

The Executioner

A flash by Sonia Ramos Rossi

As I watch you walk away, becoming smaller with each manly step along the rain wet pavement, I realize that, like the cat, I have nine times to die. At least. Perhaps more. Each little death is an affirmation of who I am. For I choose which part of me to kill, and which to keep alive.

Cold rain falls upon me, hair plastered to head, no umbrella to keep me dry. Open to the elements is what I am, each little death reminds me.

I cut you out with a surgeon's scalpel, with a surgeon's skill. Sharp words, finely calculated to separate you from me, full of intention, and carried out with such precision. You weren't cancer, but you were killing me all the same. Infesting me with your life.

So it is dead. I knew it would be. At least the cut was clean. Now I can sew up the wound. As if you had never been. Just a fine little scar, hardly noticeable. Almost cosmetic.

So I die a little death. It is unavoidable, and, it reminds me of my part in all this. Water runs down my neck, soaks my silk shirt, my smart business suit, dribbles between my breasts, like a new lover. I'll just wait a little longer here, to see you go. It is I, after all, who has chosen. I will watch it through to the end.

Your confident step is slowing now, but you won't turn around. My razor edged words had no barb to pull you back. You've been cut loose. So go.

Nine lives, maybe more. None struggle to leave, but each hurts more, in its passing. Each death has a little more pain, to needle-prick my conscience.

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