

PERVERTSITY CONSERVATISM

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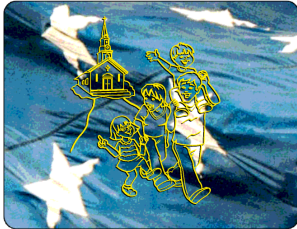
The light

pours into the room in a sort of clean-cut perversity; finely, the illumination molests all the medicinal instruments in an envelope of early twilight. A sloped bar of bright white radiates a peculiar form of luminescence upon the billet, balancing a unique complexion of highlighted apparatus in a score of reasonable utility. Upon the bed, vexed in labour, her penumbra is cast in a series of abyssal mechanisms, locked in impossibly long internal processes of pain, manifest in sensibilities of control at the thoroughfare of a finely-specified civilization. At her side, looming as a calculating, exotic predator, stands the doctor; a representative of artificial filth donned in a frightening gown, tasked with the deliverance of soul at the mercy of authorized torture.

At the edge of the room, on a chair placed farther into the vaporous spur of twilight, The Father hangs about in a gross sense of excitement at the imminence of his biological chattel, yet he tinges with a slightness of regret at the scene before him. An understating of ingratiate uncertainty begins to irk his whole mind and body; senses of doubt and fear bring about an unnatural sort of tension from him, and he notices objects and things he had previously failed to do. His eyes dart about in the total space of the room, and they wander towards a sense of totality. A great, horrible impetus implied by the various devices and objects of medicine scattered about the room thrusts his mind into a deep, meditative pause; a simulation of beginning and confluence tamed at the opus of allopathy, moulded into an indisposed, dejected realization; he falls deeper into himself, deeper into the stirred darkness of consternation at the horizon of responsibility, and deeper into thoughts that, until now, have laid dormant throughout the course of his entire adulthood.

The Father allows himself to slip into a feverish state of contemplation, of how demented nativity truly is when isolated from its vested biological course in time and space. He ripped the act of birth from any area of cultural relevance, to analyze it at the imagined behest of some foreign consciousness; when judged purely at the metric of pain

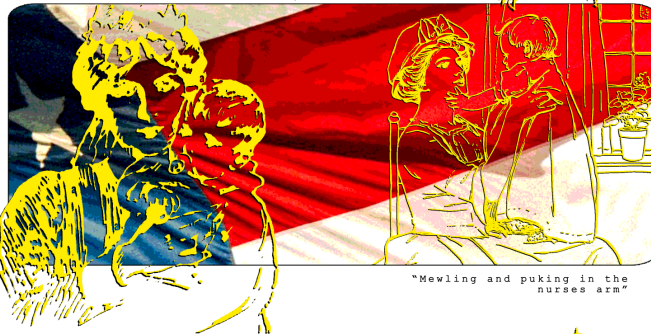
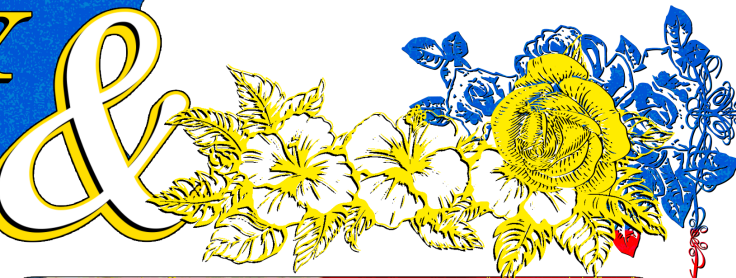
and the undertaking of raising, he uncovered how cosmically unnecessary it all was in the absurdity of endeavour. The Father could find no joy in these thoughts at all - any sensibility of excitement he once had at the thought of biological legacy, of witness to the course of afterlife and rebirth, and of the marvelous idea of family and the derived value of ideology, entirely exited his body; the thoughts and beliefs that had once occupied his mentality were superseded with a dominant sense of despair and anguish at the witness of becoming.



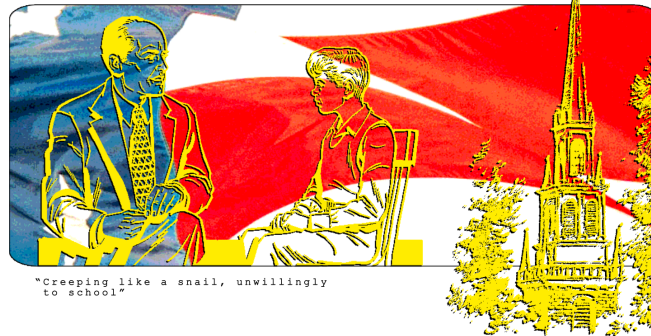
"Birth is more of a ritual." He thought, a practise where the fruition of instinct and calculated engagement posits the gross introduction of an inevitable process of decay; and the idea that such a horrific and diminutive act should be defined as any kind of "celebration," and denoted in such emphasis as to be enshrined in the moniker of "beauty," grated against an inseminated belief that had, up until this point, seemed resolute inside his mind. Indeed, the impetus for the total behaviour of all human beings, in all considerations of sanity, could only be discerned as a parallel of intentioned misunderstandings and violent synchronicities; an ignorant thrust towards the humiliation of God in a cyclical ritual of self sacrifice and expiration.

He juttred and chafed upon these thoughts in recesses of nostalgic review and self-loathing; parsing through the totality of a set of beliefs that had, up until this point, once occupied the pursuit of a high morality, and an honourable call of biological continuum, but what now only revealed a dense, ceaseless, and disgusting hatred for the human species and the habit of death and rebirth.

"Is it retribution against those who question its pretext?"



"Newling and puking in the nurses arm"



"Creeping like a snail, unwillingly to school"



"That ends this strange eventful history, in second childhood and mere oblivion, sans faith, sans eyes, sans taste,"

He stumbled into the thought almost haphazardly, in the same manner that a drunk stumbles against the railing of a staircase upon descent towards the pavement, or in the walled impression of an infant from an unjust punishment with the carpet when learning to walk. It was a sick and unsettling thing to admire at the sight of The Mother before him; vexed in anguish, heaving and pushing at the behest of the sickly and spindly looking predator at her side. He could do nothing to protect her anymore. Nothing to stop the inevitability of fruition he'd been tricked into abating, and nothing to alter the underlying rot at the heart of the ritual itself.

Her howling, wailing screams, so agonized in a wicked sense of forthcoming and empathic manipulation, suggested to him an emotionality that he now felt profoundly disconnected from; the dilation of the orifice, sequestered between two spread appendages laid out on some peculiar contraption of thrashing machinery and fabric; the horrible pain of the beast writhing upon it, expressed in hideous vocal expulsions from the mouth, and strained physical impulses in muscles up and down the entire body. It was all such a peculiar and terrifying thing to imagine and witness; a unified choir of children calling out in the appraisal of complete agony, contained in a heaping mess of disjointed fleshy layers crying out in unrelenting torment.

The Mother had become a great, unsightly beast; transmogrified from a fertile pity into a bloated mess of organic appendages and seething White Rage, contrasted against a dawn of Crimson light that had infected the once-vivid twilight. Sprouting from this hideous light, an ugly plurality of Flesh emerged across the walled surfaces of the room, whose facial appendages cast in all manner of biological completeness beat down upon The Father a horrid kaleidoscope of expressions, assigned in disappointment and disgusted remorse, absent of any reassurance or comfort, locked in a wholehearted summit of misery. The sight of the Flesh overcame The Father with a petrifying sensation of disgust and total fear; he could not see or hear any faces or sounds which cared about him; and what was once the sombre and noble sensibility of twilight twisted and formed into a horrible Crimson populated only with the grotesque and malformed expressions of rotted carcasses.

Objects began to float about the room as the operation lurched forward to its climax. The horrid Crimson light grew only greater in luminosity as the beast urged in harder and harder throes, becoming ever larger in imminence and size as the room shrunk into a crescendo of claustrophobic judgment. The Father attempted to throw the chair at the beast, in a desperate attempt to prevent what was occurring, but it was too late; it melted between his fingers and felt atop him in a pitiful stew of melted aluminum and plastic, leaving scarred indentations across his body and scalp in a melting, seared sort of pulsating agony. He had resigned himself to fulfillment, and at the climax of his suffering, where the Flesh and the Crimson blended together in one milieu of sickly poisoned humour, the beast released from its pudent the horrible prize gleamed at the fruition of the ritual, and all at once the condition of the room ceased.

"Did I make a Mistake?"

The Crimson, The Flesh, and the Agony had all gone away. The state of the room abated back to its original sheen of ambience; the piercing white of the fixture above the bed guided the room toward an initial persuasion of clinical sterility; and it was impossible to feel anything other than a cathartic sense of eased euphoria. The radiant glow of morning dawn had come about through the glass and curated, in the room and within the heart of The Father, a hue of deep orange, and an ardour of responsibility.

The Father now gazed at his wife holding their new-born son, smiling and gesturing for him to come closer. Doing as he was told, the man looked upon the newest addition to his family with a jovial and relief-stricken sensibility; he felt at rest with himself and the scene around him, as though he had just won some great and incredible battle of physical and mental will against an impossibly large and terrible opponent. Taking up his son up into his arms, shielding him against the wall and against the room, he gazed into his emerald-coloured eyes; they looked up at him with an expression of innocence that only infants could have; an expression admonished of the horrible delusion of cognizance and the fear of mortal awareness. Staring down at his offspring, the mans countenance began to shift from jovial relief to a stoic sort of indifference, and in his mind he could only muster feeling from one singular source of emotion:

Fear.

