

A Boy Named Suicide

by Steve Finan

The outside.

Father maybe a Johnny Cash fan. Didn't stay to tell. He died. Pills. Wasn't easy being Suicide Colquhoun. Didn't put gravel in my guts. Or spit in my eye. Made people think I'd do it. Only question how. They'd taunt. "Rope, overdose, high window, Suicide boy?"

Pop used painkillers. Typically, made a mess of it. Took a few hundred. Fell asleep. Vomited. Woke. More pills. Sleep again. Found and taken to hospital. Regained consciousness. Moaned, cried, recanted. Died. Multiple organ failure. Four days later. In pain. Long way from having enjoyed himself. Suicide note. Four pages. Self-pitying mumblings.

Idiot.

Mother always said she'd change my name. Never did.

Drunk. Always drama. Reliant on wrong types.

A while, I liked it. Suicide. Emo thing. They thought I chose it. The kids in black. Grew out of that.

Played on my mind. Anyone would. Count the ways. Jump. Shoot. Drown. Drugs. Slash, crash, burned to ash. A track and a train. The cool sensation of asphyxiation.

Came to admire Kiyoko Matsumoto. Japanese. Aged 19. Lesbian. Confused. 1933. Jumped into a volcano. Started a fashion. Miharayama (lava-spewer) got 1294 in two years. Tourist attraction. Watch the jumpers. Boat trips from Tokyo. Some tourists jumped too. Caught the urge. Salute, Kiyoko.

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The inside.

The only way I can beat the strictures of this pressure, the expectation that this troubled boy that grew to be the man who won't talk in anything but those curt sentences was always liable to do that, is to do it. They are waiting for it to happen, those talkative men and women, so they can all tell each other: "It was inevitable". I

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don't want to do it, I don't want to give them the satisfaction. I so completely and achingly do not want to commit suicide that it is driving me to end my life. Not doing it is curtailing the person I am. The crushing weight of expectation is forcing me over the edge. Scramble and claw though I might, I am hanging above the magnetic abyss and I must fall. I need that blanket, that welcoming dark, the irresistible release. I am coming, father, I am coming.

