

henry

by quin browne

her skin was delicate, fragile, that old woman skin that appears to be translucent.

the rip caused by the knife opened it up like tissue paper. blood welled for a moment, then poured out with real purpose.

this was the delight he found in old ladies.. the scent of their skin, the purity of their fear, the destruction of their being.

it made him god.

