



Carnage and Glass

Of all the places on campus that bodies can fall, the neatest would be through the roof of HUB mall, watching someone you hate burst through the shower of glass splinters and bent metal rods, still screaming and kicking all the way down. The dull, solid thud of one heavy body would contrast very nicely, I think, with the jangled, skittering echoes, and when it happened, for an instant, all screaming would stop with that one final thud.

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But now some silly young body decides to bloody the windows on Rutherford 3rd. Still, the effect isn't bad. In fact, the echo is better.

Gaping, glassy eyes fish stand all around sputtering, carelessly breaking the silence that followed that beautiful fall. I push through their soft bodies to get to the stairs. Their defenses thus weakened, I could attack from behind, but instead, I look, too. The shape: unnatural and angular, but in limp, fluid form.

Queasy vultures fight for a view from where it took flight and a half dozen fledglings are dropped from the nest. They land unsuccessfully, for all their flailing and squawking. Some though, survive, and to prove this, they moan.

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Later, I see Rapunzel sitting in RATT. She stands up to smash her chair through the window, then drops on her knees. With one long, jagged shard, she slices her belly, then gently scoops out the entrails and lets them unwind their way down to the courtyard below. Her lover tries hard to grab hold and climb up, but the guts are too slippery, and slide through his hands. He knows that they shrink and curl up when exposed to the air. So he waits, for too long.

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Long crystalline daggers of ice hang from the top edge of the building. Their cold, brittle beauty comes to a violent end, not allowed to melt slowly, or soften and mold into one warmer shape. They glitter at first, but the sun burns too brightly, so they shiver and snap and then batter themselves on cement far below. The ice melts in slow agony before other footsteps move by, so no one else knows what was there, or sees the waste when it's gone. Only muddied puddles of carnage remain, pools of watery blood.

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A glass holding a drink can be thrown at mirrors to keep imposters from staring. I want to throw mine, but then everyone else would know she was there. So, I allow her to mock me, smooth and intact, while I stand dismembered and ravaged and rotting inside.

No bloodshed this time. Grisly remains from the loveliest maulings and self-mutilations are more easily hidden when the corpse is alive. But the smell, when it rises, can still burn your eyes.

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