

Scar Tissue of the Heart

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You step forward holding the cold unethical blade in your hand. There is no sadness, but there is no intention either. The glint in the steel taunts your desires knowing that it is a safe game to play. There is no use for suicide in your current state, it is just like everything else, a tool to use in order to achieve your own selfish wants.

Clicks come from the computer as your companion, who you believe deserves to have you forever, frantically types at your emotional state. The whole act is nothing more than a play, a dramatization to influence your will over someone else. Unfortunately you influenced your passions over the only boy who ever had the guts to stand up and fight you. He is not fighting against you now, he is fighting for you, for the you that does not really exist. He is fighting for the you that had been built up in his head by the only man he could possibly see himself loving.

The clicks are irritating less like a computer communication and more like rats in the walls. Just another pest that won't leave, they infest the structure and stay for life. Of course you forced him to do such things. You are the only influence in his life and now that he has latched onto your underbelly those claws will never release.

TELL ME YOU ARE ALRIGHT!

The words appear every few seconds on the monitor. Just a repetition of the plea as if the screen could convey the emotion if it was typed enough times. You smirk at them, an evil grin that allows your malicious lie to arouse your mind into believing that you have received what you asked

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for. A quick flick and the webcam turns off leaving your frightened viewer to believe that you will end it all.

He is yours now. As long as he knows that you would not live without him he will leave his life and come to you. You could run away from his wife and children and become rats in someone else's wall.

The clicks continue every three seconds like clockwork. The monotony of the sounds drift your thoughts from reality let you slip away into a fog that only exists in the future that will never be.

You are filled with passion and excitement. Knowing that he left his family for you has sparked your sense of power. It is a physically arousing thought that he has followed you to the middle of nowhere to lose the life he once had just to make that connection.

Your fantasy evolves into the physical craving of his body against your own. The passion pulsates between two men who caress the questions of intimacy beyond the bounds of gender. But even in your imagination you do not share a motivation. You let your delight explode with a trail of saliva across his body for no other reason than it excites you. There is no connection between you and the boy in your fictitious bed, just your sexual dominance, just the beginning of a horrendous fantasy that you will never reveal to him.

The clicking of the rats' pound the back of your skull, but the increased frequency is ignored as you push back into your daydream.

The boy holds you tight. You feel his warmth and strength in the real world knowing that it is all in your head. His sharp body odor alerts you to his fear and nerves that have him questioning his actions. His mind tears him

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away, but his mouth bites down on you in a desperate attempt to stay, to prove he was right in leaving his family and his safety behind.

The clicks are incessant but the phantom boy opens himself to you. He asks for the sin to enter his soul and steal him from his bigotry. He pleads for you to take him and make him whole, to be one with you.

Your dream brings you physical ecstasy in perfect timing with the now frantic clicking of the trapped rats. You take him, hold him, and scar him while pleasing yourself. You have taken control in your mind and in his.

The clicking stops.

You slide down out of your fog and back to the real world where you prepare to start the journey of turning your vision to reality.

The screen flickers in the darkness of your bedroom laughing at your idiocy. Laughing at your power as it has pushed you away from your demented dream.

The screen says it all.

TELL ME YOU ARE ALRIGHT!

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TELL ME YOU ARE ALRIGHT!

You did it

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You are gone? Dead? Oh God.

Oh well

I guess I won't be getting any ass after all.

You see the words, but the shredding of your power and control is what sends you to the floor. The ripping apart of his heart was just a fantasy, a sexual journey. The possibility of happiness is what you had secretly wanted. Secretly hidden from yourself because it was an ending you did not want to desire. Now you are left alone in a fabricated death which shows you their real opinions. You are worthless, useless, and a waste.