

The Conundrum

One singular thought consumes my life. How long has it been since I killed him?

I haphazardly pace the living room, stepping over strewn books and magazines. Aristides, my cat extraordinaire, stares at me as if to say, "Really, you're not going to pick them up?"

To be honest, I rather like the pattern splashed on the wooden floor. It provides a diversion, a momentary side-step to that puzzling question. I can't help but feel that an insidious darkness has etched my soul. But is that darkness of my making? I collapse on the couch and study Clay's heirloom clock on the mantel. Tick, tick, tick..

"Hmmm."

Twirling a strand of hair around my index finger - a ridiculous habit held over from childhood - doesn't help me remember, but it does elicit a strange sense of calm.

Perhaps it has been a dream, an incredibly lucid dream or a self-fulfilling prophesy. Not that he came right out and said he wanted to die, but he always said he'd never live to see 50, so isn't that the same thing?