The Line

By Sam Mercaldo

The postmodern age has ended. The destruction of meaning is complete. The glittering light protects our fragile eyes from the truth. Technological wonders no longer composed of atoms and molecules provide our life. The garden of the real has wilted and now the desert has become is our home. Upon the structures of the old world we live upon. Techno-colored lights hide the rotten wood and crumbling rocks. Sweet music and pleasant scents hide the stench of dung in the air. God is dead and the devil has gone mad with boredom. The prophets of old warned us to keep up our servitude to the garden. Protect the flowers of truth and the tree of life. We have failed and now the desert of the real is all that remains. Even that is slowly disintegrating away. A new age has begun the age of the Line.

I am its prophet. How I feel like the prophet Jeremiah as he was thrown into the pit. Even he was better off than I! I do not serve a loving God. I serve the Line. The Line has no heart to love or hate with. No hands to hit with or show compassion. The Line simply is.

I see it in my vision how it haunts me. The stagnation of its movements and the apathy of its touch. It is no god and it is no devil. It is simply the Line giving neither sorrow or joy only giving life and the harsh truth.

I could not live if it were not for the household I live in. For they care for me despite my state of mind. Even though the compassion feels like it’s coming across from a great ocean. The smallest ripples in the water still helps my soul. The household is the iconic representation of the past age. A polyamorous family with dominance and submission as its themes. Our rotting house is filled the clatter of young feet running across the floor. The women cook and mend clothes. The men work and do household chores. At night the moans of ecstasy and love can be heard through the vents. Though all are not equal and self-appointed so. They live in a fantasy world of bondage, whips and canes. Torture for sexual delight and pleasurable servitude. The glittering lights hide the truth from them well.

I simply exist in the household. Doing what chores I can and tending with my limited capacity to their wretched souls. I am pitied in the house even by the lowest willing slave. If only they could see what I see! If only their minds could comprehend the Line!

I see it as clear as the sun at the noon time of day floating in the air, pulsating, hovering and moving in a squiggly manner. Encircling all their minds except for mine. Hiding between the glittering lights and the desert of the real. Everyday at sunset as the bloody light shines upon the desert one last time. I look up and I see the Line fall from the sky. Dropping its weight down from it’s otherworldly spool. At this time Patricia sits down next to me.

She is a submissive in the household. Not quite a slave so with some rights. Her favorite toy is the cane and she wears the red stripes on her back and ass well. I find her a sweet girl. Golden hair, freckled face and blue eyes. A body like a sculpture done by Michelangelo and a tongue that makes a sound like a cherubim singing of love. I suppose I love her in my strange way. Though since my tongue was stilled at an early age I cannot converse with her.

Rather we sit and she talks filling my ear with a wonderful melody. I watch the Line wave around and she tells me about her day. Patricia is far to modest to talk about her sexual exploits, but the events of her sexual submission leaves her flushed at the days end. She’s my same age a respectful twenty years of age. Already a master of her sexuality. Though it is a fantasy she lives in. Her feet seem clean lying on the grass, but I see it for what it is. They are being dirtied by the sand of the desert.

It is a horrendous coo that breaks our peace. Upon a tree, nestled in wind tousled by the wind sits a white dove. It was a beautiful sight. So simple and refined. A fine bird unlike any I had seen before. It was a small and petite unnerved by Patricia and mine’s presence. Though I gaped in horror and the still vocal cords that hang in my throat released a gurgling sound. The pigeon had eyes that glowed. They were like a beacon shooting out red condensed light. I starred in awed terror, but Patricia attempted to coo the bird to her hands. I leapt on her to stop her from unleashing the terror. That act of touch is what saved her mind.

I placed by self on top of her in my crazed panic. I rolled onto by back and held her tight despite her struggle. “Simon let go!” she said with a cry. I would not. I could not let her summon the pigeon to her. As she struggled against my grip I looked up into the sky and saw the Line shooting down. Once it had been like yarn string tangled in the sky it was now a thick coil, by my eyes a foot long in thickness.

Its strands shot through the air and into the house. Disrupting the light that hid the decay. Inside Patricia and I heard a scream. Patricia kicked free and ran into the house calling out “Master, Mistress!” I stumbled onto my feet and followed her with a trot.

Inside the house was revealed for what it was rotting wood, seeping sewage and decaying corpses of small rodents. The Line curled around the walls, invisible to all except my eyes, slowly devouring the last of the light. Patricia ran through the room filled with terror and confusion. For the glittering light was no more and the desert of the real horrified her. I followed her slowly careful to make hardly a sound. I sensed danger and cruel desire.

Soon we found the people of the house. The Master and the Mistress, the subs and slaves. The children sat on the floor playing a game. All appeared normal and without error, except for the thick Line going into their heads. Though I could not see what exactly it did. I knew that deep inside it was scrambling their brains. The age of the Line had come and all would appear right, but would be terrible wrong.

Patricia was confused, so she spoke up with the timidness trained into her as a submissive. She asked if they could see the rotten wood, the seeping sewage and the carcasses on the floor. The people of the house simply looked up at her were misty eyes. They opened their mouths and said *Patricia* in a queer unison voice. Immediately terror struck me like a bullet. I yearned to go and I sought to flee. But how could I leave poor Patricia to the horrible fate that was soon to happen?

The people of the house stood up, including the children leaving their game on the floor. They walked toward her arms stretched out. Together over and over again they said in their queer and unison voice *Patricia* As they got closer they turned to a whisper till one snatched Patricia’s hand. The poor girl was quite scared unsure of what was going on. I saw the flexing of their jaw muscles and with a speed like that of a god I pulled Patricia back before their white teeth could pierce her flesh.

The people of the house tried to eat her. So I took Patricia and I ran. I ran tugging at her arms as we ran through the forest her howling screams filling the air. Even in the twilight as the moon hung in the sky I could see the Line flexing in the sky. Its twirling tips gripped the world like a viper stinging men, women and child with its powerful venom. Yet while Patricia held my hand she was saved from their fate. For the I am the Line’s prophet and it would not harm me.

Finally tired to our bones we found a place to take a nap, but terror was still abode. Exhausted to the point of death we collapsed on dry leaves and soft dirty and the dream world found us willing hosts. I dreamt of the pigeon the harbinger of doom. Yet in some small place of my soul I felt that I loved it. It’s an unnatural love between man and beast. But the creature had a soul and it called to me. I resisted its coo as it flew in my dreams and woke to find the Line set upon Patricia. Its curly tentacle was scooping into her brain, causing it to frizzle and sizzle with lightning. With a gurgle shout I leapt on upon her. I took her bare shoulder and pressed my finger to her flesh.

A perilous heat sprung my nail and my tip. I carved into her skin and wrote my symbol that was true name. It looks something like a *k*, but slanted like at the top of the vertical line and a circle at the angle where the two smaller lines meet. I claimed Patricia as mine. The Line sprung from her mind and left no damage to make her ill. Though she leapt up with a shout.

Patricia rubbed her arm and saw her mark upon me. The submissive looked upon me with horror and than the Line caught her eyes. Patricia glanced up into the sky and saw the world with a new lens. Her eyes returned me and teary gratitude felt down her cheek. She knelt on the ground and declared me ‘Lord.‘ Though I haven’t a clue why.

For weeks we traversed through the woods. Looking at towns and the people that remained. The Line had destroyed every person’s mind. They were zombies without reason. Though they appeared to be people they certainly acted as they were, though the slowly decaying flesh showed what they really were. They went about their day walking slowly on streets. Driving cars in a crude fashion. Pretending to buy clothes and food. Acting as store keeps, doctors and lawyers. Why they lived as they did before the Line had destroyed their mind!

The few souls that remained untouched and clean from the Lines horrible touched were considered food. Raw meat and eaten like a cow. The zombies upon seeing the fresh flesh would race towards them and tear them apart. They’d take the limbs, the head and the heart. Divide amongst themselves and return to their homes. Their they would eat like animals upon they're dining room tables. Patricia and I once saw a zombie family having a mock Thanksgiving dinner!

Patricia didn’t understand and I couldn’t explain. Because my voice remained still. Still she followed me her self appointed ‘Lord‘ and continued to serve me though she didn’t need to. Patricia found me food and water, nice places to nap, clean streams and pools to wash in. She even offered me sex, but I was afraid to embrace her. For Patricia was so pretty and I was just an ordinary naught. I was just the poor wretch chosen to be the prophet of the Line.

After months of travel, seeing devastation. The desert revealed a humanity stripped bare. We found a group of people hiding in a city I think they once called Chicago. They hid in Wrigley field with guns to protect them. Though bullets could not harm the zombies. It was there that Patricia showed her mark and said I could save them from their ill. With hesitation a few accepted my care. They were filled with terror when they saw the line. Than they wept in joy thanking a dead god for their new found safety. Soon all became my followers and members of my flock. As I stood on the stadium looking upon my people upon the old baseball field. I felt my voice loosen and I spoke uttering the first words of my gospel. I’ll admit my words weren’t good news and they wouldn’t cheer their hearts. It was the truth harsh and cruel. I truly wish I could do more for their souls.

“Behold. Simply behold. There is no need for wonder or dread. The world is laid bare. Meaning has been destroyed. Technology which once with light hid true sight is gone. God is dead and I think he died sometime ago of a broken heart. The devil doesn’t want our souls anymore. Its the age of the Line. Don’t hope that this is a better age because it won’t. Don’t fear that this will be a cruel age because it won’t. You simply exist now for life’s own sake. There is nothing more to say except please pray. Pray for prayers own sake.”

My audience was stunned and shocked. Mystified and confused. Still they wore my mark. They were safe though it meant not a thing. I glanced up at the Line as it constricted itself around the moon. I turned to Patricia and kissed her holding her tight.

I am the Line’s prophet though I didn’t want to be. The Line is alive and in the barren desert of the real we will live and die. The postmodern age has ended. The age of the Line has begun.