

Noises Behind His Eyes

By Tyler W. Stinson

This heartless world and all of its disturbing faults have birthed the sickly twisted thoughts and nightmares of a tortured artist. This artist only known by his dark poems, short stories, novels and his name, Thomas. Thomas' seemingly dark views, dreams, and passions thrown onto paper, his words arranged in such a way that most will never truly see the full existent of his guineas.

After years of creating such masterpieces of a cold world, Thomas never came to see the light through his own darkness. Thomas spent his life isolated in his work, each day passing, becoming more addicted to his literature than the days of his past.

Day after day Thomas' mind and body slowly began to fade away into his writing's, until finally one day he could no longer tell the difference from his fancies and reality. Unfortunately, Thomas' beautiful wife and two young innocent children would see first-hand, Thomas' godless imaginations and his disturbing and unusual painted world as seen through his eyes.

On a warm and seemingly almost perfect day Thomas awoke early in the morning, the sun not yet above the horizon. Thomas awoke with thoughts of a short story, instead of going to his desk and writing down these thoughts, he acted out his story as it played in his mind.

Thomas slowly walked from his bedroom to his garage, on the other side of his home. From his garage, Thomas took a can of a gallon of gasoline, then quickly walked through his house, pouring the flammable substance on everything in his sights. Thomas' wife, only minutes after Thomas had left their warm and comforting bed, walked into their living room only to find Thomas pouring gasoline all over their living room furniture and carpet.

"Thomas! What the fuck are you doing?" Thomas' lovely wife yelled confused and frightened by her husband's bazaar and unusual behavior.

"I'm writing baby... I'll be finished soon and we'll go and get some breakfast." Thomas replied ignorant to his actions. As Thomas replied, his wife looked into his eyes only to see text, as if Thomas was indeed writing. After Thomas answered his wife, he dropped the now empty gasoline can and pulled a single match from his right front pocket.

As Thomas pulled the match, Thomas' wife quickly ran to their children's bedroom, took them from their beds, and got the two young children to the front door of their house.

"To such a cold world that consist of half-truths and empty promises, where do I fit in... never mind I

do not belong to such a colt.” Thomas said aloud as he lit the match and let it drop from his hand onto the gasoline soaked carpet. Fire suddenly ignited do to the writers action. Moments after the artist set his living room a blaze, he slowly went to his desk, just across the hall way from his living room, in the open dining room. Thomas sat at his desk, then began to write down his thoughts for his short story, that had awoke him from a dead sleep, that he’d just partly lived out.

“Thomas! Baby the house, come on lets go.” Thomas’ beautiful wife cried as she held her two young children’s hands and looked at her husband worried for his safety.

“I’ll be finished shortly baby.” the writer told his confused wife, as he continued to jot down his thoughts.

“Thomas God damn it! Our fucking home is burning.” Thomas’ wife said aggravated as she left her children at the front door and ran to her husband’s side. Thomas’ wife quickly took a hold of Thomas’ arm and attempted to pull him from his work, but the lost artist didn’t budge.

“Baby... I’m almost done, I’ll meet you in the car.” Thomas told his concerned wife never looking up from his work. The flames from the living room now growing larger and quickly spreading across their once beautiful home.

It was at this point that the writer’s wife came to realize that her beloved husband was trapped in the fancies of his work and that Thomas had no idea that he’d started a fire in his living room. Even still, Thomas’ wife could not bring herself to leave him behind. Thomas’ loyal and brave wife had promised him long ago;

“Until death do us part, and even then I’ll be there to climb to the heavens and reunite our un dieing love. God will not wait long if we are not to depart from this world together.”

Thomas’s wife, instead of running, pulled up a chair and sat down beside her husband to watch him write. Thomas’ faithful wife now unafraid and at ease with her decision. Only moments following, Thomas laid his pencil down on his desk and turned to look into his beautiful wife’s now worriless eyes.

“Will you die with me? We can climb to the heavens together.” Thomas asked his wife, still trapped in his fancies and thoughts.

“Yes. This world may be consumed by false tongues, but my words never were.” Thomas’ wife replied as the two lovers embraced in a long and emotion filled kiss. As they kissed one last time, the fires that had nearly devoured their home quickly began to consume their flesh and bones. Such love felt most will never come to know or hold. Passion and commitment as confusing and horrifying shared, the purest that such two being felt.

