

The Body

By Sylvester P. Barzey

It was just lying there in the middle of the floor. Just lying there, cold, bloody, and lifeless. I stood as far away from it as I could. The fire place casted its over-sized shadow on the wall, the darkness took us over. The four of us were lost in it, lost in the moment that was now our lives. Slowly we all started picturing our futures go out the window. We were going to a big house, just not the one we all dreamed about. There wasn't going to be a nice house with two kids, a wife, and a little pug. I ran my hand over my face in hopes to clear the madness away. Ashley closed her eyes, she kept them closed for a while and then opened them as if she were trying to wake from some bad nightmare. Yet, the sadness just washed over her face when her eyes still saw it laying there, taunting her.

She didn't want this, none of us did. I watched as she started to walk closer to it. I wanted to call out to her, I wanted to stop her, but my voice was long gone along with my dreams. She got down on her knees next to it. Her shadow fused with the dark madness that was taking over the room. She looked at it, for what I felt like was a life time. I wondered what she was thinking, I was sure it was the same thoughts that ran through my mind. A load of 'Whys' and 'How comes' I wanted to know why this happened to us, how come we couldn't stop this? But we were beyond those questions. We were in a moment where only two paths could be seen through the darkness; the path that was bright and lighted by the hope in our souls, and then there was the other path. Ashley turned her head back towards us and softly let out, "We have to get rid of it."

We all looked at each other. The thought had ran through all our minds. She was just the first to step up and take the bullets that followed that cold, heartless statement. "Get rid of it?" I cried out, her head just turned back towards the fireplace. "What do you wanna do? Just toss it on the side of some road?" It was an easy and smooth ride on my high horse. Being up there let me feel like I wasn't a part of the madness, that I was better than it. It gave me hope.

Writing Raw

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Ashley ran her fingers through her hair and closed her eyes, "So what should we do Sylvester? Call the police?" I wanted to scream 'Yes! Yes we should call the police and take what's coming to us, face our fate.' I wanted to say it, but I was scared. It's a fact that I'm still ashamed to admit today. Ashley stood up and walked over towards me "We can call them and go right to jail." She looked over at Michael and then her eyes went towards Angel who was crying in the corner. Then, once again, they came back towards me.

They overtook me much like the dark madness overtook the room. I just looked at her and then Michael stepped forward and I watched as his shadow was swallowed by the darkness. "She's right, we have to get rid of it. This is our lives we're talking about Sylvester. I don't wanna go to jail." I put my hands on my head and let out a slow sigh. I turned towards Angel, "And what about you?" I asked. She looked at us through the tears, but she saw us more clearly than we could see each other. She saw the darkness that had casted down from the walls and onto our souls. She stood up and started walking towards the phone in the dining room. I nodded, part of me was happy that one of us was still human, one of us was still a part of this moral world. Once again I had hope, even with all the fear that surrounded me I still had hope that we would not fall into the madness.

Then she returned with some garbage bags and some tape. "We can put it in these." She let the words fall from her lips and fill the room, and just like that all hope died.

It laid there in the middle of the floor. Just lying there, cold, bloody, and lifeless.

The End

Sylvester P. Barzey bio: Sylvester Barzey is a Soldier, a marketing major, a new husband and a father to a one year old boy. Yet with all those labels his still seeking one more: A writer. It's a title that his always wanted, and this time his pushing for it more than his ever done before. He takes his favorite hobbies, his daily day to day life and turns them into poems and short stories, in hopes of being heard.