

- **The Doubting Thomas**

“What does this picture hold to you?”

Therapy is used as a place of healing, yet the common man has refuted and identified with clear comprehension that the common man won't receive healing yet damage from reaching out for a hand they feel they don't need; or don't deserve, and will only be the fangs of a snake who only strikes in sake of its terrified, troubled, safety; yet its painted with such sheer mass all over this life of evil and anger because its safety might hurt mans palms or give them a sense of knowledge a manipulative tarrant told them they can not perceive.

“A feeling of liquid building up in my forehead”

Eyes shades of greens and “The life of grass, yet disrupted and frozen by pounds and pounds of the world's beautiful snow, yet to the grass, it is nothing but a sign of death and pain. Confused why he can't grasp or see the snow as a feeling of sheer perception and attractiveness, it makes him feel deprived of humanity and indifference; that his feelings are wrong because everyone else loves the white christmas. Yet the Grass never hates the lawnmower, but the world isn't the greatest fan either, loud, used for an annoying task, ripping and ripping of a cord, the grass did not resent the lawnmower as he knew, it knew, it had flaws, and it knew it wasn't its fault, but the snow? Came and went at the same times as of certain calendar days, and instead of seeing its fallings of wrong, they seek its beauty of colorless, yet full of color perception, that's what pushed the grass into weeds.”

The collected hand braised the paper to the collector's hand.

Grass had nothing to do except grow at its time, it learned faces and read them like how it reads different creatures in the clouds, it's all circles of perception.

“ For someone with such anger for the image and actions of Christ, you use words that correlate to his proverbs, or teachings, packed with these... feelings that because they are feelings cant be held physically but can be felt in a sense of metaphor; you remind me of him”

The woman gazed up at him reading his darkened face; yet she couldn't, a sheer blank state of nothing but contradiction as a mental wellness professional. His bottom lip pushed into the top as if he was holding back a flow of quiet tears, yet his eyes numb and lifeless as a dessert in the midst of night, with tempers still too

hot for the grass to grow. His eyebrows raise in unexpectancy, yet his body language changes to offense.

Yet he was none of these. He appreciated the comment, yet it hurt in his chest that he did; The feeling truly proved his blasphemous thought process as truthful.

The Room gazed in mutes of awkward silence. The chair felt tight, the idea that he is no stranger or deep down truly any different than the others that he'd riot against for so many years.

“Has the medication helped Thomas?”

He knew she asked this question at a sense of loss, puzzled on how he felt, it made him feel so inhuman. She stared back at him, eyes opened lazily, daizing at the brown and green uncomfortable old carpeted flooring. The emotions that reminisced to be plastered through his face once again seeped through, yet it was frustration and sadness controlling the jaws. His eye twitched, his lips moved to a place on the right side of his pale cheeks before slipping an answer-

“No”

Feeble and dry. It truly gave her nothing but “no”.

“Have you seen anything since the medication?”

“God pushed the apple in her mouth”

- **The Reflection of our Sin**

Nick stared into the mirror, his eyes sunk deep into his skin and skull, deep pockets of ink-like bags dumped under his eyes as he stared into his cracked, trauma-filled bathroom mirror and it stared right back. The black silhouette of himself, a mimic of his shape and image; yet nothing but the lifeless color of colorless. Its figure was so disturbing but yet now a usual presence to him. Nick opened his mouth to speak yet nothing came out, he was exhausted.

“Say something,” He remarked to the figure that stalked in the thick glass in front of him.

His body ached, and his head felt so heavy, a pounding; rooted so deep in his freakishly pale-skinned face that he could feel it in the jaws of his teeth. His veins trailed blue, bulging out so easily, streaks of vast blue ran up and down his arms, hiding in the shadows and corners of his face.

He looked back at the manifestation that had created this decay of a shell he now called his skin and body. Angry remorse with exhaustion filled his lungs as he breathed out the words.

“say something”

This time with a kick to his voice, Nick locked eyes with the creature, a fabricated version of human eyes, fake, doll-like. He nodded as the figure did not break a muscle, not a crack in its code.

“I know you can hear me, I know you do”

He looked down at his feet, out of his sweatpants his bones sticking out of his top, a thin layer of skin holding them in place, he had grown so very thin, not fitting in any of his clothes, bagging off of his withered display of anatomy.

Its eyes pierced his perception, its ever-longing stare, exhaustive fumes displayed from Nick's mouth with every breath.

“What did I do to deserve you?”

Nothing, sounds of silence, an unfinished; unstarted symphony. An endless stare of tranquility. Empty soulless eyes, yet life filled, it was puzzling, it was spiritual; it was terrifying. A blank being with nothing to say. Nick balled his fist, his nails, yet not long but could almost break skin from how limp his body had become.

“SAY SOMETHING!”

He cried out into the dark bathroom. He didn't know what he expected, yet he wanted more than a blank, droolful stare.

He gripped the sink's marble edges.

Slamming his hands into it over and over until he heard cracking noises.

“JUST-SAY-SOMETHING”

He threw his arms in the air as he laughed, cracked, and wheezed. This, this-THIS kept him up all night, THIS was the creature who had restrained and captured and killed his appetite, THIS has and had done all this, and it can't even speak.

He fumbled his words

“How do I let you do all this to me?”

And he looked back. Blank

A shell, just like his withered 90 pound 6,5 body

A blank page, like his sleep, work, and school.

A silhouette, nothing but a silhouette, like he.

Filled with anger, he dropped his hands, looked away, and just stopped.

“ Maybe you aren't real”

He looked back at him, hurt, and anger filled his eyes.

“Maybe that priest was right, a phony wanna be devil”

He bit his top lip and stared.

Nothing.

“A Fake”

Nothing.

“just a mimic”

His body was tense, he hadn't used this much energy in weeks, the first time sweat had seeped through his body since it had started deteriorating him.

“NOTHING”

“YOU CAN'T EVEN SPEAK”

“YOU CAN'T EVEN TALK AND I SHOULD BE AFRAID OF YOU?”

Nick looked back as his chest rose and fell, he was out of breath, and the tendons in his neck were pulsing out from his screaming.

Nothing.

Nick threw his hands into the sink's frame again, cracking and ripping as blood trickled out of them as the marble had divided and broken and cut him.

“JUST SAY SOMETHING-G-G!”

Nick pushed himself away from the unusable, abused sink. Pressed against the wall he held his face in his hands and slid down into his knees, curling himself into a position as tears built into the corners of his tired eyes. He glanced back up at the mirror; He just stared down now at him, reserved as always.

“What did I do to deserve this all God?”

He spoke in a harsh, squeak of the drainage slipping down his throat. Tears descended his scared cheeks, and everything went quiet, no sound anywhere like his ears had popped or were filled with water, so muted.

“Whom hast thou been praying to all this time?”

A meer whisper.

Nick's heart practically fell out of his chest and fell on his tiled floor as it sank in his chest. His fingers began to tingle as he glanced up. There was no light, only darkness, only the color of colorless.

And then he felt it, hot air on his neck of breath as a voice spoke

“You pray to a god of light yet...I only see darkness”

Nick gasped for air, yet it was gone, as a hand was placed gently on his chest, and the sound of spit unattaching from the top of a just-opened mouth as the voice returned

“Who is't thee've prayed to all this time Nicholas?”

Nick's face began to turn purple as he felt another hand placed upon his chin, cold and flaky, something moving under its thin layers of skin.

“I've heard thy prayers, Nicholas, thee plead to hear mine own voice?”

Rasp yet smooth and anchored and manipulating.

He shook Nick's chin into a nod of agreement.

He turned Nick's neck by his cheek and face towards the being of whatever realm it resides from.

A blank black face, with no features, except its fake sugar glass-looking eyes, with a snot-like substance leaking from them. Curled horns protruding from its forehead.

Before it spoke once more it lifted its hand from Nick's chest and wiped the tears from its cheeks to a place where human eyes and a mouth should have been as the black solitude melted into such.

“Then thither's not the room for the two o' Nicholas”

Its black newly created face melted as a sight of wax dripping into colors of pale whites and reds as it transformed and created a perfect recreation of Nicholas's decaying face.

“And now you are me as I am now you”

Nick could not move, as he lifted his lifeless embodiment of what some could try to call an arm to see a sheer black slate, a silhouette of his own.

The lights flicked on, and Nick saw his bathroom and himself; yet this time, he walked out.

● **Is it Wickness? Is it Weakness?**

“What is love?”

A sea of shallow unbroken dark faces peered in ignorance at the question spoken.

“What type of Love did Jesus bring to us?”

Elderly hearts watched and listened and confronted the question in pride, young blood waited for the last sentence in humbleness.

“Was it kindness? Was it of gifts? Time? What did he show us?”

“Nothing bunch of a tall tail”

The already distinct room-filled voidness was now more silent.

“I'm sorry?”

The words peered from a man of middle age, looked as though yet liveliness of an aged man—fabric wrinkled face, dark, tired nights under his eyes, with a mouth of blasphemy.

“Just a tall tail of love”

He mumbled loudly, his lips barely moving, mouth scrunched up like a pile of clothes in a look of sickness and frustration. A face plastered with anger, yet eyes

that reeked of a funeral, exhaustive Judas of pride; or a car wrapping around that tree "I just didn't see" going 85 MPH.

Pain.

Teeth filled with the curb, curb filled of teeth and untruthful accidents fresh blood.

"Well, um" The stage fright aura attacked the preacher man.

"So many years"

A drunken slur of anger, a mental of unwanted opinions. Mesmerized towards the ground as unhealed wounds spoke out in immature human speech.

"So many years I praised-"

chains unbroken from the gaze of the tiled floor as 1 to the 5th of grief stared through his eyebrows at the messenger of youth.

"So many years I praised for nothing"

A face attired with numbness yet a dark cold winter. The room of the flock now gazed in response from the preacher man.

"Well.. wh-why do you think that?"

"Where are my kids?"

Prometheus

Engineers are creators.

A God not of heaven, but of the stars.

Yet God still made man in his image.

Man made a God of what the stars seeked yet were far too flawed to insight.

That being went on to pumble thee Goliath.

*And wielding his sword he faced the feeble remains of his Fathers creators army and with
the giants head in his hands*

Thee smiled and exhaled both sin; and perfection.