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English 001B

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Master's Desire

“I am the devil.”

*I'm not running I swear. I just closed my eyes for a little that's all, and I guess I just found myself here?*

I watch as the winged tipped sperm kamikaze itself into the blue light of an egg. Without a gender reveal, down goes the translucent wings of a fallen angel. They're a lot smaller than anticipated, having one land on me, I pick it up with my calloused index finger, rubbing it together with my thumb into nothing but residue. I look up again to see other angels go out like overdosing stars. Their god-awful smell showering me, mixed with the odor only a deserted gasoline station could siphon isn't how I envisioned my second pit stop of the night to start. I am somewhere near the border of California and Oregon, past Mount Shasta with a Weed hat on, the town that is. My legs are anchors now, my eyes forgot how to blink, and I am wearing veinless pajama like skin. I've been driving for 8 hours now. I did get out once, but the clock didn't see me. Now, as the marking for every minute, is the singe of an insect yet discovered, I feel the minute hand going backwards on this one.

*Gas.*

I popped the car's gas cap open, credit card swiped, the octane level punched, and the car teethes on the nozzle. I look back at the 5x8 U- Haul tow still intact, lights and all.

*Seems clear to me.*

I looked at the convenience store attached. I stare at the man behind the counter who hasn't moved or flinched, his direction is strict toward the anticipating, broadening view of the store.

*Don't go in.*

I looked at the car once more, still there, then the meter. Unnumbered in digits poured and amount paid, the shaking maraca still being suckled.

*Bathroom now.*

No hard ground, just imprinted gravel beneath me. The outside walls were plastered with more hung angel corpses. The metal door sung with a gush of wind and odd creaking before slowly retracting behind me. The lights, the turban, the door shutting in a symphonic seal. The prophet before me.

“Is there a restroom?”

The prophets’ eyes look directly at me and not me at the same time.

“Do I need a code, is it free?”

He looks at me,

“We are all free,” eyes widen, but away.

I think nothing of it, I am not bent by the irregularities of the night. I was led in direction, was offered no maze, for I am to go back up the womb if I am lucky.

The bathroom door was painted over with the same slick coating they used for the marble floors. The loosely bolted door allowed it to hang three-quarters away from fully closing with the face plate. Pressing it slightly, the door would kiss the strike plate before the soft latch would quickly pull out of a failed consummation, rotating the door inward. Completing in a slow roundabout before slamming against the bathroom wall.

I grab the inside handle, using my hand I align the door with the only lock and turn it shut.

Turning around, I step up to the silver bucket, unbutton my pants and test my water harmonics within the bowl.

*This is it--the only real place in the world. Amidst creation, congregations, corruption. All the faults dressed to what circumstances comprised of humans. I stand apart, the one who sees it all, I am the watcher of them, all of them. Completion.*

I tuck myself, splash the rusted water against palms, look upon the mirror reflecting my skin’s understanding. I see the once-shut doors perception sown not between blinks, but the expansion of pupils, reaching the foundation’s edge of my pink, realized matter. The prelude to,

*Completion.*

Whipping the mirror with my back, I unlatch the door and move forward on autopilot, grabbing the nearest cup and pouring some cold coffee.

Without registration, I take out meshed bills and toss them in front of the prophet.

He looks at me, but I not of him.

He smiles, I am stone-faced.

“Free.”

Leaving the translation, I take a swig of the coffee, bursting through the metal frames, sending the angels into a frenzy.

Tunneling a path, I see three big-breasted harpies crowding, chanting, clawing at my car.

They’re tweakers, but my reality proves to me otherwise.

I hold out my coffee in the air and proceed to yell, with high knees and cold roast sprinkling the floor. Throwing the cup aside, I sow these seeds now before me.

“I made you; I will eat you; I am the devil.

I made you; I will eat you; I am the devil.

I made you; I will eat you; I am the devil.”

Screeching eyes and flailing half-naked bodies, churning the ground leaving their residue before darting off on twos and fours.

I yank the over-bitten pacifier from the car, hooking it back up to the station, and closing the car’s gargling mouth.

Opening the driver’s door, I sit without looking, bringing the car back to life, letting it swallow the gas. I drive around the station, marching one turn, then two, leveling the tow behind me.

Over the humps and dips onto tar roads. I drive into the pale black night. Noticing lights engaging behind me, only to disengage after a repetitive thought while.

My cat had been staring at me for a solid thirty-three minutes before saying,

“You really left me in here back there.”

*I’m not running I swear. Perhaps I closed my eyes in Seattle and opened them in Los Angeles. Maybe it was the other way around. North, South, Western cliffs.*

*Head east,*

*head east,*

*open your heart,*

*in the east.*