

edewlogics

Ade Ronke

Authors Notes

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Power-point rages

I don't believe there is a highway to hell. There is none to heaven. They are both proximally the same power-points on an Earthian map. Life makes both warriors and tragedy out of victims. I am a victim of my nature in society. As if I wasn't a victim, I will strictly be prey to myself. Does my nature betray my intentions? Does it betray my intuitions? Maybe I have learned bitter lessons in midlife as something short of a crisis.

Then it is from experience that I refuse to believe it possible to have conformity, individuality and ingenuity in the same system. They form a triplex of complex tragic momentums. There is a conformity strain eating my brain inside out. The jokes on my failure couch are dumbfounded and scared of the ill they say getting reprimanded. Maybe they'll heal, come out of their misery and destroy their tormentors.

I pressed the accelerator pedal of the Jalopy Subaru as I reflected on the ill effects of religious impositions—the fantastic fatalistic rages I nursed in real time formed of shortspan psychoactive insensitivity. Every time God is used to achieve theft, control, narcissism, abuse, and such as terrorism, a piece of the God man created for himself dies alongside the devil's corpse. Evil is never-ending. There are corpses everywhere. My corpses resurrect as unpredictable inner rages—primed towards violent reactions, aftermaths of which were calming and relieving.

I had reasoned it. A fully bearded man of less than mediocre look in a Jalopy traded against a high end luxury Mercedes Benz was less than noticeable. Time had not been kind to me, I thought as I pulled the car to the side of the street. My downgrade in life had made me less of the closeted homosexual Caucasian often mistaken for a beta male with a good sense of fashion. My life had been the perfect ruse—closeted and ideal.

Depression had phased me, morphed me into a sad pathetic man angry the prejudices of christianity had paved my life into oblivion. I caught a glimpse of the front car mirror, reassuring myself neither my midlife status nor depression had phased my reddish brown hair. Ageism had hardly phased me. I was lost to what I had been lost to all my life, what I had simultaneously closeted and coveted to fit into the expected narrative perpetually stunted and camouflaged—my homosexual nature.

One very bad encounter was pricey and deadly—the new owner of the accounting firm I worked for, Riley Murphy, a devout Christian who couldn't bear the thought of working alongside a rumored homosexual male simply got rid of me with the excuse of ridding the company of my position as an unneeded expense. The promises of retirement for hard work and dedication were gone, the painstakingly earned respect was gone.

I was dead in the water, never worth fishing for in the higher circuit job market in accounting. Bad luck was persistently on the grind working against me. And the rush of rages against the seemingly endless stroke of unfortunate events had made me stab the Murphy family dog to death and dump his body in the trash. It was easy to lure with high value steaks. Some time later, also easily lured, the family cat had faced the same fate. Having felt the overwhelming sense of relief soon after such episodic crime waves, I hadn't been able to kill the reawakening of the rages and the need to relieve them.

I had planned the crime ahead. Mr Murphy was attending therapy at the usual place at the usual time, the upper class home office of an upper class therapist. My plan was simple. Inject all four tires of his car with accelerants. It becomes irrelevant if the resultant was slow or fast burn. As a fluidly graduating havoc raiser, every aspect of an event was essential. The car would know an eventual explosion, and I

was going to call for help on a burner phone, a burning event for a burning memory. I expected the relief and release from the event to last a while longer than the last two.

There, in a long contemplation on my graduating crime, lost in a thought train of transient thoughts, a familiar figure dashed before my eyes. My mind raced with a sudden upsurge of rage like two power point ranges of some blackhole dancing in contemplation, some blind rhythm in lack of correlation fighting for the expression of reflection. I rushed the car out of the parked status to a full fledged flight heading for Mr. Murphy. The car impacted his lower body in a noisy exchange of metal against flesh. He was flung up and onto the car before sliding off onto the street beside his car.

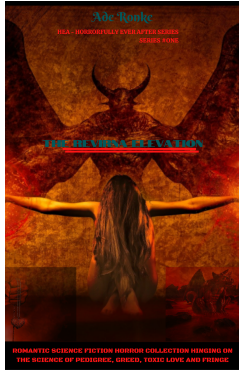
There was that audible but muffled screech of pain as I reversed, watched him writhe like some snake had swallowed a prey too big for its anatomy and physiology, unable to escape its predicament. I contemplated finishing the job but attempted quieting my rage instead. I had achieved more than expected. Mr. Murphy, I believed, would survive the incident. Jalopy instincts afterall, jalopy impact must make.

Decelerating slowly, I began to steer against the path of the helpless body, drove a short distance before I called emergency services on the burner phone. "There is a burning car and I think someone is injured at 292 East street between 7th and 9th street." The renewed sense of relief surged as I accelerated away from the scene. Reminded of a song I love, I began to sing. *"Oh, think twice. It's just another day for you and me in paradise. Oh uh Oh, think twice, it's just another day for you, for you and me in paradise..."*

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