

Devoured Worship

by Hazar Worth

This wasn't going to be about her anymore.

She tied her strong purple balloon to the neck of the wounded horse. Her skirt and her top felt like armor's breath. The tingle across her scalp felt warm. Small rug scrapes that made her think of her last dog, before she died.

This wasn't going to be about her at all.

She told precisely eleven steps towards that large door. The door that she had known since her first nightmare.

She was ten. The door moaned like old men piled five deep on top of one another. There was the smell. That smell like the world was going to burn but instead just got hotter and hotter and hotter. The way the sweat dripped from her nose. She felt annoyed but not too annoyed. Her hands were covered in this deep chocolate bruise of grease and grime that made her wrists feel insignificant and shallow.

All the while, the door kept moaning. Like the way a Mother moans in the middle of the night as she dreams her montages of desperate images. Sometimes, the Mother would dream of drowning her photos until the colors bled in the silence abyss of denying colors. Other times, the Mother would dream of her skin when his lips touched her; his hands moving up and down her sides as her nipples bloomed and protruded.....

But this wasn't going to be about her anytime soon.

She turned around one more time to see the purple-black balloon that was sipping from the horse's wounded symbolism. The thing wire had grown thick and thicker as the horse offered no help at all.

She remembered putting her fingers to her lips to feel them, plushed and flushed with the excited bloods of anticipation and curiosity.

One time, her Father made her touch his thick and powerful sideburns. She remembered how his hair-strands made her finger tips feel so vulnerable, as she felt his innocence bitten and paralyzed.

But now the door. That door. An oversized bookmarker exiled from every story understood. The door wasn't content. She remembered from her first nightmare, the words carefully engraved into the door's trusting facade:

'If one touches nothing more, then one can touch everything for...'

As the wounded horse was carried into the black apparition of the balloon's appetites, her fingers touched the door knob that turned gently first to the left, then to the right, and once more to the left, to allow her an uncertain passage.

This wasn't going to be about her.

