

# Let This Be the Beginning for I Have Sin to Spread

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A crash, a loud tear screams through the house. A coffee table continues its dutiful life as a bitch.

He grabbed the rock spitting a torn skirt whimper into existence as he threw it. He thought the rock had life in it. Like it pulsed, breathed, and cried for something.

The rock had formed a crater of bone in his knee, and had now cracked the coffee table. His knee was raw meat with ribbons flowing from it. A stench for a mother to loathe began to flirt with the room.

"My turn," he said raising himself up from the now red hardwood floor.

The man in the doorway laughed as his hands—veined and heartless in their own right—slowly went south.

