Devil

He smiled ear to ear and with His grin appropriate for only a jackal He reached His hand out. My hand reached over great distances and times to grasp His. We shook hands and in the time it took for us to finish I felt the entirety of Him and the unimportance of this moment. I felt thousands of souls before me. The whole time His grin was unchanging.

I was unsure of the reason of our meeting and the need for such a hurried nature as I was exhibiting. The man in front of me continued His calm composure as His smile turned to a smirk. His words came first and as his breath drew before each sentence I could have sworn that I heard hell itself open.

I was too nervous to reply. The thought of humanizing this Beast with words was unthinkable.

He reached into His pocket and from it He drew a knife. It was not yet stained and looked as if it had just been pulled from the fire that spawned it. With a quivering hand I took it. As I pulled the knife towards my chest to embrace it I heard a click within my head and a light to the left turned on. A woman was sitting in a chair under the spotlight. She was bound to the chair. Her mouth was taped shut and her arms were tied many times over with barbed wire. I couldn't tell if the shaking was her trying to escape, or from the anticipation of the horrors that were about to be inflicted upon her innocent body.

My feet turned to hooves.

I stepped towards her and she gasped. She knew me and I knew her. I cocked the blade so that the light reflected off of it into her eyes. She turned violently. The poet in me asked, "Should I take my time with the first cut and use her blood to paint the walls? Or shall I lunge forward with all of my hate and disgust and let her body be my work of art?" I knew only time would tell. When I reached her, I would know what to do and would be ready.

My legs grew dark, course hair.

I jumped forward and made a cut at her mouth. I split the tape in twine and with it, the edges of her mouth were extended. The muffled screams turned ear-piercing in an instant and blood rolled down her chin. She rocked back and forth, trying to move her hands to her mouth to caress the open wounds. In doing so, she cut her wrists more on the wire. With my exhale I made another cut, this time into her breast. It was truly beautiful as she moved along with me. I felt like it was all a dance.

My hands became talons.

She was crying. I could tell she was in horrible mental pain as much as physical. She could taste her own blood on her tongue and that made her crazy. The Deceiver was behind me, cackling like a crow. I could feel a great force from all directions. It was telling me more, MORE. I wanted more, He wanted more, even she wanted more. She craved it.

My soul burned.

Not much longer, no, not much longer. I grabbed her left leg and sawed into her. Each stroke bred more and more blood. She was screaming and, again, rocking back and forth, trying to stop me from continuing. I couldn't help but laugh at the situation. The irony! Only months ago she was cutting out my heart, now I'm cutting out hers. This is the end she deserves!

My face contorted.

There isn't as much blood as I thought there would be. She must still have plenty left. The last bit left is her face. The thing that I used to idolize. I sat in class and stared until she felt my obsession. I had to turn so she wouldn't see my lust. With a thrust I caught her eye. She won't be able to judge me anymore. With a second lunge I obtained the other.

My head split into horns.

When it was all said and done, only low murmurs were escaping her bloody mouth. I cut
open her chest and kicked her chair until her back was to the floor. Without even thinking I raised my foot and stomped on her ribcage until it was shattered. Her disgusting heart was to be seen by all. She won't hurt anyone anymore.

I turned to face Him. He slowly, as if moving through water, moved His hand to my face and wrapped His fingers around me. I saw eons of human intelligence pass by my eyes. Thousands of dreams and nightmares. Crying babies, raped women, destroyed men. Colour filled my sight and I must admit I've never felt so good. This must be heaven. I must be dead. Where is God? Am I in Hell? I remember the devil's face but I don't see Him now.

A blinding light over took my visions and I tried to close my eyes but found that I had no eyelids. No arms to shield me, no feet to run. I couldn't look around, I only saw forward.

Out of the light walked a man. Confusion overtook me as it looked like the man from before, but it was different. The warmth surrounded and engulfed me. In another instant I saw, again, eons of intelligence. This times the dreams were of hopes, the babies were fed, the men and women were happy. I felt everything and all of the potential of good. And then the man ahead of me took it. I felt fleeting life and everything around me became cold.