

An association game with the word 'guilt' (or how (not) to die inside)

by Alaval A. D.

Move. Do not turn back. Use blinkers. Or better still, close your eyes.

The past operates with incredible gravity. Powerful, efficient, deceptive. Thin, sleek cords sent out by it attach themselves to your back, your legs, your buttocks, the back of your head. Resist. Walk. One leg after another. Easy does it, like a baby. Do not turn back.

Occupy yourself with things, acts, people. Choose the usual suspects. Games, meaningless news, trivia, cheap sex. Ignore the dangerous ones. Music, pictures, love. Love is the past's most powerful goon. Drugs you softly. Plants hypnotic, false memories. Embeds feelings. Ignore. They will pretend to be green tendrils that smell and feel good and before you know it, they will be those cords that come to suck you in. Do not, at any cost, turn back.

Claw. Use your fingers, your nails. Forward, onward, downward. Eat. Sustain yourself, store strength. Let your body decide.

And then - then - you find yourself just stealing a glimpse. And you are fucked.

Guilt wraps you up and squeezes your guts. All the broken promises, all the semi deliberate hurt. All those unmeant kisses. And the tears. No, not the tears - the heavy, apocalyptic sounds of sobbing. Breathless, crushing sounds of lives altered by your unthinking

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whimsy. Your manipulations laid bare to stare at you, to choke you with her crying.

That's when the music starts bursting in to your soul. The music will kill you. It will set you free by killing you. But not before it makes you endure pain. Still, it's something.

