

FROZEN IN MOTION

Calder Stenn

Paralyzed by his own state of mind, entrapped by a cerebral ringing, the boy existed in the silence of the gravel pavement that supported his numbed body. To think that one might be able to comprehend the suffering that had taken place would be to diminish the boy's internal peril. Trickling, flowing, gushing, a darkened red escaped from the victim's wound, quickly engulfing the boy in a shallow puddle. Detached from his conscience, the boy's panicking began to burn his insides. The pistol that had slithered from his deadened hand made contact with the pavement, not quite breaking the boy's fragile stupor, but doing just enough to re-acquaint him with his own thoughts. He had never before felt broken — at least not like this. Broken had haunted him all his life. He could see broken in his home; his mother as she, night after night, took the beatings that his father had dealt. His father had given him broken in the shards of beer bottles embedded in his cheeks or the blind strikes to the face on nights when drinking felt less

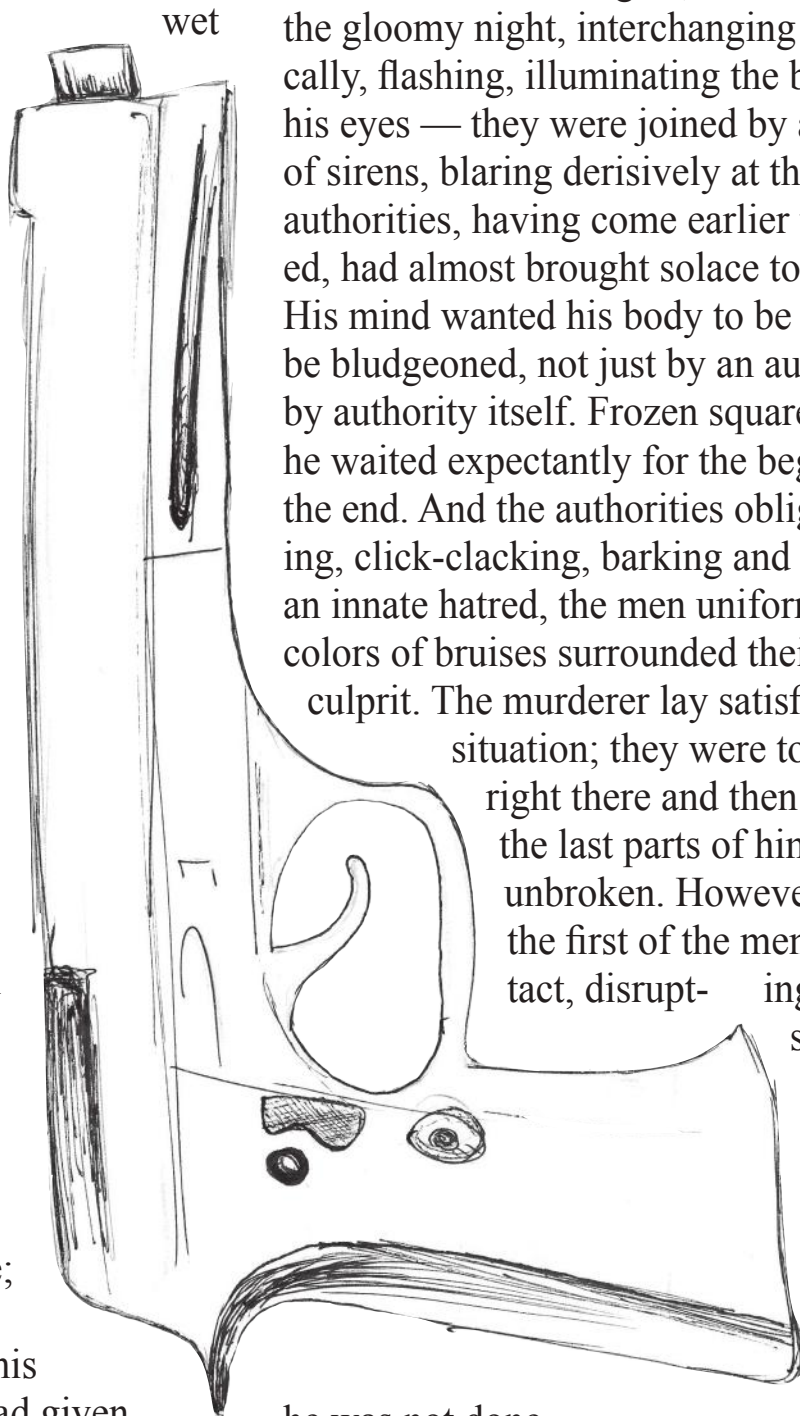
satisfying.

Blue and red lights, nearing, coloring the gloomy night, interchanging metronomically, flashing, illuminating the boy, piercing his eyes — they were joined by a crescendo of sirens, blaring derisively at the killer. The authorities, having come earlier than expected, had almost brought solace to the boy. His mind wanted his body to be punished, to be bludgeoned, not just by an authority, but by authority itself. Frozen squarely in place, he waited expectantly for the beginning of the end. And the authorities obliged: sprinting, click-clacking, barking and fueled by an innate hatred, the men uniformed in the colors of bruises surrounded their unfazed culprit. The murderer lay satisfied with his

situation; they were to end him right there and then and destroy the last parts of him that lay unbroken. However, only once the first of the men made contact, disrupt-

ing the boy's sphere of convoluted thoughts, forcing him to his feet, did he realize that

he was not done, that he was still being, and that he would continue to be — that his thoughts had simply betrayed him.



GUN | Sequoia Gregorich