

# The Confounded

*by* S.H. Gall

Your left hand cups your balls which are drawn up tight under a turgid fireplug cock. Your right hovers over your temple, thumb cocked at the cheek. Your eyes are dreamy, mouth wry, chest and belly furry and fat. You're a picture in a file on my desktop on which I've hidden the icons, so that your image as my wallpaper is undisturbed by clutter. You embody reason, justice, my freedom, and above all, the absurd. You are my governing principle.

My mind is not a sponge but a sieve. Experience passes through; significant experience will be caught in the mesh and either saved (as wisdom), or broken down and passed through (problem solving). I can't make the distinctions. They were made by my Daemon at my conception. Heredity becomes a lie in the shadow of the Daemon. We are the children of our Gestalt.

You don't seem to have much use for abstract thought. You sit naked in a high-backed black leather chair, surrounded by mahogany fixtures. Everything about you is visceral, throbbing with urge. At some point I may or may not have slept with you already; that is unimportant. What matters is the window propped open by a glass jar filled with pennies, these raw denim jeans I'm wearing, catnip spread across the carpet, the HD-TV streaked with dust, and the ringing in our ears.

*S.H. Gall writes flash fiction. His work can be found in such diverse markets as SmokeLong Quarterly, Word Riot, Metazen, Nanoism, Monkeybicycle, and Pure Slush, to name a few. He is reviewed in*

*Five Star Literary Stories, and unpublished pieces can be found on Fictionaut.*

