

OK

OK

It was already decided so it didn't matter that Mark really didn't want to go.

His mother had been a shadowy figure low these past four years and he didn't feel an overbearing urge to go see her now.

"It's been too long and there's not much time left. Come home. Mom"

He assumed her telegram was meant to jolt some major reaction from him, that he was to assume she was direly ill and come on the run...those codes hidden in his blood cried at the thought of permanent severance from the life giver she had once been.

Shit.

He had always hated the thought of death bed repentance, if he died in someone's bad books he would at least have the conviction to hate that person until he could get to God and explain why.

Too long...

Depends how you looked at it, Mark supposed. To some four years of estrangement might have seemed trite considering she had been a ball-breaking, domineering bitch of a mother.

Don't do it for her then. Do it for yourself, get some closure on the matter. It might do you some good to be able to put old grievances to bed.

He didn't see why he should give her the benefit of being able to dictate to him one more time. Even if it was the last.

He would sleep on it. Maybe it would make more sense in the morning, what he was feeling now was little more than a knee jerk reaction to a communiqué that had been sent like a bolt from the blue.

Yeah. A little sleep and it might start to seem like a good idea.

Ok.

It was going to be a long night and the memories that visited him were pleasant and disturbing in turns. He was quite aware that not all his thoughts were real, he had used daydreaming a lot in his younger years to escape his mother at times, he had used them with such a conviction that some of these thoughts and whimsies had become real. He couldn't swear on a bible if his recollection of his mother's hand down his pants was real but it had felt real enough to repulse him at the time, real or imagined.

Before much longer it was real again in his mind.

Had she thought she could keep him away from girls? Had she thought in her mind she could wash his clothes, feed him and satisfy his sexual needs? All this to keep her from being alone.

Filthy bitch.

He was glad she was dying or dead or at death's fucking door.

Closure Mark.

Having closure was one thing, not knowing if a memory in your head was real or not was completely another.

Ok.

He had always been taught to do as he was told. Well behaved and polite he would have made some lucky lady the most wonderful husband. Had he not this perception of being soiled.

You don't know if that's real or not...after all this time, shit, you've gone over it that many times that you feel like it did. Hardly surprising really. If you don't look her in the eye at least one more time you'll never know for sure.

Ok!

No need to shout.

Sleep wasn't deep at all, his eyes were as wide as they had ever been in his life, the spectrum of his vision greyed over as the movies in his head played endlessly on.

Mark knew his mind had become the biggest problem in his life. The biggest antagonist, the instigator of his internal bad weather.

All it took was a lousy telegram to start all this shit up again, eh.

Yeah.

Really, it's Ok.

He rolled over and pulled his knees up to his chin. He could go to see her yes, but what if he looked in her eyes and saw the woman he was almost certainly sure had put a hand down his pants when he was 14 years old, just to prove that as his mother she could do all the things he would ever need to be done.

Sick? Certainly.

True? He was unsure.

It tore him up not knowing, it was only the suggestion of remembrance that had set him on the path that day four years ago without looking back. Had his mind created that image in order to bolster his leaving...?

"Fuck" he slammed a fist into the pillow besides his head fully awake again.

Go or stay?

What would be the problem if he never saw her again?

The problem is just this: you remember sitting on the garden bench one day thinking about Sarah from next door and the way she had let you touch her breast the night before. You remember feeling very excited and very young and full of expectations, she liked you didn't she...you looked at where the hair at the base of her neck was fine and wispy and knew that there were finer things than football. Yes. Very

excited.

He groaned, sleep had took him to the next level of reverie.

Seeya Mark...

Bye Sarah...

Maaaaaaark!

Oh, there you are.

You don't know what to do with yourself. You can't move, you know she can see that your excited, your shorts aren't of a very large cut and they don't hide your struggling maturity.

Ah Mark, don't be embarrassed love.

She's sat next to you, she doesn't scurry back into the house mortified that you have an erection in her presence. She seems, well, almost pleased wouldn't you say.

It's Ok Mark. Tell me it's Ok Mum.

It's O, oooK.

Why has she done that? Why did she ask? Why did you fucking tell her it was Ok, NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!?!

Her hand shouldn't be there! You know this is wrong but you had to be the one to say Ok...

"NOOOOO!" He thrashed through his covers and out of the bed, he brushed at his crotch to rid himself of the feeling that something was still in there, touching him, pulling him softly, *only like a mother could.*

"Jesus" He swept the back of his hand across his brow. That was the all time champion shittest dream he'd ever had.

It doesn't mean anything you know. You were thinking about it when you fell asleep.

Naturally your mind wandered where it had no right to.

“Bullshit”, he told the voice.

He got off the floor and went to the bathroom cubicle that adjuncted his room. He would wash himself off with a flannel.

She still had all this power over him and it was with that in mind he decided he would have to see her.

One last time.

But what if it were true?

Again with the recriminations and fights, internally you know this can't be healthy but what else can you do?

You could stop this once and for all...ask her! Ask her before it's too late and she's gone for good!

It was true he could ask her if she recollected the time she put a hand down his pants, he just wasn't *sure* enough.

What'll it be Mark, do you continue to live a dual existence? Because I'll tell you now I don't think I can take much more of this shit!

OK!

“ARRRRRRGGH!” the wall was there, he hit it again and again and he felt his knuckles split against his skin, pain, keen and sobering brought him out just in time for him to hear a knock on the door.

“Oy, keep it down in there” a dark face demanded through the barred hatch then passed on.

Erm. Mark?

What?

No, nothing...nothing, it's fine.

“What's going on in there” the second officer asked,

“Nothing” the second officer replied, “he’s got his note out again that’s all”

“Well” the first officer put his pen down, “If he doesn’t calm down we’ll get him sedated. Should have fucking taken it off him long since”

“No worries, he’s going quiet again”

Both officers sat in peace for awhile, savouring the wings most placid time.

“What’d he do?” the first officer asked of the second.

The rest of the conversation was lost on Mark. He snapped right back into the here and now and rocked from the heels.

Mark...wha...er...mate?

“NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO...” he slithered down the wall of his cell, the pallid white walls the drab décor and lack of colour. Hospital of course, the special kind they put people in who have taken vacations from themselves.

The withered telegram on the bed was four years old, dog eared and rippled along the sides.

He had made the trip. His mother begged him to come and see her, the way he had stormed off, she wanted to make it better, she wanted them to make amends, she hadn’t meant to be on his case, so hard all the time.

Please come home Mark...

He had killed his mother.

His memory of the day when he had been sat daydreaming on the bench was nothing more than a wet dream sponsored by the girl next door that he had projected onto his mother while he had been sat semi dozing in the sun, his dick hard in his pants.

He had killed her because she had slapped his face. There he had been sat for all and glory who happened by to see he was a young man with no restraint or breeding - vile.

As soon as he had turned 18 he had bolted, more ashamed than anything truth be told that his mother had acknowledged his rite of passage into manhood by slapping him, by making him hate his erection.

For making him feel bad.

“No, no, no, no” he punctuated each ‘no’ with a hearty thump backwards with his head, he had managed to cave in the back of his own skull before the guards came in to stop him.