

You died before I had time.

"Close your eyes and count to seven. **Never** leave the nightlight on, there's no use turning it off once he sees you."

You can hide under the covers and hold your breath but you can't run. You can **barely** walk. You can try but your legs are bound to give out. They buckle under the weight of your body.

"It's not midnight yet, do you want to read something?"

You need to read to me.

It's dark.

I used to pray to recover you.

"In the beginning was the *Word*, and the *Word* was with God, and the *Word* was God."

I never liked **crucifixes**. I don't care what the Christians say, crosses signify defeat. They hang off of golden threads and hold no power."

"You know what to do if he comes here right? We've done this before. Don't look at the cross and don't make a sound. Keep the lights off."

Where will you go?

"There's too much blood here and not enough of it is mine. There will be no trail."

I think someone's at the door.

In the name of the father.

KNOCK

And of the son.

KNOCK

And of the holy spirit.

KNOCK

I never could talk to you.

"Something **broke** the salt line, he's here. Turn the lights off and don't make a goddamn sound."

He's coming for me. He'll get to her first but he'll come for me soon enough.

I can't let him get to me. I feel something hot rise up in the back of my throat. It tastes like **bile** mixed with something I can *recognise* but cannot name.

I want to throw up but I'm afraid I'll be too loud.

I hear glass shatter, then silence.

He's here.

At twenty I tried to die.

It has been **sixteen** years since I swallowed whatever came up.

Five thousand eight hundred and forty eight **days.**

A hundred and forty thousand three hundred and fifty two hours of **watching** a woman I no longer recognise turn my lights off for me.

Even more time spent staring at the golden **crucifix.**

Four lines across his throat and it's **over**, he's weaker now.

There are shards of glass in my back pocket.

If I've killed one man, I've killed two.

I know I haven't been visiting often enough.

Don't look at me like that, please stop staring at me. You know why I'm here. I'm sorry.

Taking someone's life isn't supposed to be easy. But it isn't supposed to be hard either.

I told myself four lines across the throat would do the trick.

I know what came up with the bile when I was four. I'm choking on it now. I can't say its name.

The salt line is intact. His body is in the ground.

Daddy, daddy, you bastard, I'm through.