

Piece

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They have locked me up in this tiny little cement room. There is a bed, a basin on a stand and a hole in the floor. No window. A fluorescent light. It is so quiet that the blood in my head echoes as it circulates. It's more like a *slush slush* instead of the thump effect they do in horror movies.

Serial....cereal.

The same sound in a different word is called a homonym. Jeff was having an affair with her. They both had a tragic accident down the stairs... Clumsy, clumsy (she never did like fruit loops). They actually may have not had anything at all.

Maybe it was us who didn't have anything.

Serial and cereal are homonyms.

I was a teacher before I threw a desk at a kid. Like: "what right did I have to teach?"

Every right, you little fucker. Like paying for years of schooling.

....Mind you, I got through school selling pot, and then wrote my masters thesis on the leftovers from sales.

My degree was on capitalism's tab.

Who was Shakespeare *anyways*? I'm sure the man who wrote *A Midsummer Night's Dream* must have been dancing with Mary J pretty hard as well. Maybe opium, or whatever shit they had back then...

Profound, profound.

I shuffle across the floor in my paper slippers. Schrish schrish, on concrete. I stick my face into the lavatory-*laboratory* in the floor to try to see if I can drown, or suffocate in it. Apparently this has been tried before because the edges have been scrapped away enough to fit my face comfortably. I sit back on my heels and laugh.

“Shit outta luck here, boys.”

So witty. So pretty.

Do they tell you people shit themselves when they die? (Hi George!) Probably not. All that romantic crap about heroic deaths and bullet wounds that don't bleed in movies. We have approximately six litres of blood. When I shot that man in the liver, the blood was a purplish black. All six litres of it. AND he shit himself.

Blood from the lungs is a frothy pink—mixed with the bubbles, you know.

Serial means a successive amount of incidents punctuated by a time interval. The number of times is irrelevant. It can be two or thirteen. Or you could go all Hitler and shoot for the highest number possible and label it as revolution. He never would have been *nearly* as famous as a painter. We love to hate.

I wish I had a mirror. All those pretty-little-broken-edges that would divide my face into millions. Those sharp little pretty edges.

Millions of me. Now that's a scary thought. I wonder if all the millions of me would kill the girlfriend by strangling her in the bathtub. Perhaps they would get creative and outdo myself? Or would one of my clones have all the concentrated goodness that my 9999 other don't have and spare the cheater's lying ass?

Lying, lie, lie, lay.

Homonyms. She lied so I left her lying on the floor. If you read it one way, it sounds like I walked out the door as she was lying, fibs to my face. If you read it the other way it sounds like I stepped over her body as I walked out the door.

Words are like people. They can look just like something and be totally different from it. They can also act totally different and eventually say the same thing anyways. They are the original traitors. The ones whom you believe can transport you, make you someone else. When you leave them, you're just 9999 bad fragments that the one good piece can't put back together because the edges are too sharp.