

UNFINISHED

By Jack Danyá Kemplin

Sometimes one's life comes to a sudden halt, & sometimes that happens too fast. When your life ends that is supposed to be it, your soul is supposed to be at rest. But sometimes there are things left UNFINISHED!!!

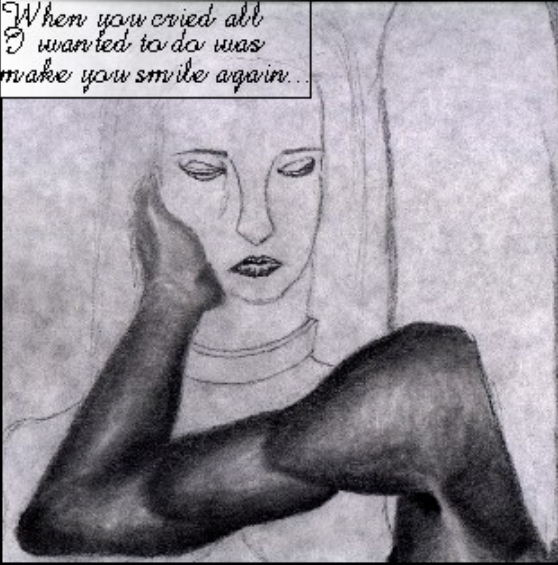
It first hits one like a flash of light, one moment you are happy enjoying yourself & then the next everything is all wrong. It is all shattered to me, still waves & flashes, moving images & wisping sounds ring through my head. Hot, red hot, the sweet smelling sweat as it runs down her supple flesh, her golden hair grain like & course as it brushes up against me. She smiled as we danced...

Smack! I am knocked down to the ground, they are on top of me, thrusting, penetrating, tearing, the laughs & the screams, their lipstick, & their wigs, their faces deathly skulls, "O Come on you know you love us, come on give daddy a little kiss boy!" "O I am so sorry did you really think that she loved you? Ha! How could anyone love someone like you? You know what? I think I know what it is. You like to masturbate too much! O come on admit it! I do too, but not nearly to the extent that you do! Ha!" Dejáne!

Yes I remember, yes! No, No I do not... It is all so blurred & fuzzy, I can only see parts of it at a time, unable to distinguish which is fact from fantasy anymore, & by the time I see the rest it is dissociated from the former thus I am always left with more questions then answers. "But that will end tonight!"

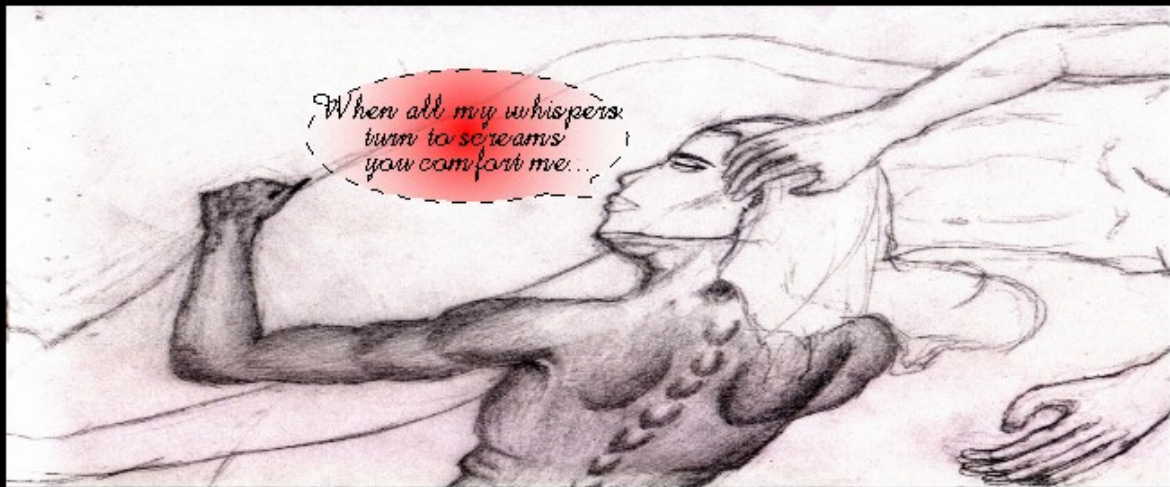
As I softly load the gun I sing "A twiddly a dee, a twiddly a doe, count them, count them says The Crow!" I shakingly put the first bullet into the chamber "Retribution, Revenge, Redemption the three, but which one is me? Ask the black bird, ask him, ask him what does he see?" The fourth slides in, "A casket, a coffin bodies filled decaying, but who did it, who will do it? Is it me?" The last forced in with all my anger "Six of them, they are, they will be, they was, they were. But who sent them? O yeah it was HER!"

When you cried all
I wanted to do was
make you smile again...



Never wanted
you to leave me

When all my whispers
turn to screams
you comfort me...



I miss you



But now you are gone!

But what happens if you still love them? What happens if after all of that you can't stop caring about them, nor missing her smile? The tender pressure of her nimble little sized 4 ½ fingers, trembling as they hold you ever so close, “You never wanted to leave her did you Jack? Wanted to stay with her forever? Combine!” I shiver & cry as my life (What life?) is ending in front of me. She is gone, & there is nothing I can do about it.

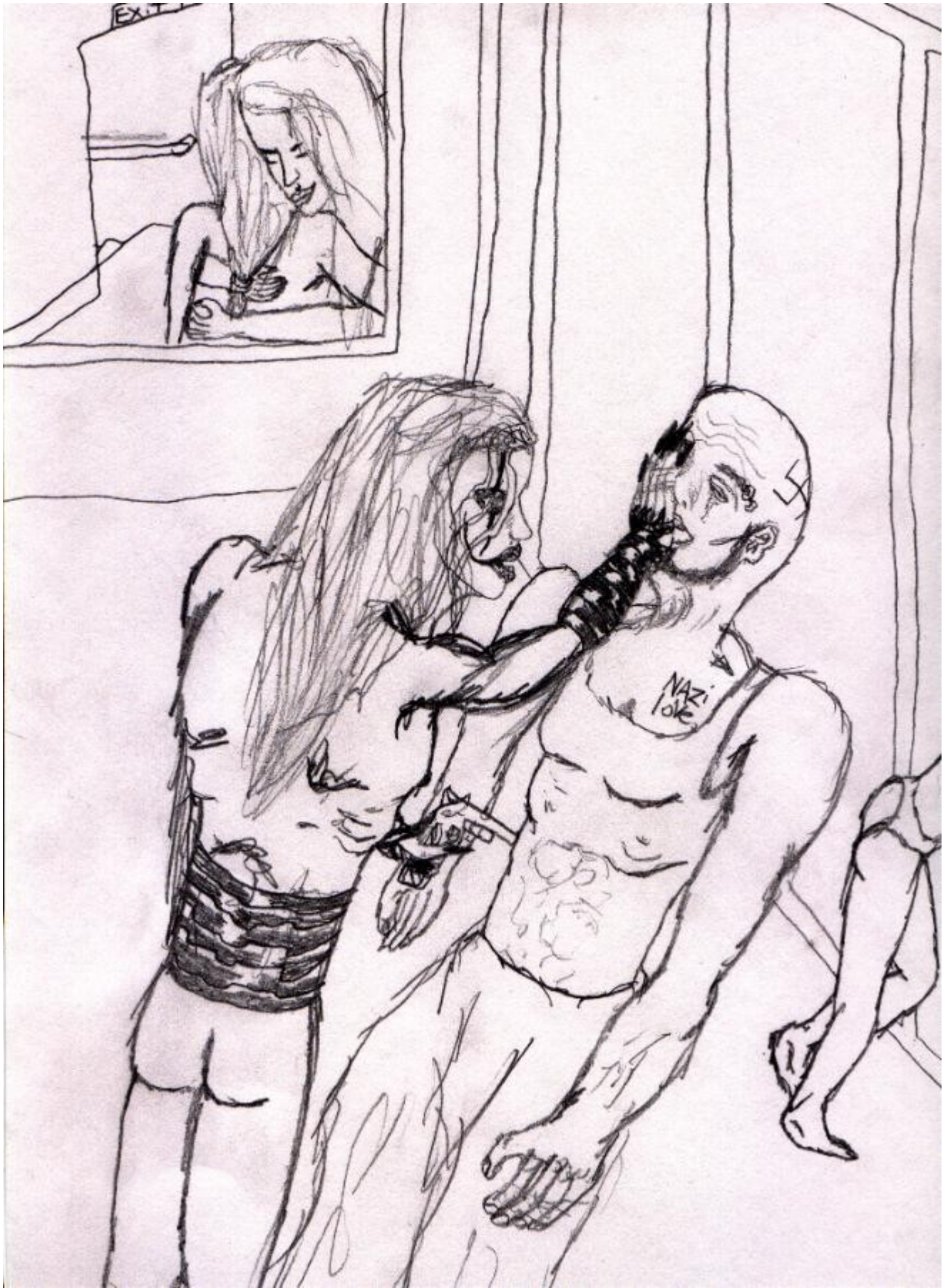
“But O is there something I can do about it!” It has to end tonight, him, them, her! For they have already been counted among the dead. Yet you may think me mad! Mad, sad, bad, all over a girl, a girl from another world, a world long surpassed with sadness, sorrow, & pain. Well we shall see, “We shall see tonight!”

I pick up the remote, slowly turning off the video tape as the actor on the screen says a few last words “Not a good day to be a bad guy, huh Skank?” “A skank covered in Phushia!” I snicker as & walk out the front door.

Sometimes when the strings are cut they are just left there, hanging, loose ends. Most people ignore them, they happen so often by just the smallest snags in our lives. But I can't, for me they must be knotted up, fused, finished!

“BANG!” That is when I tied one in my hair, that is when I became one step closer, one man closer to the edge. “Dead souls are calling me through the night Dejáne! Can you hear them? No? Then here how about I give you your ear!” I shout as I thrust it up his rear, just as he thrust something up mine! “No mercy for you, May God grant you the mercy that I can not!”

“Wait until they find him, wait until they see. Wait until they find him, do you think they shall suspect me!” “His body will be by the window, the other by the door, I wonder what they shall say when they see he has been treated like a whore.” I cackle, O how funny.

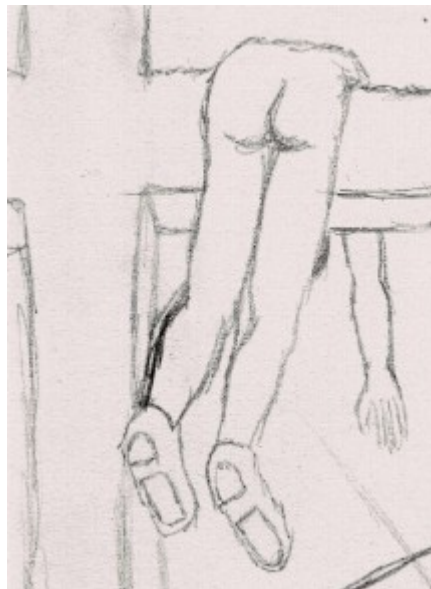


I can hear sirens in the distance shortly after I return, what do you think that means? O I surely hope nothing bad has happened.

It is a cold night tonight, I shudder with the chill, perhaps suppressible once I have taken a little pills. A little Methamphetamines for the pain, some Thorazine for the brain, & a few Prozac's to keep me a little more sane. They are all doctor prescribed I swear, I have the prescriptions, but I don't know where.

But why should all that matter now? For my life has ended. "It ended a year ago! I still remember that night!" "You loved her didn't you?"

I am going to go see him, I am going to go see the pink one, the one with the blond Afro weave, he sticks tennis balls in his shirt just to get a little cleave. I walk up the stairs with little to no care, & go a knocking on the door, he heard me, & goes to check whom it is for. I grin as I see him, the fear welling up in his eyes as I split his face with my forty-five. He never saw what was coming that dirty little whore, maybe next time he will remember to never unlock the door. After that I stuck him with my knife, then hurled him toe over head, his back twisted around the railing, it added just so I could make sure he was dead. If you would ask me am I sure, I would testify, there is a body on the railing that I can't quite identify. I wish, I really wish I could reassure you, but I am not that kind of guy. The floor is kind of slippery for the pavements are all wet. It is sticky just like blood, for his death day is now set.



"They're all going to die!" They're all going to die! As I psych myself up for one last night. Three down & three left to go, halfway through, three more left to blow, & then, then I can go.

There is a knock on the door, as they ask me to come out, but I don't listen, & just let them shout. They kick the door in, ask me to put my hands up in the air, that is when I smiled to them, little did I know it might just end right there. The shot rang out, my soul now at peace, my brains blowing slightly in the wind headed a little east.

