Excellent Choice

The Horrors

Excellent choice!

Morgan moves back to the familiar charms of his fiery days when Morgan still felt something.
No longer
Morgan's like a slave, three feet of paper and a family of four.
Morgan wonders why his wife is so slow, blames his wife for his slow love.
He shakes his head as he climbs into bed,
Grits his teeth as he moves between the sheets.
Morgan feels like sudden laughter when he sees.

Excellent!

He doesn't sleep much on account of a terrible pain in his head.
And sometimes Morgan sits up in the loft reading from a book of children's stories.

Now listen
Well I'm not trying to question your decision,
In my opinion
You've made an excellent choice.
I don't want to put the doubt in your mind.
In my head, well, you're just fine
Excellent choice.

Jaws no ordinary sucking harder, sagging eyelids & pocked cheeks,
Intelligent the television buzzes & crackles & preaches
Morgan feels like his family have made a conscious effort to cause him misery.
His taste buds have deserted, sneaking away from his wife's cooking.
Morgan dreads the family meal, clenching one hand under the table.
The bland wall hangings nod at the food in recognition. They are far too familiar with one another.
Morgan's work for minimum wage is no comfort.
He thinks about the items that have sapped his money over the years, shoe polish, oven cleaner, vacuum bags, sugar substitute.
A pathetic collection of unwanted gifts and dream-sapping commerce.
Any creative reserves once stored are long gone.
Morgan seethes at the realisation he has given his children too much of the little he has.
Morgan wishes his family dead.

Well I'm not trying to alter your opinion
I'm so happy that you've finally found your voice.
I don't want to put the doubt in your mind

In my head you're just fine.
Excellent Choice.
Well done sir.

Lacking imagination, and full of despair, Morgan turns tail and leaves without a word.
The door shuts compliantly as he moves outside.
Slips slightly on the spit-covered steps of his estate.
Morgan crunches down the path with regular, driven feet, pushing through the grey clouds escaping his mouth.
Approaching the train tracks, he sighs, lays flat across the line, and shuts his eyes.

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