

Glorified Flesh

Rose

Once upon a time a little girl was thrust into the world by her parents, pushing her out through the lips of her mother's cavity. The baby created by their spastic act that burst into a bullet of cum that shot up into the woman's gulping womb, breaking inside, like drops of dribble, sticking to the walls of the new mother's meat cave. There it slowly moulded itself into a foetus. Kept mutating, sprouting arms and legs, a skull and neck, eyes and a tongue inside. After months of fermenting it pressed its knuckles against the slit-shaped door of its home. It wriggled out through her mother's shaking legs, into the plastic gloves of a doctor, as if it was a rat pushed out a sewer drain. Her parents took her into their home, stuck her in a swaying cradle. Their eyes swallowed her body, sacrifice their hours only to her growth. Gently forcing her body to evolve. Feeding her, till her food ran down her lips. They clapped their hands the day she stumbled onto her legs, her toothless mouth bursting with giggles. Soon she could walk and speak by herself, and her parent's hands disappeared from her reach. Their attention above her, their feet moving around her, their voices echoing above her, as if they were distant stars.

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She kept tugging at her parent's trousers. Irritated by her always gagging warmth and hugs they put her in front of a glowing TV screen. There, she spent her childhood, in front of her private theatre, blistering with a distorted glow, that stabbed her mind into a quiet giggling. She watched movie after movie. Events flowed around her like broken rumours. She only remembered the pitch shifted lines crackling out of the rainbow morphing screen. They became her first hunger, fixating on them like a leech. Inhaling every film buzzing in front of her. All of them from the same genre. All of them giving her stories of romantic love. All of them seeds from the same hereditary, from that overbearing tree that sits in the centre of every little girl's dreams, who all surround it and grabs at its leaves, bringing them to their mouths, suckling on them like a lovers milk. The settings changed. The names of the characters. The bones underneath those muscled bodies. But all of their mouths licked her with the same tingling flame. She was a convicted nun in their crimson church. Memorizing each one of their psalms. Adoring the hearts hidden inside all of those skeletal stories. Hated every other genre! They had to be the same! They had to be stuffed with the clichés she knew. Whether they were surrounded by humour, or drama, or adventure, or tension or action. They had to be filled with interludes of couples kissing, loving and enjoying each other. They had to end with couples hugging each other under the sunlight, destined to be happy together for all eternity. And she grabbed all of the words they gave to her, put them inside her, like syringes.

She grows up into a woman, feverishly searching for that perfect man. A face and smile like the ones she adored on the tv screen. A body like the angels she devours in her dreams. She covers her walls with printed photos and paintings, showing perfect men with bodies aching with beauty. Every muscle and curve and line and feature godlike. She stares at them from her bed, imagines their hands all over her. Inside her mind she cuts off their limbs and stitches them together, into a perfect husband, her perfect doll, her eternal god. She conquers many men. The hook she throws gets stuffed with a thousand tongues that want her. Some are pigs and some are dreamers. They all try to win her heart. All return with tattered clothing, as if they were defeated soldiers. Their hearts covered with scars. Carefully moving their legs, carefully moving their arms so they won't break. No one wants to tell, their failure still strangles. Some act tough and wave her name away like a fly, but everyone can see them disintegrating like broken glass. Their doubt aching, a new wound pulsating. But sooner or later they all recover. They date again. Some become better boyfriends and husbands. They don't hurt their partners like they did before. Everyone jokes about her. Say she's a nun that converts swine. But she doesn't care. She is too focused on finding the knight that will consume her dreams. So she keeps hunting.

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She met her David at a party. He stood with his friends. Holding his beer, quietly listening, laughing along with the vulgar humour. She stared at him from the other end of the room. Examining him. He looked perfect. He had the perfect face, the perfect muscles,

the perfect curls, the perfect eyes, the perfect smile, the perfect hands. He was looking down, lost in his own thoughts. Suddenly, he noticed her from the corner of his eyes, staring right into him. His eyes froze under her gaze. She was biting her lips. He could feel his cheeks fill with warm blood. Couldn't turn his eyes away from her. Turned away from his friends, walking towards her. She turned and walked into the other room. He followed her. Inside the kitchen he walked up to her until she twirled around to face him, like she learned to twirl from the women in one of her favourite comedies. It's her turn! She looks at him. Into his eyes. Asks him if he often stalks women. He stops mid step, blushes to his ears, then, yes, he jokes, that he only follows pretty girls. She gets warm. Yes! It's him! She laughs at his joke, a high pitched laughter that ends with a inhaled sigh. She looks at him. Her dream can begin.

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They start their intertwining. First date is a success. He follows her hidden desires exactly, as if he was a puppet for her dreams. The restaurants he chooses, the way he talks, the way he smiles, the way he jokes, the way he treats her, all trigger scenes from her favourite films. Their affection grows as days are drawn out. Soon, they wake up in each other's arms. They lay there silently, she's waiting for the moment, when, yes, he stands up, and tells her that he will make her breakfast, smiling to her, yes, the kind of smiles angels give to her in her dreams. They walk together holding hands. But she hasn't taken him in yet. His soft collar and leash are still hidden behind her back. He sucks up what she likes to talk about, limits his words to only that. He listens more, he

knows that she loves to talk. He knows how to hug and squeeze her to make her moan. He knows what kinds of jokes will make her laugh. She can't help but smile. He is perfect. They do activities exactly the same way that the couples in her memorized movies did. Like sitting in the park eating sweets. Or going out for picnics. The light shining perfect bliss. The chocolates they feed each other melting inside their mouths. They play together, chasing each other through fields of overgrown wet grass. They're giggling in a childish song. She runs with her eyes closed, imagining, how wonderful this scene will look from the eye of the camera. She's distracted when he throws himself onto her, and they roll in the grass, laying there laughing, showering each other with kisses, mimicking the behaviour of other lovers. She lays awake sweating. Her heart pounding. She can feel something tender and heavenly just out of her grasp. It's coming. She's near it.

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One day he comes to her silent apartment. He calls out her name, but only the walls echo back. He walks around her home. Confused why she called him. Then he finds her. She's laying in the bathtub. Arms and legs sticking out like pale hooks. Her fingers soft. A knife clutched between them. Her head tilting backwards. The tub filled with blood hiding her body, building a pool underneath her dangling hand. The ambulance comes quickly, the medics shove her into the back of their truck. Sirens roaring as it pierces through the streets. Inside the hospital her body is taken by a crowd of white coats that disappear through a door. He walks back and forth in the sterile hallway. His sweaty hands rubbing his glistening

face. He knows where she got this from. He remembers the films she showed him, one of her favourites she said, where an actress tries to kill herself, but is saved by a random man, someone who starts taking care of her, slowly turning into her loving husband. An extremely cute movie, although its subject matter hangs heavy like a skinned cow's carcass. These thoughts spiral around his head, hearing them clicking like a film roll. He's laying on a bed of chairs in the hall when a nurse comes in yelling out his name. He sits up. The nurse explains that she didn't cut that deep, that it looked worse than it was. He goes into the room. He sees her, sitting upright in her bed, looking out the window, eyes and mouth so still as if she was dreaming. Her newly bandaged wrists lay calmly in her lap. He comes up to her, and when she sees him a big smile spreads to her ears. He falls for her and hugs her waist. She calmly strokes his hair. Telling him that she is so happy, now that she knows that he will always be there for her.

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Her grip tightens around his neck. Her demands are growing more oppressive. She is quick to give him a sacred list of sins he cannot commit. He can never be unfaithful, never scream at her, never be angry at little things, never laugh too loudly, always clean, never talk about subjects she finds boring, never work late, always choose her first, never play music too loud, never be sarcastic with her, never tease her, unless she wants it, he needs to go to the gym, always play games she wants to play, watch every movie she wants to see, never go out with his friends late at night, because a good boyfriend always chooses their girlfriend over his friends, like in one of her favourite

films, when a man hangs out with his friends but regrets it and instead runs to his girlfriend instead. He only smiles when she orders him. He just wants her to be as happy as she can be. So that they can become that perfect screen couple, just like she wants to.

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He's careful never to displease her heart, or she'll strangle him and pierce him with waves of screaming, and all he can do is throw himself onto the floor and beg her for mercy. He wants her smile to remain glowing. He wants her to take every moment they share, compare it to her favourite films, see how similar they are. He wants their moments together to be perfect. Careful not to insult her dreams with his weakness. Like when they had sex. When she prepared everything, in order to feel perfect. Replacing the lightbulbs with purple light, music in the background, curtains drawn, so their bodies become only shadows. They kissed and hugged each other gently in a choreography constructed by her. He shivered as he laid on top of her, inserting himself into her. She only grunted, spat commands to him, while he tried to make her moan and gasp. Until she finally snapped and screamed and threw him of like a leech. She sat there grabbing her hair, crying her eyes out, slapping his hands away when he tried to touch her. Now he's improving every day. Careful to follow her orders.

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She gets furious when he reveals a new quality or weakness to her. It destroys the painting she has fought to create. The one that will bring her eternal

happiness. She screams at him why he didn't show this before. But he can't explain, his heart and flesh softening. She hates every wound that he dares to show her, now that he feels so comfortable with her. His dreams snared around her and only her. She sweats, bites her tongue, when she sees him doing something she hasn't noticed before, like when he grits his teeth when he was thinking. That he hums to himself too loudly when he's happy. That he likes something that she doesn't. She refuses to look at him, locking herself in the bathroom. Digging her nails into her scalp, trying to calm down, trying to forget his hidden qualities. Fighting to repress them back into her sub conscious. Laughing it off when she sees it again. She feels victimised when he spills his guts to her. When he comes home to her. His face bleeding with internal ache. Telling her about his day at work, or that he fells bullied by the boss, or by one of his friends, or howls about his future. Confessing to her with eyes swimming with tears. She always turns around and shrieks in horror into his face. Yelling that she doesn't want to hear this. That he must keep it to himself. That his cries will stain the floor, infect the air, poison the ground of their home. And he listens to her. Throws himself to her feet, kissing them desperately. Screaming to her that he didn't take the damage in mind, that he won't to it in the future. And she is always pleased to see that he understands, happy to see that he submits to her vision. Sinking down to the floor to him to pet him.

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He comes home hearing her screams, wailing like a massacred pig. He runs into her bedroom. She sits crouching in the corner, her hands gripping her face,

mouth regurgitating high pitched sighs. He asks her what has happened. She looks up. Sees him. Her shrieks break and shatter, splinters cutting into his stomach. He takes a step closer. She grabs the lamp, throws it into his face, he falls to the ground and she jumps onto him. Locks him underneath, her fists smashing trying to break his face. He fends off her swinging arms easily, grappling onto her wrists, twisting her around and onto the floor. She knees him in his stomach. He gasps, swallows for air, while she runs out of the room. He runs after her into the kitchen. She glares at him, through her drenched hair, her eyes filled with tears. He cries out begging her too answer what he has done wrong. She screams higher, grabs everything in front of her and throws it at him. Plates and glasses explode against his flesh, trying to walk towards her, knives and forks tearing up his arms and gashing wounds on his scalp. He reaches forward, grabs her arm, she tries to hit him, but he catches her other arm and presses her against him and she starts sobbing when they sink down to the floor in an embrace. Soon her sobbing morphs into snot filled breathing. He asks her what's wrong. She looks up at him, swallows her tears, and says: "I have found a man that is more beautiful than you"!

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She drags him to the florist. There she lifts up her hand, points at the angel inside. He can't disagree. His rival is taller, his muscles bigger, his hair blonder, his locks curlier. His skin almost glowing as if he was forged by gods above. Then they walk home. Now she barely speaks to him anymore. Only walking around quietly, her face consumed by the thoughts inside her cage. She walks past him. His fiancé can feel his body

sinking into the background, becoming another stain on the wall. During the night she whispers to him that they probably can't be together anymore. That this won't work anymore. Insinuates to him that as long as this perfect angel exists, she will always wish she was with him instead. Her fiancé knows he's losing. But he tries to regain her heart. Strains his blood trying to do everything that he knows she loves. Staging every scenario he can stitch together from her favourite dreams. But he can see, on her face, that she is somewhere else, having another fantasy. That she's imagining, how much better this would be, if she was with that perfect man. And he looks down. Because he knows, that as long as this angel exist she will never be calm around him.

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One night, he's sitting in his car. He's just left their apartment, after staring at his sleeping lover. Watching her mouth twitching, before turning around. When he left she opened her eyes, smiled to herself. Now he's sitting here, staring at the house where the angel lives. He gets out. Walks up to the house. Looking around, seeing only dead streets. He stops in front of the door. He knocks hard on the door, hides his hand behind his back. Lights turn on inside, he can hear steps, sweat builds up under his arms. The door opens. The angel stands on the threshold. Wearing a t-shirt, barely covering his muscles. He looks confused. Asks what he can help with. He stares at the angel. The angel asks again. He can't answer. The angel shrugs his shoulder, touches the door handle. He grabs the angel's neck, penetrates the knife into his gut. The angel gurgles as he pushes him over the threshold. He slams his rivals

head into the floor, hears him choke under his grip. Our man shuts the door, mounts the angel's squirming body, pressing him into the floor. He raises his hand, sinks the blade into the angel's ribcage like a guillotine. He slashes, rips, tears through his stomach, over and over again. The angel's shrieks turn into fountains of blood, his kicking weaker and weaker. Our man pulls out the blade a final time, then shoves the knife into the perfect man's mouth like a force feeding. He presses it deeper and deeper, until the angel stops kicking. He gets up. Looks at the body split open. He smiles. Happy to see his rival mutilated ugly. He leaves the house quickly. No one outside. All windows still black. No one hears his car drive home again. He comes home. Walks into their bedroom. She is sitting in the bed. Sees him drenched in red. She opens her arms to him. He sinks down into her embrace. Buries his face into her chest. She strokes his head, her heart so warm inside. Telling her baby what a good boy he's been.

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She wants to be married before 28. Just like her favourite stars. She takes her fantasies of her perfect wedding, twisting them into a shrine. An altar covered with pictures, glowing like a star, her perfect god. He says nothing. He doesn't want to rupture her heaven, the one she stares at every day inside her skull, whose poisons pouring out her pores. He organises everything that she demands for the wedding. The music, the invitations, the location, the church, the clothes for the guests, bridesmaids, best man, the ring, their own outfits, making sure that they are they are the most beautiful there. The day

comes, a giant spectacle, more similar to a royal feast than a wedding. Throughout the day, he breathes as if he was stabbed, watching over everything, the ceremony, the speeches, the music, the food, the dances, the conversations people have, always glancing back at her, making sure that her mask of joy is constantly snared around her face. Always glistening, as she inside her skull, compares everything that happens to the vision she harnessed like a baby bird inside her cranium. Afterwards there is the honeymoon, which he plans also to her taste. He watches the way she acts, like she was an angel inside her own paradise. Soon after they come home she reveals that she is pregnant.

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She gives birth to their child. She screams, when she sees it's born wrong. It's a son. She always thought the eldest needed to be a daughter. Just like her favourite films. He tries to comfort her, while her rage keeps evolving. His hair is the wrong colour, his eyes blue and not brown. Recessive genes they both buried inside their veins. At first she just laughed, while fingering the hairs on the baby's head, kneading them between her fingers. But as he got older, his scalp got furrier and furrier, blonde patches spreading over his head. Now she stares terrified at his face and body. Her face distorting, the same face when she hears him giggle. When he crawls on his chubby legs, touching her knee, looking up at her twitching face. Trying to talk to her, gurgling out a sound, that tears through her bones, making her mouth stretch into a smile hiding a silent retching. He plays with his son a lot. He wants to show her how cute and sweet he is. That he can still become their

perfect child. But when he plays with him, making his tubby child giggle and laugh, all he can see in her face are eyes that could stab kittens. One time he leaves his wife and son on the floor together, going to fix some food in the kitchen. She sits there, playing with the toys her sons grabs and claps at with eyes filled with ecstasy. The father is preparing a bottle of milk, when he hears his son screaming. He runs out after the tear-filled cries crackling through the walls. In the living room, in a circle of toys, she stands over her baby's kicking body, mouth squealing with muffled sobs. She stands with exploding eyes, looking at her wailing son, as if every howl it made cut through her flesh. He runs to his son, picks him up, who buries his face into his father's chest. He can see bruises on his neck and blood flowing out of his nostrils. He asks his child what happened. The child lifts its chubby fingers, pointing at his mother. She breathes like a machine pumps smoke out of its lungs, her fists clenched into bruised claws. He stammers, asks why she hit him. Her face freezes. Now flooding with rage. "How couldn't I"!! she screams. "When the child you gave me is fucking deformed".

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Her orders are clear. They devastate his protest. She points her snake skinned fingers towards the crib. He knows what he has to do to please his darling. He crawls to the bedroom with a hanging head. He stares down, at this ugly monster. Yes. This ugly thing that he used to think was adorable and cute. It's sleeping now, after he tucked it into its bed. After she walked up to him, and gave her orders, declaring their common failure, saying that they had to baptize, redeem themselves, to achieve their

dream. He picks it up into his arms. He holds it wrapped in blankets while he staggers out. She avoids looking at the freak he's carrying, the foetus that raped her ideal through birth. She stands far away, afraid that it will breathe more poison into her lungs and down into her womb. He takes his coat and walks out. It's a quiet winter night when he drives out, with the child on the seat next to him. It has woken up and now screams lightly, but he doesn't look at it. He's seen enough. They stop at the edge of a forest, at the edge of a snaked curved road outside the lights of the city. He grabs the child into his hands and starts walking through the depths of the trees. Pummelling through the snow, coming closer and closer to the sound of violent water. Arriving at the edge of a hissing river that spits rotten leaves out of its belly. He lays the child down onto the snow. Its eyes are open. Staring at their father with confusion. Its red cheeks shivering. Meanwhile the father takes a stone, ties the rope he took with him around it, takes of the blankets of the baby, straps the other end around the child's belly, now covered with tiny goose bumps. He lifts the child, the stone dangling from its body, making it cry as it strangles its tummy. It begs in its gurgling non existent language to its father. But he doesn't listen. He's focused. He just lowers his arms and then throws the child into the river. Watching the black waters swallow the tiny body of flesh, like a shark swallows a seal. Sinking it quietly.

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She's terrified during the entire pregnancy. She vomits a lot, sits clutched to the toilet bowl, hair glued with sweat. But she keeps smiling, happy, giggling. This is supposed to be wonderful, one of the

best parts of motherhood. Maybe a few tiny errors, that can be laughed away! HAHAAAAAAAAHA! But nothing more! He tries to ask if she shouldn't be resting, but she claws and pulls at his hair. She screams at him, that he should know how important this is to her. So they go on with their happy theatre. They walk around the park, her belly pushing out like a stitched on treasure chest, her hands caressing her bloated womb over and over. They never stop talking about their child. About possible names for her. The clothes she will wear. What activities she will do. What subjects she will be good at in school. What kind of social person she will be. She. She She. She. That is important. She the eldest must be a she. It's always like that. In all of the best romantic comedies. Like the one where a single mom and her daughter move into a new city and the mom meets a new guy that (HAHAHA) she falls in love with (HAHA) but the daughter doesn't like him (HAHAHAHA) and he has (HAHAHA) to win her over and of course, of course, it works out. Of course. It always works out. But now she snaps at her own angel every day. Screaming at him, accusing him, why she's sick and worried and anxious all the time and he tries to calm her and tries to tell her that they will laugh about it after all of this is over but she hates his words. How could it be! In the movies it is supposed to be wonderful, she says, standing in the Livingroom, bursting like a vulture, slamming her fists into her stomach until he jumps forward and grabs her wrists and slowly calms her down. So the days go by. Until one day the bed is soaked by her gushing cunt, and she's taken to the hospital, put into a bed, where she lays screaming, while her husband holds her hand, while the doctors and nurses run back and for the

between her legs. And then, finally, after a couple hours, her screams quiet, and another one's yelling begins. Their new child, placed into their arms. And they smile. It's a girl.

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Their daughter is born with the right anatomy, the right hair colour, the right eye colour, the right voice, the right shape, the right softness to her cheeks. A perfect doll her mother can push ideas and dreams inside like stuffing. Mother spends the first years around her daughter like a guard. Watching over her play and walk. Sleeping next to her daughter, clutching her body to her chest. As she grows up, she notices some bad qualities in her daughter. That she is a little bit too quiet, a little bit too shy, a little too disobedient. But she laughs it off. She says she will teach her child to erase those scabs, teach her to become happy and jumpy, just like the best daughters are in the best romantic dramas. When their daughter starts to think and speak her mother pushes her dreams harder into her child's eyes and mouth. She dresses her up like she should look, takes her to places a good child should go to, decides what activities she should like. Sitting behind he watches his wife and daughter bond. Loving his daughter more and more, happy to play with his child every day, while his wife sits there watching, clapping along, sometimes joining in. But when their daughter turns nine, she starts to change. She isn't lively, or playful, or extroverted. She is shy, silent, likes to sit still inside rather than play outside. She doesn't want to wear the clothes her mother gives her. She doesn't want to do the activities her mother throws her in. He starts sweating. He can see that his wife's smile is

cracking. Staring at her child, her sockets leaking black. She sometimes takes control of their daughter, gently forcing her into her clothes, the clothes a good daughter should wear, but their daughter kicks and screams, and the mother responds by shrieking and grabbing her collar and slapping her face. He has to jump forward and rip his daughter out of his wife's clutches, who stands still, her mind collapsing. Her vision didn't include this. In none of her favourite movies was the couple's child rebellious or disobedient. She doesn't like it. She lays awake at night. She tells her husband, through sobbing tears, that she is afraid of her child, that she is afraid of what she will turn into. He gently hugs her. Saying that it will get better, while she just sobs.

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He comes home to an apartment whose lights been killed, the walls absorbed by a darkness that has bloated its body to every vein of space. He finds her in the Livingroom. Sitting on the couch, her legs crossed like a monk, a tiny lamp the only candle lightening her eyes sunken into her sockets, her face a skull like mask. He stares at his daughter that his wife is holding in her arms like a broken toy. He looks at their daughters broken face, a hole caved in filled with rose red splatter and broken teeth, a jaw broken shut, eyes empty of whites, only a few remaining marks that make him remember his child. Her stomach is cracked open, empty of guts, that have been emptied onto the floor, laying in a red pool seeping through the cracks. His wife looks at him, a gaze able to break his neck. Her mouth turns into a grin. Her mouth coughs up a weak comical laugh, hissing like a sigh. He sinks down to the floor. He

crawls shivering to her. Sitting up on his knees in front of her. “I had to honey”, she whispers, “she wasn’t the daughter we wanted. She was all wrong inside. You know that you couldn’t get away with this baby? You know you couldn’t get away with giving me this kind of child”? He nods to her. He sits next to her. She wraps her arms around him, their daughter falling rustling to the ground. They sit there staring into the ceiling. She caresses him with her nails. She says she forgives him. That they are too deep in their romantic love. That they have to make it work. She knows that they will reach paradise. But she is not angry at him, she forgives him the failure he has caused them. Next time he will give her their perfect child. Next time they will be a little step closer to achieve their dream. He nods his head. They sit there for a couple of minutes, before he stands up to clean the mess.