

The Bad Blood

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By : **Jack Beswick**

A short story/poem I wrote based on recent events in my life.

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There he sat in his box,

Sorry for himself,

â Stupid cuntâ he thought and reached for a knife given to him by a friend,

He hoped to cut himself free.

The girl was on the outside, beyond the wilderness,

Smiling through severed eyes; like him, like her.

Sometimes in the past he had even felt her smiling at the box,

But those times were long gone, now she just stared straight through it with a gaze that crushed the box into a singular atom, alone and adrift in the universe.

The boy held the knife,

He played with it a little, it drew blood,

He recalls his uncle's saying:

â It's luck that is, let out the bad blood and only the good will be leftâ

It works, the boy begins to know the meaning of purity,

For a moment, he is at peace with war.

The girl now grows fainter with every look,

Sailing off into the distance, the mist of the lake engulfing her vessel like an unsaid farewell

He feels the perception of space,

He knows time is short

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Glancing down to raise his knife and slash through cardboard skin he sees he is now not bleeding blood, but spiders.

Unfazed in the moment he continues to swipe out at the walls of his box, but to no avail.

A box that will not cut, a cut that will not stop.

Freaks, freaks everywhere!

Freaks are part of him, eight legged cunts. Eight legged flesh eating, life sucking cunts.

They double, triple, quadruple,

He swings at them, he hits the box, he cuts himself

He swings at the box, he hits the spiders, he cuts himself

With every cut, more spiders,

With every spider more cuts.

His hand, now but a bloody stump, drops the knife into the gates of oblivion,

Sensing another chance to free himself, he presses his back and legs against opposite sides in an attempt to prize open the cardboard,

Yet the walls grow closer with every push, crushing the boy against cascades of fanged arachnids,

His own flesh and blood

He has now no room to breathe, nor lungs to breathe with,

Glimpsing the knife trapped blade-up in a corner of the box near his face, the boy makes one final leap for freedom,

One jolt later, one violent bloody jolt later and the box is folded open.

The remains of the boys carcass are laid on top of the cardboard, gently floating off into the distance, the mist of the lake engulfing it like a premature farewell.

On the horizon exists but a single vessel, open to the world and accompanied by the soulless calls of birds in flight.

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Now she sees.

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