Songs We Sang as Kids

By Ethan P.

Grazing my teeth over my delicate lips, I sighed out a soft hum. Frantically my hands worked to bind up the utterly wretched smelling trash bag before me. As I lugged the dead weight to the door, a familiar tune from my childhood escaped my lips. It was more of a whisper than a song, but the music seemed to fill the kitchen. Dropping the trash, I allowed myself to be sucked away by my melody. Twirling about, I danced around the house. My feet felt as if they were floating; I felt as if I was light as a feather.

Finding myself at the window, I gazed out into the backyard that I had spent so much time in. Unconsciously, my hand reached up. The cool glass brushed against my fingertips, and I ground my teeth into my lips. Blood filled my senses; all too familiar was the taste, but I wasn't complaining. One old tree in the backyard caught my eye, the tree that our cat was buried under. Memories from years back rushed forward to my mind.

When I was ten, my dad found the corpse of our cat in the driveway. His carcass had been badly mutilated. The poor creature's flesh had been shredded from his fragile body. My parents wanted to shield my sister and me from the gore that had befallen our beloved cat. At night though, when they were under the belief that we were asleep, I would hear them talk. Mutters and whispers would slip from their lips and slide under the door; the words would slither like a snake, making their way down the hall and into my room. Up my walls they would climb. Seeping into my ears, my parent's talk of horror wrapped around my mind, soaking into every aspect of my world.

Dreams began to fill with images of explicit carnage. Crimson red blood consumed my thoughts daily, and the sicking crunch and crackle of breaking bones swarmed my ears, and I liked it.

Snapping out of my trance, my eyes flicked back up to the tree. Pulling and distorting my face, a morbid smile crept onto my features. The old tree seemed to know that I was thinking about it as its thin, whimsy branches swayed in the light breeze. Slowly I licked my lips, tracing them with my tongue. Roots of the tree weaved in and out of the soft, fresh earth. Roots. Down beneath the roots lay not one, but two corpses.

When I was 12, my older sister went missing. Speculations ranged from a kidnapping to a runaway to her falling down one of the town's many ravines. Only I know what had happened that day. Only I know the song that she used to sing me. Only I know that our mom taught us that when we were little. Only I know that I sang it the day she died. Only I know that I sang it today. Only I know about the satisfying crunch the skull makes when her eyes got gouged out with my thumbs. Only I know the glorious sound of a human sobbing

for their life. Only I know that if you saw out their tongue that they will no longer be able to plead. Only I know that if you saw off their arm slowly, only to sew it back on will make their whole body convulse with pain. Only I know how delicious the taste of her flesh can coat the inside of my mouth and enlighten my senses. Only I know how to bury her once beautiful body, now ruined, with nobody knowing. Only I know.

Bloody and beautiful my lips parted, and as I walked back to the kitchen I began to sing.

I sat for hours under the tree, the tree planted for you and me, I heard you whisper out my name, and I knew we were the same, I cried five tears, for all my fears,

And I thought I heard you say...

After slipping on a pair of shoes, I grabbed the large, odorous trash bag that contained the non-eaten parts of my parents.

I will do what I love, and love what I do,

I don't care if these words hurt you,

I will do what I love, and love what I do...

I hauled the bags out to the backyard. Lifting my head, I let the sprinkle of rain fall onto my face and smiled. Grabbing the shovel I had propped against the trunk of the tree, I began to dig room for two more bodies.

I don't care if I hurt you.