

Cursed Past Passion

By: Konrad Cajgler

Her being leaned over him as he unhooked her bra, the straps simply slid off her soft shoulders. She caressed his arms, kissed his chest. Her body moved lower; her hair flowed back as he moved it out of the way, stray dark chestnut strands falling on her eyes stopped from freely swinging in their way only by her perky little nose. I couldn't take my eyes away from the scene though it tore me in half. Anything still left inside was crushed and trampled. Every beat of my heart pounded more intensely until silent screams forced their way out of the dark tunnel behind my lips. Nothing would stop the two lovebirds from expressing their animalistic desires. I looked down on myself and saw nothing but disgusting leftovers of a man told lies all his life and who himself upheld them as law before now. When the door finally opened on the other side of the room, like it always did, I couldn't help but stare. Again.

Again, the mirror reflection of myself held the couple at gunpoint. After a drunken stutter and a flashy bang, the woman found herself with a hole in her chest.

The man got down on his knees and begged the stranger with the gun to stop, to find reason and—Two bangs later the lovebird was dead. The killer looked straight through the window, as if at me. He didn't do anything except walk out of the room, heading I know not where.

Later, I found myself appear in that very same room, in the aftermath of the homicide. The woman whom I very much loved was truly a muse to behold, even in death. Without her my work surely would have driven me mad. Not that it mattered any longer.

I looked down on the other victim. It was my naked body that lied on the floor with two gunshot wounds, one in the neck and another in the shoulder. Looking at it sent shivering spasms down the corresponding pale-white ethereal body parts, with holes like a piece of fabric has been poked through with some rod or knife. Bloodless.

As I stared down on myself only one thought ran through my mind:

'Boy, her husband sure has bad aim.'

The End