

Pondering the Eye

Brett

“How very odd...” he thought as he sat gazing at the disembodied eye. It was bigger than he had anticipated, softer too. He held his precious white trophy up to the light and marvelled at the magnificent blue-green colour, speckled with golden flecks.

He had been too careless removing the first. The left eye had turned to a congealed soupy mess when he had eagerly skewered it with his knife. This time he had been much more careful. Much more, meticulous. The small pen knife, at first he doubted he even needed it, had indeed found a use.

And now he had his prize. He gazed into its empty depths. Depths that once had held a light, a life. Now empty, cold, complete. The empty window of a soul. The eye stared back, endlessly. Unblinking.

He sat back against the wall, the small globe, cradled in the palm of his hand. He took out a small flask of water he had brought with him and tenderly washed the eye.

“There you go,” he whispered to it in the dim light, “all better now.”

He gingerly grasped the unblinking eye and turned it so as to stare into its depths. The eye silently stared back. He studied the waves of green and blue, how they washed into one another, like oil and water. He counted each golden fleck. There were seventy nine. He studied how each red vein traveled through the sea of white towards the iris, not one ever reaching it.

He took his pen knife back out of his lapel pocket. He opened it and began gingerly trimming the remaining optic nerve from the back of the eye, leaving only the slightest stump where the long nerve used to be. And using the last of his water he cleaned his precious one last time.

He reached into his coat pocket and removed the single, small, crystal bottle he had prepared for his prize. He slowly removed the silver cap, and placed the eye in the clear liquid within. As he replaced the lid he gazed, transfixed, at the eye.

Only then was he hit with a pang of guilt. If only he had been more careful. He would have had two brilliant blue-green orbs. Not one. Next time he would be much more patient. Next time, perhaps he would bring the head home. That way he'd have much more time to enjoy the process of removing his coveted globes, his empty windows. And then he'd be guaranteed a full and complete pair.

It was only then that he looked down at the eyeless corpse at his feet. At the gaping, empty right eye socket, and then, mournfully, at the blackened, bloody, slimy ruin of an eye which oozed from the left. He lifted the head and dipped his finger in the slimy mess. “Like jelly” he thought.

He sighed one last time at the ruined left eye and let the head fall back down carelessly onto the cold concrete. Blood had mixed with vitreous fluid and had oozed into the once beautiful black hair, so when the head hit the ground it made a sickening, crunchy, squishing sound. It made him cringe. Next time he'd use earplugs too, he thought about the list he'd need to write for next time.

As he stood up he gave the corpse one last glance. The eyeless beauty lie behind him, arm by arm, leg by leg, torso by head, each next to each other in a neat line. Next time, he thought as he walked away, next time, he'd look inside.

As he walked, he wondered how long it would take them to find her. He thought about the headlines they day after they did. “Beautiful Raven-haired Actress found Bound and Disarticulated in Warehouse.” He laughed to himself as he left the dilapidated building. The carpet hadn't matched the drapes.