

Until Now

Flash Fiction

by
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"They never found the heads" were the first and only words she uttered in that horrific moment that crystallized the shape of our world, twisting it into its now unrecognizable malignant mass of terror.

"They never found the heads" became her mantra, as she hugged her legs and rocked in her mind-prison; silent screams shaking her to her soul, while she waited for our epiphany.

Her grief-song, springing forth from her indescribable anguish, had played just below our collective consciousness; mankind in deep denial. We would not believe, could not believe such horror could exist in *our* world: we jumped over the blood puddles imagining creek beds and streams of chilly, clear water, while we skipped the flat stones (cherry-picked from bone piles) across the expanse of bitter bile; we parroted talking-points while tiptoeing through the carnage, eyes slammed shut.

"They never found the heads." Her mantra suspended far above the unspeakable pain, as she became our silent savior, washing our bloody feet, our slippery, sticky stones; as she patiently stroked our trembling hands, while we covered our hemorrhaging ears, crimson oozing onto our ivory knuckles.

We used her, wasted her, in that old world; we sucked her dry and then cancelled her. The womb had been the staging area; there had been no further want or desire, nor advantage to be taken, once life's flood gate had opened and set us free into the narcissistic world of our creation.

Her tears beseeched us, but never reached us--until now, as militant dissention decimates tomorrow; as levies break, blood-floods filling every crevice; as vulnerability wields its hammer-blow, splitting silent fears wide open, while red worms make holes in our souls, crawling in and out at will.

Only now, as the ravens hover over our burned and blackened land (over the nether world we must now inhabit), do we acknowledge our shriveled foreskin, our self-inflicted castration, as her mantra is taken by the whirlwind and released to the world, a horror unspoken--until now.

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