

The Snake

by Ashley D. Gilyard

Time was not on my side. While racing against the proverbial clock of time for my existence, I sought help to save my life; but alas, help was trapped within her clutches. She lurks in the shadows waiting for one slip, one glimpse of thought of her. To speak her name means instant death, as she captures the breath of me, only by a flutter of eyes. The darkness thereof is too much to behold.

She is angered for having attempted to trust me and for my mere existence here. She is an enigma to me. She rattles me because of indifference. She has hated me for thirty-five (35) years and counting because she wants to be me, wants to be acknowledged like me, wants the glory of my effervescence. It was not my fault; I did not ask to come here, and almost missed the opportunity to meet my existence. Even now, I question my mere existence, and I maintain that I am fighting to keep it. I refuse to let her remove life from me and those in my care.

Maneuvering the days while sunlight prevails makes it easier to live, to see, to fight, to maintain. But twilight still cometh. We have already lost others to her while trying too hard to divert their attention elsewhere. All it took was her wily nature to get one, Marye, to join forces with her and desert those of us she pretended to love. She came with lies and deception, and Marye just lost it. The wiles of her were too strong to defend. But I refuse to let her get Marye's sisters, and I refuse to let her get me.

I stopped thinking of her at a time when my attention was solely on another. For us, the necessity had to be live to live another day. Fighting with the enigmas of the mind is the worst fight to have. Also, fighting with one you cannot beat defeats all purposes. I tried to tell her that things are not what they seem, but she turned a deaf ear to me and allowed her imitation mental verities to manifest.

She tried to take me on and destroy me many times before but had to strengthen her arsenal. She almost got me twice over with those same wiles as Marye, but I am smarter than Marye. Her first wile came in the form of guilt, the worst possible mental way. She killed me with guilt or so she thought; tried to say I was ungrateful for not succumbing and submitting to her wiles. It was her way or the highway. I took the highway. The second time, she took a different form. Those same eyes that took cries as weakness, slithered quickly to the heartbeat. She came for me when I was not looking and caught the vein with venom, which took five minutes to paralyze and suppress me.