**Blooms**

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Written by Sean Catlett

I pounded my fist over and over again into his soft, round face.

This had been going on for hours. The beating won’t stop until this little fucker is dead and he is in pieces.

You don’t know the pain he has caused me.

You don’t know the things he has taken from me.

You don’t know what it’s like.

Despite the fact that his lips are busted open and all of his teeth are knocked down his throat, I keep pounding.

And pounding.

And pounding.

Suddenly, I stop and look at my work, slowly, relishing every sweet, glorifying minute of it.

His arms are tied behind his back with the harshest rope I could make. His head is lowered to the ground in defeat. Both of his legs are snapped in half and he is on his knees, as if he were begging. One of his eyelids is torn off. His gums are bleeding in a waterfall down his broken jawbone and running down to the ground.

I grab his head and raise it to meet my eyes. My face is inches close to his. His disgusting, blood soaked breath is falling on my face.

“You’ve taken so much for so long. Every thing I’ve ever loved or cherished.” His eyes stay on mine. “Now I’m returning the favor.”

I move my head forward into the bridge of his nose. The cracking noise is like a beautiful, poetic symphony.

Artists can’t paint this good.

Authors couldn’t even dream of moments like these.

Singers aren’t this creative.

We’re both in a field of some kind, but we might as well be in the belly of a whale. It doesn’t matter.

His head snaps back from the blow, then bounces forward from gravity. I wait for his glib reply.

He raises his head at me and smiles his toothless, bloody grin, despite the broken mandible. He sticks his tongue out at me.

In a flash, I bring my knee up to his chin. A sound halfway between a crack and a rip, his tongue is catapulted straight up into the air. I outstretch my hand and catch it. With my other hand I grab the back of his head and I shove his tongue in his face.

I use it like a paintbrush to color his ugly little dog face completely red. Squirming weakly, this little runt tries to pull away from me, but he is way too weak. It surprises me that someone like this could cause me so much trouble for such a long time.

“Here, take it back.”

Forcing his broken jaw open, I put his tongue back in his mouth and hold my hand over his busted lips.

I see pain in his eyes, the same pain he caused me over the years. The same anguish I felt.

I don’t just want him dead. I want him to suffer.

I bring my hand away and resume pounding his cheeks. His tongue flies out again and into indiscernible nothingness.

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Ten minutes later and there is not a place on his face that isn’t bleeding.

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About fifteen minutes later, his cheekbones break.

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Another fifteen minutes and his left eye is torn out.

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He’s losing too much blood. His life is fading away too fast for me.

Funny. After all this time, after years and years of wishing him dead, I now want him to live.

Just a little longer.

So, I speed up.

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It takes some doing, but I manage to get his arm completely separated from his body in two minutes.

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The other arm comes off a little quicker, since I know which way I need to twist it. One minute and it’s off.

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His life almost over, I quickly bring out my knife and cut his throat, slicing the blade across his thin skin. His blood runs warm down his chest. For five seconds at most I let him bleed some more, then I grab his thick, homely cranium with both my hands and slam it again and again on the ground’s surface. Each time it bounces back up, begging me to do it again and again.

Symphony.

I don’t at what point that he died. I only know that he was dead when I stopped.

Stopped.

I stare down at his body and watch for movement… A strange feeling comes over me all of a sudden. It’s like I am…

…

Hoping.

Hoping he would stir. But…

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Nothing.

He’s gone.

And I don’t feel any better.

Just… empty.

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It’s been days and I still haven’t moved from his body.

I’m staring at it. Fixated at his lifeless form. Wondering why I did all of this.

He was a worthy adversary. Someone to call my enemy. My equal.

I start to sob.

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I realize that when his life ended, so did mine. One needs an opposite force to define his own existence.

And now, I am nothing.

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After five minutes, the knife is in two inches.

After fifteen minutes, the puddle is two feet in diameter.

After twenty…

Heh. Funny.

I don’t know what happened after that.