

FUCKING MONSTER

By

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I didn't write this:

Act one:

To say the first one, or the first ones weren't so bad, that just doesn't ring true. Yes, I was just a kid, kids don't know any better, but isn't that really the point? Isn't that really their source? Isn't that where monsters are made? Aren't they made in ignorance? Don't they hail from the Void? And you know what else lurks there? I look back now and think, if *that* was all I was afraid of ... but then again, I still am afraid of *that*, that is, it's still the same thing, it hasn't changed, has it? I can hardly remember now. It's hard to really focus on it. It's always hard to focus, that's their nature, that's the monsters' and the fears' nature, and mine, and we are so inextricably linked, just wait till you get to know me.

No, most of them have evolved or been usurped - maybe mutated is a better word. I don't have the words. The words usually help but sometimes the words make matters worse. The words are supposed to describe them, or the feelings and thoughts they evoke. I sometimes wonder if they don't poison the well. I wonder if they, at least, muddy the water. Right now I'm looking and it's muddy. Did I muddy it?

When my professor read my dissertation he said, "Just because the water is muddy, doesn't mean its deep." All I know is its deep enough to drown in.

I will dabble. I will make waves. I will even submerge myself at times. I don't know how prepared I am to dive in head long. Are you? Don't you wish I would? Look, this is only act one for shit's sake and I haven't even finished my second glass of whatever I'm drinking right now. (It should be universal; I hope you're sauced too.)

Every time we do this I make some attempt to part the veil. "Apply yourself!" I'll say. "Just follow the formula, you're guaranteed results." (There is a formula.) Place your fingertips on the Oija board plaquette. They do it in Hollywood all the time - use the formula that is, I'm not so sure about the Oija board.

There are few discernable correlations between my degree of earnestness and my degree of success. Just because I'm flip doesn't mean it won't be scary. (Though I'm sorry/happy to say, it hasn't been scary yet. Sorry if that's less entertaining.)

I'm looking. I'm looking. Maybe it's not dark enough. I'll turn off all the lights.

Of course you can't see. Of course you can't penetrate it, that's the whole fucking terrifying beauty of it: The Mystery - The Blank Space - The Negative Space - The Gap Between

Electron Shells - The Gap Between Her Legs. I mean, it's the same source as divine inspiration, original creation, original sin and, in the case of death, possibly the destination as well as the source, but that was another performance art piece and now I digress.

Getting back to the topic at hand, I'll tell you about *them*. I had them when I was a kid. I knew them well, like a phantom limb, cut off but still itching. I didn't like most of them very much. There were the big intangible ones and very real ones, real ones right next door making fists at you or waiting for you under the bridge - waiting to thrash you, sometimes with sticks.

Grrrr. They do hide out under your bed. You will hear them in the room next to yours when you're trying to fall asleep and it only takes one word of theirs to make you cry. The littlest utterance will make you weep till the tears get in your nose and you hate it. I fucking hate it.

I know what you want: You want names, you want faces. I like to talk in generalizations. It keeps me safe.

I was indulging you up to this point. We were having fun, weren't we?

I partially resent you requesting this of me. I want you to want and it pisses me off.

Remember, I didn't write this.

I don't know if they're the same. I know the old ones still have claws, and fangs. FANGS! And there's more on top of them.

They didn't kill me.

You hear stories about them killing kids but they didn't kill me. I mean, they haven't yet. But Jesus fucking Christ they touched me. I mean they caught me. They captured me. I saw them and I heard them and I felt them. There is a body memory.

I guess we have to go there.

I'm afraid this process might be slow. I can't do it every week, but if I don't do it very often I won't get anywhere.

Act two:

One among us thought he heard them talking while we stood poised at the window sill preparing to enter (break and enter). We dismissed this cohort and his concerns and he took too much blame in the end. Did I hear them talking on the phone or do I just remember the story about it? Once we'd been captured, another one's mom (the second of the three?) said, "You must have the wrong person, my son would never do that."

My mom said, "Where do I have to go to pick him up?" No

hesitation. For a year I never played outside and I met with the woman after school once a week. I'd made them so big but when I saw them they looked like men but they were darker than men and as powerful as they needed to be.

I know what you want: You want names, you want faces. I don't know their names, I could give you titles. They looked stupid and surprised but ready to do whatever was necessary.

They were always after me.

Finally, I couldn't take it any more. I really needed answers and I sought them desperately. I tried to run to get them but they caught me because I was weaving and not looking over my shoulder or exercising caution. They saw right through. And they beat me. They hog tied me with zip ties. They jeered. I was on a tirade. I had truly tapped the eternal muse. PEARLS BEFORE SWINE. SWINE! THAT WASN'T EVEN MY BOTTOM. YOU BEAUTIFUL BITCH! I HADN'T EVEN FOUND MY BOTTOM!

I know what you want: You want names, you want faces.

One of their names was Stodlemyer (sp?) which, in my altered state of mind, sounded enough like Sodomizer to usher me somewhere else. He never sodomized me - least not physically.

I still couldn't get away. It's like I was asking for it. I thought I was a nice guy. Maybe it's my messiah complex.

They call the shots. They dictate my action. It's reaction really. It's fear. I FEEL POWERLESS. I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT TO DO. I'VE GOT RAGE AND SADNESS AND I FEEL LIKE THEY JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT BEAUTY LOOKS LIKE.

Are they human? Sometimes.

I know what you want: You want names, you want faces. CALL 911.

Act three:

You know, you're running, but it's like you're running through Jell-o or oatmeal, or you realize that the car you're driving in has no breaks. Somehow, from somewhere that is like the vaguest remembrance of safety you have a moment of awareness.

You turn to face the monster.

That's supposed to be the triumphant moment, you know, when the hero wins. The harsh light of day is cast upon the dark recess. The mysterious, frightful figure is revealed and contextualized. The elusive haunting dilemma is unraveled. It's all right, right? We're all happy, right? IT'S OK.

But don't forget the formula.

I mean, don't forget the formula. The hero doesn't ever succeed right off the bat. Think of Rocky. He goes for it and

bam! He gets knocked down. It looks like he's down for the count, but lo! He rallies! Or Return of the Jedi. There was another secret that was under your nose all along. There is a reference to the first act but it's tainted. You know what we've all been through. You can't say the same thing and have it mean what it did before. The sentiment is somehow different now.

I know what you want: You want names, you want faces.

You turn to face the monster.

The monster is a mirror. The monster is an obligation. The monster is an event that has not yet come to pass. You dread it. The monster is some aspect of society. The monster is some aspect of yourself. The monster is knowledge or awareness that you wish you didn't have. The monster is an act you wish you could commit but simply can't. The monster is an act you wish you didn't want to commit and pray you never will. The monster is something you can never understand. The monster is stronger than you. The monster has many names. The monster is something you must face(?) The monster is something you endeavor to avoid. The monster is anything that scares you. The monster is not a movie star. The monster really hurts and makes it hard to be human. These monsters, they're not just for humans. You're an animal for them. You're prey. It doesn't matter if you run or try to fight.

You turn to face the monster.

Before it all registers, you wake up.

Fortunately, you wake up. You don't feel alright. There is something just not right. You know you're awake and you know you're dreams can invade and haunt you're consciousness but that's not even it. You remember that the times you've met the monster, the times you've seen the monster, the times you've felt the monster were all times when you were awake and it always hurt.

I'm sorry, I really hate it.

(CAN I HAVE ONE MINUTE?)

Would you listen to it again and again? Would you get anything from it? I made it for you. I want you to like it. I want it to mean something to you. I want you to like me. I want you to respect me. I want you to treat me kindly and be impressed. Will you be happy and inspired. Where are you going? Don't leave me. Let me go.