Clarity

There's a torn piece of shear fabric beneath the fourth bar stool inward that belongs to a young woman who was raped in the back alley on Tuesday evening. She cried for her mother, who meanwhile asphyxiated her husband with a leather belt while he passionately masturbated.

"Ma'am, you forgot your purse", he held out the leather strap with the same hand that would tear her black lace thong. The other had a long scar from a childhood dog attack, and would hold her mouth shut and muffle her whimpers.

"Oh, dear lord", cries the newspaper man as he finds this lovely young lady curled up in the same position that made her father have a mental breakdown when she had first assumed it.

Oh dear lord is right! The baby was born, she's autistic. There's no cure, should there be? Should we worry? She's not, or entirely is. We're not entirely sure, it's the only thing we're sure of. That's okay, we'll be okay, everything will be okay.

When she was five a pharmaceutical company injected her with an experimental syringe composed of a cocktail of stem cells and research grants. She's not sure if it helps, she sits still more and thinks even less. She's the perfect child and she's too dumb to realize it.

"There's a monster under my bed."

There really is.

"Go to sleep, honey."

Watch your ankles, watch your ankles, for once, they should not be that low.

She sleeps soundly while monsters procreate under the floorboard and her mother plans a respectable suicide.

You're too old, you can't see monsters, they're still there. They're hiding, and they're still coming. Maybe not, there's no way to tell.

There's a man in a business suit who once pushed a pretty young lady to the ground and penetrated her again and again while she streamed tears and whimpered. He blames too much whiskey, he should blame not enough. No one knows, no one knows, no one needs to know.

He sits in a reclining chair and drinks the same brand of whiskey from a high ball glass.

"Hi, honey!"

His wife has fake breasts and even faker motives.

"Hey, baby."

They exchange pleasantries to keep the mask on. This is a business arrangement. She gets shiny things and he gets to fuck her in the ass. Who's losing?

Okay, so they have a counselor. They want a connection but they're using the wrong plugs. They're happy, just not with each other.

What's the problem?

There is no problem, that's the problem.

Okay, so the kid's ten now and she still sees monsters and her mother's still alive and neither are too happy about it.

She gets a shiny new injection every week and her head is less foggy. She's not quiet anymore, she reads a lot. She idolizes Burroughs and Keruoac, she wants her tummy to burn like there's and smoke unfiltered cigarettes.

Beatkniks never wrote about monsters under their beds.

She scribbles in a notebook.

It's a diary.

What's the point when there's no one to sneak in and read it?

It's not a diary.

"Mommy, I can't sleep."

She wishes she can help as she counts sheep atop her ceiling.

"Me neither."

She holds her with her left arm as she nuzzles in her head. They both wonder if there's monsters under this bed as well.

They both lie and do it well.

His wife's stares at her implants in the mirror. They once looked eternally perky, they now look like tanned leather bound in tight wrinkles over Bocci balls.

We're all destined for disappointment.

He's not happy about it. He can hardly get hard, his erection is in a perpetual state of medically-induced zombification.

They fuck, neither of them cum and both silently realize that it's the only thing they've ever agreed upon.

They lie in bed, he lights a cigar, she, a cigarette.

They stare at the ceiling and wait patiently for slumber.

The kid's 17 and she's as pretty as her mother once was. She fits in. She's seamless. She wears torn jeans and flannels. Her friends smoke pot and drop acid on weekends, she likes to dose research chemicals and write in her notebook.

She lost her virginity above the monster's head while he stroked himself with his tentacles.

Her mother is happy. She takes Xanax. She likes to clean, she's a maid for rich socialites with more apathy than money, she has a boyfriend. He's a nice guy, he's a gardener. She jokes that "he really grew on her."

There's the bodies of five young boys buried in the woods behind his house.

She begins working for a rich Manhattanite, who bears a striking resemblance to someone she's tried her best to forget. She bears the resemblance of happier times. She sweeps floors and he watches her hips sway with a grin.

The kid came by one day, she helped her mother mop. She railed mephedrone off othe edge of the sink and carved existentialist poetry underneath the table.

"Who are you, who am I, what joy is there to be?

Who are you, who am I, shall we ever be free?"

So the guy comes home and for once everyone's in the same room together and no one's any the wiser. The wife doesn't fit in and she'd be jealous, if only she knew.

Pride cometh before the fall, and we are all surely falling.

They all look at each other with fake grins and pretend everything's okay. They don't try hard, they never had.

She goes through old boxes of clothes for the Salvation Army. She never had enough, now she has too much. She stumbles upon a pair of flesh-tone stockings, with a small piece of fabric torn from the left thigh.

The kid just railed a line of 2-CE and the shots start to undo. Her brain goes "click, click, click!" Her journal notes no longer make sense. She's scared, she cries for her mommy.

She's in the next room over, falling into incoherent sobs against the wall. Strangers are no longer strangers.

The wife walks in on him masturbating with an old, torn pair of panties pressed up against his nostrils.

A Rottweiler runs back to his master with a tibia coated in rotted flesh between his jaws.

Even monsters get tired of hiding.

The kid's stuck in disconcerting reality, so are the rest of us.

It's okay.

"When the sky and mountains crumble to the sea,

When the canyons come to a close, so too shall we."