

sepulchre

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As his hand smoothly stripped her of her panties, she accommodated by leaning slowly back on the mattress, which lay bare on the unkept floor. Waking night slid its curling rays round the edges of their blinds; its mortal chill crept silently through the cracks in the wall. Her fingers numbly probed the simple berth, desperately searching for a place that would quench the rage within. She found none.

Umm...she moaned tensely, convulsively tightening her legs around his head. He came up to her and circled a nipple with his tongue, then bit down potently. Immediately she dug her fingernails into his genitals and scraped them upward, marking his skin, boring as deeply as she could. He sprung directly on her, kissing forcibly, and though she tried to bring her hands to his head he pushed them away, raking her lip, amused. Then he pulled away, and, for the first time that night since they had exposed themselves to each other, they made eye contact. But in the stares each only found concealment, silence. The grown boy lowered himself into his sister and bent deliberately down to her mouth. He sank his teeth deep into her upper lip, puncturing the flesh, dripping blood onto her chin. A shot at her visage revealed nothing but distant submission. Again he interred the lip to his bite, slicing it with thirsty fangs which this time joined somewhere in the middle of her tissues. The salty blood surged into his mouth and spilt from his lips onto her chest. With careful fingers he swirled the sanguine liquid to intricate pattern, eventually covering her entire body with new lucid, grotesque features that skillfully accentuated her natural ones. Erect nipples formed an axis for each spiraling breast; hoards of untamed beasts hustled from out the exaggerated fissure between her legs. Raw paint carelessly swelling, all vigor

left the body. Straddling sticky corpse, the boy leaned over to her chin, placed his teeth around it, and bit straight into the flesh as hard as he could. Bracing her skull with his hands, he yanked down with his tightly clenched jaws and ripped the cartilage from its bone. He now used this to smear the blood across her body. It seemed strange to him that the chin had come off so easily. For a while he continued his vacuous painting, staring into the abysmal twisting depths of this design, until finally his eyes began to wander...to the mattress, now stained sickly reddish-brown...and the freezing concrete floor...and then to the walls, covered with taped-up posters and drawings which miserably failed to cover the permanently embedded cracks...the cracks in the wall...the cracks which led nowhere, except to complete and utter darkness, an immovable void always so close, and yet, until now, too small to enter. But today the inaccessible reaches of the Empty were so near...



Gripping her long hair fully in both hands, he started up the hill. Black silhouettes beckoned him from beyond the present; the diabolic rhythm of the wind scraped against his bones. His leg weakly crumbled beneath him, striking fiery granite's razor edge. The body dropped.

Cursing this scape of the damned, the gateway to infernal torment, he dug his fingers into the earth, curling spine and neck towards this bed of death, sinking face and shoulders deep within the sordid clay. He thrust his open mouth further down, breaking through a sacred stratum. Demon claws extended from living shadows, the exhibition of a flesh-walker, piercing his eyes and draining all fluid from his element. The boy ceased to breathe. Gliding through oily tunnels, a single grub crawler sensed the rot a few feet away; driven by supernatural reflex, it struggled violently—thrashing,

desperately yearning—to reach the glow of being on which to suck. Upon reaching his skull it quickly burrowed in, devouring all obstacle. There it lay, munching on brains, until the boy's own hands came scraping at his head, scratching, digging inward to find the source of his agony. But it would not be removed. Instead it lay waiting, mute, tranquil for seconds at a time, only to suddenly resume the inexorable tortures. Clutching at his head, the boy tried furiously to get at the tiny beast by ramming sticks up his nose, finally able to break through the nasal cavity but prevented by bone from getting any further. He threw down his tools and scraped madly at the ground, ignoring his burning hands and the consummate needling of his soul. Hours passed, and he did not cease to dig. He thought of nothing else but his obsession with the hole. It grew with horrifying speed, and as he dug it seemed to him that he was digging faster and faster and faster...an eternal expansion...a growing, hungry crevice spreading out before him, waiting, collecting, summoning him into its blindness...



He hefted the frigid corpse, looked into its lifeless eyes for a last time, and cast it headlong into the gap.