

The Lovers

by Marc Lowe

The lovers hold their faces close together, but do not touch. Between their silent mouths, an orange ball of flame. It moves from one mouth to the next, back and forth, never burning either of them. This ball of flame soon turns into a large blue ball of light, flickers as it goes back and forth between the two partially open orifices. The lovers' faces look alternately drugged, ecstatic, deranged. As the ball continues to move, the man's left ear falls off; moments later the woman's right eye drips away. The expressions on their faces do not change enough to tell whether they are in pain, or even whether they've noticed what is occurring. The blue ball has now transformed into a white moth. This white moth flitters in and out of the mouths, back and forth. The woman's teeth suddenly crumble to pieces, and the man's nose drops off of his face. The white moth comes to rest in the woman's right ear canal. At this moment, the man's head begins to crack and the woman's jaw begins to flap. I HAVE NOTHING MORE TO SAY TO YOU, she lisps, and, with this, the fissure in the man's head reaches the bottom of his chin and the hollow head splits in two. The moth exits the woman's mouth a second before her jaw drops off. It is holding her paper-thin eardrum, through which it produces a sound like that of sorrowful laughter.

