIST

Carrie Shipers

He'd been dead six months. Mouthing the Latin she'd learned to wake him, she threw herself against his stone hard enough to bruise, then lifted her shovel and sank its blade. He emerged grave-smearred and grateful, spine crackling behind the split back of his jacket. He didn't ask about the funeral—who came or how many flowers, even how he'd died.

Together
they filled the hole, replaced its flap of sod. She asked what being dead was like. *It's not like anything.* She'd thought he could cure her grief, but she felt it lodged low in her back, one more thing, like restaurants and snow, they couldn't share. In the dark, she dragged his hands against her body, but his skin was gray and cold. She couldn't sleep.

She told him everything—how much it hurt to live with only part of him, how that first knot of sorrow had climbed her spine and spread. *You aren't keeping me alive,* he said, *just around.* She buried him again, each clot of dirt grief's fist unclenching.