The Urge

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The shutters are closed and the windows are locked. The clouds predict a melancholy torment will soon come pouring down on all the denizens of a small rural town. The people have all locked themselves inside their homes. Some live in comfortable dwellings, while others live day and night in a ransacked cage—I, being one of the few living in a cage. However, I find my home to be extraordinarily comfortable. It's a sort of deceiving home. It's a Victorian era styled house, but the inside is a sinful disgrace for living quarters. How can someone live in a desecrated home and be at peace?

I guess what I am trying to say is,

I am not a monster.

I have been criticized of committing horrendous acts, acts I would not dare commit, and now I am in tears. I have lost the only person I have ever loved.

My dear Roseanne, if you only knew of the plague that consumes me, the plague that hinders me from reaching higher levels of intimacy.

I've tried to explain once before, but my explanation was futile. The only way to understand what I deal with would require an in-depth excavation of my brain. My brain is buried underneath a mountain of shrouded corruption. Dig deep enough and you'll come across my thoughts, consumed by external stimuli.

Pixels burn into my retinas and leave a permanent scar, like staring into the sun for far too long. Pixels are all they are, but I am fascinated by the sum of the entire image; captivated by the mesmerizing visuals that unravel in front of me. In and out. In and out. Is the pleasure there, or am I a fool for believing in this deceptive pleasure?

I'm sorry, Roseanne. I've apologized many times before, so this apology probably means nothing to you, but I truly mean it this time. It was my wrongdoing. However, everything you accuse me of is false.

I can’t believe I’m doing it again. I fall victim to the very thing I said I never did. But the pictures do not lie to me—they bring me pleasure, instant gratification I could never get from Roseanne. Ahh yes, the combination of sight and sound in its equilibrium bring nothing but euphoric pleasure. My eyes ache from constant strain the screen creates and my ears throb from the deafening sounds omitting from the computer. Nonetheless, I am perfectly comfortable as I lean back in my desk chair. Clothes off and both hands occupied, I lean closer to get a better view.

Roseanne, you're wrong. This doesn’t make me a monster. I'm a man who lives in the present. I don't worry about the future. I don't dwell on the past. And at this moment, I see nothing wrong with seeking pleasure. It's readily available at an instant, so in a way, the pleasure seeks me. In and out. In and out. Yes, the pleasure is always there.

My apologies were nothing but combinations of sounds and the movement of my lips.

In and out, up and down. I'm synchronized with the movement of the actors. How could such a simple act be so horrible? God damn it, Roseanne. Your words are ruining my pleasure.

I’m not a monster; I’m a man. I’ll stay with what grants me instant satisfaction. Men’s desires and curiosities have only gotten them further in life. If it wasn’t for man’s desire to explore the new world, you wouldn’t be here today. Their lust for non-ploughed territory allowed our ancestors to settle in what once was pure and celibate land.

If what I do makes me a monster, then so be it. I’m merely acting on the desire that so many modern men fail to act on. No
wonder our generation is lost and corrupt.

The pixels change form. What once was a visible portrayal of my inner fantasy, dissolves into a collage of random colored squares—the exact aftermath of a tornado able to pass through websites. Climax postponed.

Who are you to take the kids? I’ve done no harm to them. I’ve done no harm to anyone! God damn it, you’re so inconsiderate! The children need a father, a father who loves them and would give up anything just to give them the love they deserve. Give them back to me. That is a demand, not a request.

A refresh was all that was needed. In and out. In and out. The pleasure continues.

Jesus, Roseanne! I’m the inconsiderate one? Why, I’ve done nothing but support the family, my family! You on the other hand, do nothing but accuse me. How does that support my family?

The countdown is on: three, I lean back, eyes shut and jaw dropped. Two, a wild palpitation and a loss of breath. One, my mind boggled by immense ecstasy. Zero, I erupt like a volcano far past its due date. And just like that, the pleasure is gone. No, why must it leave so quickly?

Roseanne, you are right. I wish I could quit this, but the pleasure—although very brief—is far too great for me to leave it. This plague does not let me see clearly. Women are nothing but sexual objects for me. I am a monster.

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