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I

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She seems to be with me all the time. Everywhere. I feel her presence. In my bedroom, in the street, in my office, in my dreams, in my sleep. Like a bleak shadow. Pursues me. Follows me to the ends. Do believe in me. I am not a liar. She is so near at some moments that I feel assured of her rooted place in my being. I don't remember exactly when for the first time she made a decision to accompany me in life. No. No. I said I don't remember. Long years. Intertwined with my soul. I am used to her. No problem. I have taken her for granted. Her occasional disappearance makes me glad; glad as if she is all ended. Illusion. Just a piece of illusion. She seems to be with me forever. Forever.

Now, at this moment, at this dead of night when bleakness and silence have suffused the surrounding, she looks intently and intensely. Behind the window. I can hear the knocks at the door off and on. She is walking over the rooftop. The light of her torch pierces the bedroom. She comes closer towards the window. Comes closer as if there is no window. She is looking at me. Directly into my eyes. I can't stand her easily. Too much suffering. I am trembling. Pregnant looks. Looks replete with plea. Solicitous plea for letting her in. My response is silence and inertia. My response is pregnant too.

I feel pity for myself. More for her. The coldness of the weather seems to be excruciating to an extent that I want to convince myself for opening the window and letting her in and talking to her and solving all the conflicts and living happily ever after.

She is in before the fireplace half a meter away from me. Actually I got myself half a meter away from her. Has buried her head between her legs and covered her head with her hands. An oval stuff in front of a fireplace with nothing to share with others is what may catch the eye of a person behind the window from out. It is not so for me. This oval stuff has encircled my life for years.

"For what, for the want of what you are following and molesting me? Why don't you stop bothering me? Why don't you forsake me?"

Smiles. Smiles again. Like a tormented lizard moves out of ambush and moves around and moves close and says,

"You see me as a burden on your life? You see me as a parasite? A parasite? A worm? A leech?"

"Yes, yes. A burden. A parasite. A worm. A leech. You are eating me and my life away. You are suffocating all my moments. No need of you any longer. I am dead and tired of you."

"Why? Please tell me? I want to know? What have I done to you?"

"I don't have any words to answer these questions. My words have no sense and potentiality to bridge that gap."

"Search yourself. I am not a burden. Not a parasite. Not a worm. Not even a leech. Look into the depths of your own heart."

Tries to go on with a forced smile,
“Cruel and unkind! Cruelty and unkindness!”
Points to me with her fingers.

“I am with you forever. I pursue you everywhere. You can’t you set yourself free. Never ever. Entangled. I want to rip your heart apart. Lacerate it. Cut it. Chop it. I want to rip your tongue apart. No more words of you. Lacerate it. Cut it. Chop it.”
“Come on! Right now! I am ready and pleased!”

A moment of silence and gaze. Too cruel and unkind. Hell with me. I did something wrong, filling her eyes with spit. She didn’t dry them. I was looking at her. The spit was there talking to me. Hatred maneuvers. I wanted to spread the most fragrant perfume on my right hand and dry her eyes, touch them, caress them, love them, kiss them. Useless. Killing is winking at me. There must be more spit there. More shit and dirt on her face.

My intimate friends, my relatives, my colleagues, my wife, even my three-year-old son turn away when they see us together. Sometimes they run away as if a huge monster has intimidated them. Nobody shows traces of tendency to meet and see us together. When we are inevitably together, outburst of ire beats my heart. I myself do despise her. But she has foisted herself on my life. Has pasted herself years. Wants to remain for long. Says cannot get separate from me. Cannot tolerate being away from me. I flee. Hide myself. Pretend. But it is useless.

I had an appalling dream a few nights ago when desperation and torpor were hovering in my bedroom. Never before did I have such a bleak dream. All my body was soaked and saturated in blood and sweat. Mingled together and moving together on my body parts. I had a dagger in my hand standing beside a corpse in a faraway and desolate castle. Her abdomen was torn apart from the middle. Fog and mist packed the house of my dream. I couldn’t recognize the corpse. Stink and fetidness and fog and mist and struggle. The unpleasant smell of a rotting and corrupting corpse seemed to be there for years. Moving a bit closer, I wanted to see through the mist and stink to try to recognize her by hook or by crook. Unable to stand the stink. I watched her more closely and more particularly. Her eyes opened as slowly as ever possible and I moved my head away as slowly as again ever possible. I heard half of my screaming sound in the bed and did my best to stifle the rest for not waking the others in the house. Sweat and blood formed a small pond in my bed.

Strangely I had the same dream for more than ten nights. One after another, a repetitive dream with the least possible change and difference travelled to my sleep. On the seventh night I moved to extremes in torturing myself for not sleeping. I squatted on my bed and tried to preview my future. I fell to the trap lastly. Dreadful sleep. Nightmarish dream. Painful waking. And the same small pond in my bed.

I couldn’t make head or tail of the motifs of this dream. Screams of a fatigued and punished soul. I couldn’t relate this dream to my life. I questioned my life searchingly to justify this dream. Useless. It was like a hit which occupied the screen of all the movies for days. Every night it was there. I was the only spectator of this hit. No ticket. For free. And I couldn’t see the end of the hit. Illusion.

Poor sleep. My poor dreams. I still question myself searchingly why I tried to kill and killed her. I am afraid of terror and death. I endeavor to extricate myself. My own prison.

They are pursuing me. I am afraid of death. Leaving the pond and outstretching my hands, I earnestly want those beyond to take my hand. I am ashamed of looking at my life. I turn all its pages and no one seems to be colorful. Each page is sooty dark. I can't remember killing anybody anywhere anytime. I am not guilty of any guilt. Whose corpse is it? Whose soul has departed from that body?

I think it's the right time to set myself free, set myself free from the pangs of this illusion. I can't abide the inflicted suffering of these wandering moments any longer. My patience and will and time are over. More than over. I have wanted to kill her more than possible countable times and even have found myself on the verge of doing that. But, but none of these countable times did move beyond nil. Maybe I don't know how to count. Maybe she is aware of my intention and internalities. Maybe she reads my thoughts and thoughts. I hear reverberating sounds at times, voicing my inability to commit such an act. You can't do that for you are not a man in the real sense of the word. Such an act needs a man. A man of woman. A man of woman.

Hardly recognizable. She seems to be like me. A replica. We look alike each other and those who have not seen us before take us as twins. Those already familiar with us make the mistake of taking us for one another. When something wrong happens, they scorch me. Nobody dares to approach her, scorch her, and talk to her. She wears like me and paces to and fro like me. A copy of me in all respects. I am a copy of her in all respects. Like a loaf of bread cut in the half, mine stale and her eatable. But the eyes, the eyes ring a different bell. Her eyes are of a different color and shape. They smell differently. Her eyes are those of the corpse. Exactly. For sure.

I was not and have not been and am not and will not be a despicable person. My heart was and is and will be full of tender affection. I share my love with those around, with my dear wife first of all. More than all. But I think she was and is and will be a despicable person. Her heart was and is and will be devoid of pleasure and fondness. She is corrupted and wants to corrupt me. Feasibly betrays other easily. Attempts to seek moments to attack others out of my sight. Lies to my wife and spans my little son. Disrespects my daddy and mommy. Ridicules the colleagues in the office.

I don't know why I can't end my friendship with her. Tried a lot and times, but useless. When I force her to confess, to leave me, to end her mischiefs, to kill herself, she winces and sheds innocent and pregnant tears like an orphan. She sheds tears for hours and beseechs me, begs and supplicates,
"Kill me, I earnestly beg you to kill me. Set yourself free."

My heart softens and softens and her heart hardens and hardens. Nobody believes me any longer. Nobody pays attention to my words and confessions and oaths. They don't believe in our difference, that we are two distinct persons, apart from each other and only beside each other. I see my efforts, my work, my affection, and everything else as fruitless. To no end.

Watch her at the moment before the fireplace. She is there suffering from the heat, but reluctant to move away. She likes being tortured. I looked deeply into her hateful eyes. She returns my looks and guffaws. I pushed the dagger forcefully and heartily into her heart, and twisted it a few times, immersed it in the outpouring blood. She is making the sound of an

injured woman abandoned in a faraway and desolate castle for whom there is no trace of hope in life.

Turning around I saw my wife and my little Eliz. Eliza's hands were full of unspoken words. Eliza wanted me to promise her not to be with that dreadful her any longer. I assured Eliza of her death but told her:

“She is not dead. Only killed once again.”

A moment of silence resounded in the room. I stood up and looked deep into out.