

Languid Suicide

I'm the girl of his dreams, or so he keeps informing me. I'm anything and everything he's ever wanted in a mate, a life companion, a breeder of his offspring. He sees himself playing the role of my knight in shining armor, racing to rescue me, his very own damsel in distress, from the ever-clenching grip of danger and death. He sees himself as the ultimate romantic, bearing roses without thorns as he carries me off to this castle in the clouds. I exist because of him, and for his purposes, he makes me, molds perception. He doesn't see me, and he doesn't want to. But as my individuality increases, as I grown stronger and more aware of what I want out of life and how much I loathe my existence with him, the blindfold isn't enough to keep him in the dark. So he switched to a hood. It makes me, my soul, vanish. Completely invisible.

I'm just as guilty. I don't like looking, either, and I choose not to. I don't enjoy seeing myself reflected in his eyes. I don't like my reflection in the eyes of others. I've come to despise mirror. I hate looking at what I've become. I don't like realizing what he sees me as. I don't like his victory smirk as I succumb to his demands. I don't like the goat of triumph perpetually waiting, lurking, beneath the surface. He know I'll always let him win. He winds, and I stand by and watch as my life passes me by. I'm a spectator. I'd cry if I looked. I'd wail and throw shit through walls and break windows. I'd vomit and scream and tear at my hair in protest. I'd punch and scratch and tear and bite the victory from his face. I'd gorge out his eyes to remove my reflection. But I don't do these things because I've learned not to look. I wear a blindfold too. I'm afraid I won't be able to simply keep my eyes shut. It's too tempting to cheat, to sneak a peek from time to time, and go into a rage at the view. It's easier to not fight, or risk, temptation.

As time goes on, I can't stand his demanding mouth and tongue. I don't want to be the recipient of his kisses. I don't want his saliva on my face and in my mouth. His breath disgusts me. A touch of his lips on my mouth and neck is enough to send me into corners, screaming and fighting. So my blindfold becomes a hangman's hood. It covers my hair and my face and my neck. I can't feel or satisfy his demands. He won't have to see my eyes bulge as he pulls the noose tighter. He won't see the bruises on my neck as he slowly strangles me. He doesn't want to see. He doesn't want to be the bad guy. He only likes playing the hero.

I can still feel his hands upon me. They probe and prod and inflict pain. I hate the feel of calluses on his fingers and the uneven edges of his nails. I feel dirty and tainted after his touch, and I start showering compulsively. My skin is forever wrinkles and shriveled and damp. I never get to dry. So my hood becomes a funeral shroud. He can't see the imperfections. His touch still comes through, but he has to get through layers of shielding. It's diluted and invalid. It's lost its poignancy. Life itself has lost that sharp edge. It no longer taunts me, laughs at my defeat. I no longer see or hear or feel what might have been, what could have been. I'm left to my own thoughts. I'm no longer responsible. I'm no longer sympathetic or caring. I'm no longer vulnerable to him.

I am strong! I am not living.

-Carol Wukovits