

Fingerprints of Evil

“Evil is not something superhuman, it's something less than human.” – Agatha Christie

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It's here...

Always has been, always will be.

It's all around us...

It's in us...

It is us.

I can't see it, for it hides itself well. But inherently, I know it's there. It's deceptive and sinister—cold and calculating, measuring its every move. And when its desire spills over and it craves, it draws forth from the shadows and makes its presence known.

When it shows me its face, I shudder at what I see, so I close my eyes tight and wish it away. It has nothing but time, so it waits me out. And it knows I will eventually give in. When I open my eyes and am forced to acknowledge it, what I see terrifies me. And I realize this is just the beginning.

I'm not sure what it wants, but it has targeted me. I'm not sure why, but I know it doesn't care. It singled me out while it lurked in the shadows, until the time came for it to unleash its wrath. And when it attacked, it did so swiftly and mercilessly, and left me feeling nothing but dread.

Confusion, panic, helplessness, terror—all the things nightmares are made of, all playing a part in my despair.

It projects weakness and spreads falsehoods to garner sympathy. It punches holes in walls of fortitude, wedges self-doubt into the psyche, and assassinates character – all without batting an eye. It deceives, lies, cheats, and hates. And when it covets, it takes—with little by way of resistance, but laying waste to everything in its path.

It does what it does for its own edification, and its game must be played to validate its own sense of self. When identity is at stake, it stops at nothing to win.

It's relentless in its pursuit, so I'm powerless to hold it at bay. It revels in the fact that I am looking over my shoulder, never knowing when or where it will strike next, and it mocks me every step of the way.

Fearing it only makes it stronger, enhancing its power and widening its range. But when I garner the courage to look into its eyes, and see nothing but the darkest of black, I realize that it has no soul, and that it's capable of terrible deeds. I run and hide from it, hoping it never follows. Yet it seeks me out, in its own special way.

It hides in the subconscious in grotesque form, and creeps forward in moments of half-sleep or in dreams—when I am at my most vulnerable, and where it can inflict the most harm. It is there that it is

unstoppable, piercing the hands, eyes, and face with its razor-sharp tendrils of hate, and making me wish I were dead.

I can do nothing to protect myself except lock myself away from the world, else go about my business and accept my fate. So I'll take what it has to give, and patch myself up along the way.

It hits hard and pierces deep, but I refuse to fight back. It attempts to engage me but I turn the other cheek. But the more I ignore it, the more apathetic it becomes, and the more useless I become in its game. When it extracts enough of my life-force, and loses interest in prolonging my pain, it will drift back whence it came, and begin its cycle again.

Although it wanted all of me, it revels in what it has taken. Its consolation prize, and its trophy, is my shattered belief in humanity, and the innate goodness of man.

I'm under no delusions, for it has seen my face. It will trail me at a distance but will mark me every step of the way. It will hide in my shadow and in the back of my mind. And when it comes calling once more, I will have no choice but to face it, or die.