2005

The Inner Ms. Hyde

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The Inner Ms. Hyde

Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"I sit alone as my conscience gnaws at my damned soul.
The quick swig of venom scathes down the back of my throat, plaguing me, consuming me.
Forbidden thoughts echo this numb but witty mind.
The malice of my sorrow's rage confines the belligerent deeds I yearn to do, drowning out all existence.
Evil notions creep anxiously through my cold yet heated veins, deliberately taunting me to sustain these vicious feelings.
This ugliness that I have beckon, draws near in complete summon.
The minutes of perpetual bliss keeps me in awe of ridding the likes of you.
But yet the act of doing right still lingers and the love I once had for you tries desperately to prevail..."

Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: Volume 6, Issue 1, 2005.

This prose is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2006/iss1/11
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Once I commit such an insane, immoral sin, my conscience will be clear and I will feel love again.
Verbal daggers will no longer be thrown in fury.
Constant battles will no longer be slain.
Blood no longer spilt, tears no longer shed.
The essence of your spirit, your life, your being will be judged in the fiery pits of Hell.
There you shall walk in darkness, lifeless, lost and tortured, pleading your overdue confessions of the mistreatment you have fed me.
The prayer of such cries will bounce off the dead as they ignore the form you are as you cease more to exist.
Fixed morals will falter.
Unbinding laws will bend.
My motive of you will avenge my being and the demons will parade in favor, gleaming in sheer delight at this madness, our madness.
Bleed.
Break.
Feel.
Cry.
Taste the sins you have made as I spoon them to you.

I take another swig of the poison, the profound substance that has corrupted my mind, barricading the animosity for the thought of still loving you.
Oh, cruel lover-I yearn to dismantle you, to behead you, to suffocate every vital sign in you.
Shhhhh...
I must whisper that.
The four walls I am enclosed in have eyes and ears, secretly waiting my every move.
I wouldn't want my intentions to be known by the one I dreadfully adore.
I mustn't be careless undermining the details in such critical content.

I guzzle down some more of the remedy, concocting a scheme, a plan to rid me of you,
my dominant master, my scorching flame, my unwanted character.
The ticking of the clock echoes in my unstable head.
The hour is drawing near and you will soon be a faded memory, a corpse I shall spit upon.
Your violent misuse and invasions of coercion will no longer ridicule my every aspect.
Your icy intimidations and undesired copulation will no longer scar my afflicted heart.
I will no longer be the puppet while you hold the strings.
Fighting unfairly is fighting equally, and I shall when you least expect it.
Your doubtful insecurities will be slaughtered.
Your one-track mind will be burned.
And I will triumph over the kill, devouring what's left of the prey.

Your glossy eyes, wet with death, will beg for mercy, forgiveness you know you don't deserve.
Your once muscular body will grow limp as does the spirit you once had.
There you'll see the hatred burn red in my eyes.
A cold smirk will slowly crawl across my delighted face, etching a memory of stone through your perishing, colorless eyes.
Then you'll realize your unjust treatment has gone too far but will no more.
And God will be your only alibi.