

When You Don't Believe

by Ajay Nair

I told you that I have homicidal urges that alternate with ones of the suicidal kind. You flicked an imaginary speck of dust from your fat, fleshy forefinger with your ultra-flexible, wimpy thumb.

I leaned forward - the skin of your couch sticking to my elevating ass - and whispered dire predictions in a voice borrowed from a desperate Bob Dylan. The predictions revolved around a gory end for someone, anyone, maybe me? You stared at the door behind me and then at the clock; your boredom flashing in front of me like a big, red, lurid neon sign that buzzed with limp electricity.

I stood up and told you that my hard-earned money deserved the respect of a few minutes' worth of at least pretend-belief. I told you that my mind was sick - sick like a cat that swallowed a rotting fetus. You stood up too, but to remind me that my time was up and that you will see me again the next week, and could I please ask your assistant to come in for a minute.

The accumulated anger that was bubbling inside me channeled into a retributive fist that smashed into your mouth, knocking all but three of your teeth out. The teeth sprayed out onto the mauve-tiled floor, along with blood, but I ignored the blood. It was the disembodied, distributed grin that the teeth arrayed themselves into which made my day.

When I walked out, I could hear you whimpering softly which was so far removed from the crying of a new-born baby that it made me laugh. I told your assistant to go in for a minute.

