

A Torn Mind Flash Fiction

Disturbed Meal

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229 Words

She's slimy in my mouth. Her eyes are blank, but she must be somewhere. I firmly hold her head and chew the brain tissue, pulling and forcing it to snap. The outer layer has a marshmallow-like texture. My teeth pop the pillow crust and the juices flow onto my tongue. I wonder if I'm ingesting her mind.

I feel her slide from my hands. Her head bobs off my knee and starts scraping against the ground. I look up and I see this scraggily, homeless-looking fuck.

"What are you doin'?" I ask with spit flying out of my mouth.

The man who's pulling the corpse says nothing. My words turn to growls as I rise off my feet and lunge at him. His expression is as dead as the corpse in his hands. I throw my fist into his face, but he doesn't respond. The skin bruises, yet his mind is too far gone. I scream at his absurdness. He does not twitch. His only intent is the corpse. My teeth ravage his flesh. I claw at his eyes and pound at his weight. Red and purple splotches douse my face. Unnerved, I grind my boot; I twist and raze his shape.

My corpse waits. I lay down next to her and touch her cheek. Her eyes are blank, but I look to them with the thought to decipher.