

## SPLITTING.

for Joey Yearous-Algozin.

Pt. 1.

I made you.

I made every single part of you. Your fingernails, your hair, your sweat, the color red. I made your dick come out of your skin for the first time. I made all the scabs you peeled off that skin and any part of it you've ever tried to cover up. I made every burn and every bruise on it, and I made all the scars still left on it. I made the milk you drank from it and all the soft tissue you bit at as you fell asleep while you bit the nip that fed you.

I made it all.

I made that nipple and I made that asshole and I made that mouth and I made those pores. I made all of the pores on all of your skin, each of which will loosen and split open when your body finally begins to decompose either due to time, or due to fear, or else because it roars as it makes room for the tiny pebbles of salt I made to come out of it as it sears for a brief moment before it burns by the bolt of fire that shoots out of my eye as I destroy you.

I made your filthy skin and I made your gut and I made the rain. I made it all. All of it, all that hits you from without, and all that creeps up on you from the inside, all of it. I made everything that you came from, the sack and the swollen cunt you fell out of. It is all a mirage of me and you, you are nothing!

I am Lord Shiva, The God of Destruction. And I am going to appear in your room and I am going to blow out your little candle. I will not breathe out. I do not have to. I am Lord Shiva.

And you, you are nothing.

Not only are you nothing. You have never done a thing to please me. Despite the fact that you know, and have always known, that at any moment, I end it all.

And now, I do.

I, Lord Shiva, appear. I stab you three times at once. Say in your chest. Or, through your neck. I go straight for it, I slice off your head. Nothing gets in the way of my trident. Each of its spears pierce all the way through your weak little body. I lop off all of your limbs and I leave you in a pile. Or, I appear and cast you and all that you know into an abyss of frost and darkness. Without warning I set you on fire. I watch you burn for eternity. I split your soul from your skin. You snap. Vanish. All of your awful soul and all of your awful flesh are annihilated by my will. You are all gone for good.

You know.

When I please it I appear. In your little room in the flesh. I, Lord Shiva, who am never born, I who never die. Death is nothing. Pain is nothing. I don't have a body like you. I cannot be split. I am no body. I am all pervading and all knowing. I am Lord Shiva, the fucking cosmos.

And I will it.

I appear and I destroy you with the great fire that shoots out of third eye, yes. Burning red hot, my third eye splits open my beautiful blue forehead and casts you and your home and your family and the petty little fights you pick with them and your dogs and your cats and your goldfish and your friends and your kids, whatever they are now, socialites, drunks, invalids, shut-ins, handicaps. I cast you and your dirty filthy bodies, all that skin, and that hair, and that cunt, and that tit, and that dick, and all of that blood and seed I filled you up

with, and all of the shit you put into it and everything you say that you hold sacred, your memories of laughing or crying, all of your gods, whoever they are, Jesus, Allah, Mohammad, Buddha, whatever you call them, all of them are borne of me and I cast you and all of it to flame and to destruction.

I stop it all. And I will. Because I am Lord Shiva and when I see you anger fills my being. First, I am going to appear in your room and I am going to blow out your little candle with a bolt of fire that shoots out of my eye. Then, I will set you on fire and watch you burn.

All of you. All of it. My fire is the only fire. And my fire will be the only thing that will be here with me when I am done. Just me and my fire.

You close your eyes and you say *Shiva made you and Shiva will waste your gardens and your wives and Shiva is going to destroy you and all of the tiny fire you make*. You repeat it over and over and over. *Shiva made you and Shiva will waste your gardens and your wives and Shiva is going to destroy you and all of the tiny fire you make*. *Shiva made you and Shiva will waste your gardens and your wives and Shiva is going to destroy you and all of the tiny fire you make* *Shiva made you and Shiva will waste your gardens and your wives and Shiva is going to destroy you and all of the tiny fire you make* you repeat my name over and over *Shiva Shiva Shiva* and then what do you? You question me.

You have hope that when you are done praying to me, that you will open your eyes and there I'll be, showering you with grace and with wealth and with answers and with power as if at your bidding. But I will not.

I am only going to shower you with hot flames or with a flood of snakes or I will merely will it and smother and subdue you with the sheer weight of my gaze.

I destroy you. That's all. You do not live, and you do not have any hope.

There is no more hope. I destroy hope.

All of you will sizzle helplessly under my wrath until you all smack and dissolve into the black oblivion from whence I made you.

And that candle of yours. Go ahead. Look at it while you can. Before I destroy you and that tiny little fire. It will not keep you warm any more. Nothing will. You have had your chance. I am here now. Nothing will protect anything from me. Nothing will even burn.

There will be no time to burn.

If you have fallen asleep, or if you are awake, or if you are pretending to be asleep, with your eyes closed in your bed, or if you are sitting with your eyes closed on your knees, or if you are sitting there with your legs crossed, beads of sweat pouring down the sides your little face, or if you are feeling completely casual and have just decided to lay your pathetic body down while you contemplate my power and my form, or instead, if you have been smart enough to figure out by now that you mean nothing to me, however you are. I find you and I destroy you.

So keep your eyes open. Keep them open so I can see you while you see me, your Lord, with your beady eyes, terrified and wet with the final gloss of devotion to me, for in that split of a second when I, in my flesh, appear before you, thick, ripped, and blue, my limbs split from my limbs in shades of a darker blue, the blue of that poison I sucked out of the ocean to save you, I, Lord Shiva, will be there to burn it all up with the stream of golden fire I have had building out of anger at you inside of me and inside of which you will soon writhe while you cry and scream just as I promised all of you would. Yes, keep them open.

This is not the end. And I will leave you time to see it all burn. Time enough for you to remember just before you are gone what you sound like when you cry.

As you will do when you writhe as you burn and sizzle under the fire I shoot out of my third eye at you. A cry and a sizzle that no one will hear but I, your Lord Shiva.

I will hear it all and what I will hear is a long ssssssssss sound, the sound of you sizzling before you turn into either ash or into smoke, lasting out the rest of that that ssssssssss sound for barely a moment before all your dumb flesh, inside and out, is fully cooked by my fire so that any sound or prayer or movement you make will be heard by nothing but me, by my big blue ears that have heard everything, everything but the sound of you crying.

Because I have never, not before this point ever listened to you cry.

I never listen to any of you cry, and I will never have to again.

I will never listen to your cries of pain or of desire. And no one will because there will be nothing. Nothing after that. Nothing.

After I destroy the entire world, starting with you.

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