

Black Hole of Beauty

by Car Gonzalez

"I'm sick of this world!" screams Charlie.

"Oh, why?" asks Velvet.

"I just am, every time I get somewhere in life, it gets taken away like an orphan on the battlefield of a war. I don't understand some of the obstacles I face in my life. Why have I seen some of the things that cause catastrophe? For instance, did you know I saw my father point a gun at my mother?"

"God, no. You never told me that." Frightened about what he will say next, she asks, "Why would he do such a thing?"

"I believe he did it for one of two reasons. One was that he wanted to show my mother and I that he was in charge of our lives. In his eyes, he wanted to kill us both for the same reason I would. I hate my life so much that I just want to erase everything about myself and put it to an end."

"Oh, that's harsh, Charlie. Why would you say that about yourself?"

"It's true, there are no second chances. It's bullshit. Everything that they feed you at an early age is propaganda for an economy to function so that the rich get richer and the poor stay poorer. You know what though? I would like to run into him one day, my father, you see. I would like to reverse roles and point a gun to his forehead and ask him why I shouldn't pull the fuckin' trigger. Maybe then he could comprehend what type of violent act he displayed that night, on my 9th birthday...and all the pain he has caused my mother and I ever since!" says a furious choked up Charlie.

"What strange hold does he have on you still?" she asks, whispering in a concerned voice.

"I don't believe he does. I'm just affected by it as a human being and so was my mom. For Christ sakes he was going to kill her in front of his little boy. What type of monster does that to his family?"

Charlie's eyes began to water and a flood of tears ran down his cheeks, as he began to stutter with the shaking of his emotions. "Even though he di-didn't shoot my mother that night, I feel-el he should have ba-because that night di-did it for me. A-af- after that I wha-wasn't a child anymore. I had seen how cruel this wa-world was and how so easy it was to ta-take the mo- most precious thing-ing in my life at the time away."

Velvet sees where this is going, and how unstable he looks and she interrupts him, "You're a beautiful person Charlie. Ever since the first time I met you, I've always discovered infectious things I love about you. Remember the first time we went on an elevator together and your hands clenched so tight to mine? A wondrous feeling of sympathy shot up my arm to see how scared you were. I thought then as I do now, how courageous you were to ride with me to the 20th floor to my office, instead of taking the stairs like you always had been doing. This all comes back to you Charlie."

Charlie rationalizes what she just said to him and responds quickly, "Oh, I'm a very melancholy in-individual, and it just serves me ra-right. Maybe what I'm feeling-ing ra-right now is a mo-mo- momentary lapse of reason for the sake of ah-argument." He wipes away his tears and there's finally a sense of calm to him. "I shouldn't shut you out, you've always been there by my side and I'm happy with the way things are going. I just hope nothing happens to us."

Charlie snuffles up his runny nose and his light blue eyes are no longer glossed over by saddened tears. He moves his arms in a convincing way that makes Velvet stay glued to him for a second when he says, "You know I had written out an atonement for my mother to discover...it just got lost in all that blood. You know, I think sometimes that if I never would have slit my wrists that night and colored the walls and floors red red pink, I probably would have never met you."

"Luckily I was there to pick you up because at the time you were in need of a psychiatrist and I just happened to be the court appointed one," she says, switching to a flirtatious voice that leaves her puckering her lips. "I do love you. I feel it in my heart Charlie."

It's like you see something and you know it's not there, but you're sure it has to be."

Velvet moves closer to the bed and reaches out for Charlie's hand, "What I mean is, people like people who are just like them. I believe in giving everybody a fair chance, but that is just what makes me, me. It's unlike Moss Garden Syndrome—where you may feel crowded by so many people, that you sometimes do not know why so few have a strong hold on you, but in reality—you just do not want to give them a chance to know you. Human beings are complex entities like that," she says as she slides her foot around his to form a lock between their legs. "Like me, for instance. It hurts not to be with you at night because I still worry about you Charlie."

Velvet has a slight crackle in her voice that leaves her with a slight sense of brokenness. "I worry about you so much it creates a flux or drive in my heart that wants to hear your voice in every intercepting moment of my day," she says as tears begin to roll from her eyes.

Charlie reaches in behind her cheek and yearns, "Oh Velvet, don't start crying. That time when I hurt myself, I was lost, and how I'm feeling right now, at this moment talking about my father and all is just a relapse. Right now is not like before."

Velvet sighs and hesitates to say the next sentence but readjusts her words and begins to say what needs to be said, "We just can not let anyone find out that I'm with you Charlie." She hurdles with her words and says quietly with a soft cry, "I could be disbarred, or worse, sent to prison for being with a minor."

Charlie sees how Velvet's face is in disarray and quickly pays her a lovely comment. "Thank you for being with me tonight. It's so hard sleeping here again. You know some of the blood never washed out completely. I guess with time everything can be healed, right?" he asks as he changes to a more serious voice. "I'm afraid I think you should leave before my mother comes home. I don't think she would understand our kind of love."

Charlie moves back behind the pillow and unlocks his leg from Velvet and quickly changes the subject. "Hey Velvet, I called you

over tonight because there's an article I wanted to read to you. Would you like to hear it?"

"Sure," she says, caught off guard.

Charlie grabs the newspaper and begins to read aloud. "Okay, let me read this because I totally agree with what the writer says,

"My scars inside my mind hurt more than my heart, because the mind doesn't let you forget the past. The heart does, especially when it finds another it just replaces that feeling with something else. It's worse than a dog, but maybe that's what I'm waiting for. To split both my lips with that first kiss, a thorn that consumes the prick point of my heart. You see, I want a love that's just going to fall from grace literally and I know it never happens, but remember because my mind doesn't let me forget how it progressed. I don't want to be above the girl or shadow her. I want it to be united in a beauty that's gorgeous to stare at in a distance, kind of like our universe with an ageless gap of space, but still comes together in the end like a black hole of beauty. The end of time is what I'm looking for. The end of time is what I need."

After saying that last sentence, Charlie becomes aware that he is happy for the first time in a very long time. He throws the newspaper and moves back to the front edge of the bed and grabs Velvet by her hip. Charlie stares at her and sees the wrinkles in her face and the grey hairs in her free flowing hair. He moves his lips close to hers and says, "Now kiss me passionately, but please take off your bifocals because they get in the way with our lovers spit."

