

Bedwyr Williams

Huuuuuge Thanks!

16 September– 11 November 2017

A best man takes Ecstasy at a Wedding and Dies

He had just got up to his feet and said

‘Just a bit of housekeeping before we get started, on behalf of...’

And then he dies

The best man is wearing a suit of the same design as the groom and the other ushers but his is larger and the tails of his coat seem very long compared to theirs.

His hair has been slicked back so that the pale skin of his scalp highlights the shape of his hairline. He had never taken drugs with his hair slicked back before.

He’s just died but he doesn’t topple over, one of his shoes makes a noise but he remains standing. He’s just balancing. It’s a freak occurrence but he is actually dead on his feet.

The piece of paper with his speech written on it slips in his hand a little

He’s died on a high, a real high

His nerves feel like ferns curling up inside him, a sort of cosy controlled panic.

The sound of the guests drops away and he is aware that he is higher than he’s ever been before.

He’s high looking out over a small sea of people.

He feels cut loose from himself and the speech he was about to give

He has the sensation of the seams of his suit giving way as he rises naked from his wedding gear.

His hands make soft fists and disappear up his sleeves

Not naked quite like a naked man in a photo or like a confident naked performer but somewhere in between he’s certainly shed something.

He feels his long shoes both dropping away at the same time and his toes stand up and spread out. There’s a freshness between his toes as he rises up in the marquee.

He sees the body that he has left behind, the teetering figure he has risen from.

He is leaving that behind now, he is the best man.

‘I’m the best man’ he says to himself