

Discreet Mistake

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--Mother, can you hear me? I am alone and frightened. I need your help in this ephemeral situation. I can feel you, mother, and you are in pain, too. I want to be free and hold you. I want you to hold me. I don't want to be frightened anymore. Please don't strip the oneiric blanket from my trembling, unfed limbs. I cannot stand the exposure. I need the warm gurgle of your bosom, the maiden touch of your embrace. It is dark here, but I begin to see the light. It does not bring me comfort. It is a cold, white light that beckons me, unyielding and shapeless. I am the nonage.

--Mother, you don't know me like I know you. You haven't taken the time to feel my pulse race. I am the insider. I know your thoughts and your fears. I can hear your cries accompany soft music. Blue tonality often fills my void, my nothingness. I feel you shake when you laugh. You haven't been laughing much.

--I fear that you will never know me. I am your subaltern self. I am the partial ego. I am your failed dreams, your discreet mistake. I know that you can feel me. We are connected. You nourish me, soothe me, loathe me. I am your Eve rib and I swim in the Garden. I can smell the sweet scent of your persimmon lips, your negligence.

Metal clanging. Soft talking. Industry smell. Starched linen...

--Protect me, mother. Who else will? My father, is he the epigone I blame for your sadness? I do not know him like you do. He is my obsequious myth. He is my

Prometheus monster, defiled. I know you walk through dreams with me. I share them with you. You see shiny bicycles wrapped in celluloid. You dab a white cloth on my blood-soaked knee. You feed me. You hold me when I cry. You fear for me, when others at school torment me. You scream when I am threatened. You frenzy when you envision my father. He has a blank face, hard hands, an unforgiving urge to harm you. He is apathy manifest.

Soft talking. Faint crying. More metal sounds. The charts on the walls. The me surrounding you.

--I don't want to leave this place, mother. You want me to stay, too. It is warm here. Safe. You want to hold me until I can go out on my own. You do not wish for my exile. Your memories turn to your own.

The childhood is deferred, put on hold like an unwanted phone call. The bruises are bone-deep. The blood is a clot in the nose. Alcohol has a sweet, fetid smell. It is the jonquil vice. It pours over and over again on her gravestone. Only the man remains. Cold, callous unforgiving. The rope swing in the yard is withered like an old face. The foot prints in the grass of a forgotten field slowly fill with wild weeds. The life you take is your life. The life you give is yours, too.

--Mother, I am sad for you. Your life has been hard, even since I have known you. Your tears are many. They stream like salt seas in the creases in your once young face. Your hands are brittle and arthritic. Your arms are scabbed and bruised. They are the gateway to your only liberation. Your freedom enters us simultaneously. Your fears stop there. So does your pain.

--Your big plans have faded. Your denial grows like a small pouch, taugth and covered with skin. You have given

up on life. It has broken you. I am your eyepiece. Your scourge. I am the symbol of your sacrifice. You want only the best. You cannot fail this time.

Metal sounds. Conversation. Maneuvering. Stirrpped catafalque. Kinless.

--I can hear you crying now, mother. You fear for me. Your dreams of rearing fade. You are turning on me, I can feel it. Your cold back is to me. Your heart beats away from me. You close your eyes to me, to him. You bite down hard onto your own lips. I taste the blood now. The fluid is bitter, spoiled, tainted. My withdrawal is your cleansing. I am your ritual. Part of me will always stay, mother.

The water runs rapidly down the small hill. It is cold and invigorating. The flowers on the bank are bright and smell of lapis-lazuli. This is heaven?