

God, You Can Let Go Now

by Stuart Finegan

Do it, go on, hurry up

I bloody know what to do, shut up

Creeping up behind them unwelcome sirens grow louder.

Their coming, hurry up

In quick time as uninterested passersby went about their business Teenage girls followed to the letter what he had asked them to do. Beneath the stairwell in a urine stench hovel a young boy slowly lost hope. Outstretched innocent hands desperately fended off lucifers wish. For what? A warm summer rain took its time to fall.

Gasping for breath. Eyes tattooed with fear. Naive laughter echoed off broken concrete. Beneath a punctured young body a watery red stream emerged into daylight. St Luke's bells welcomed in the early evening. Laughter, for no reason brought a sense of completion.

It's your turn, here

Violently shaking outstretched childlike hand, Gripped lucifers wish. Looking down Smiling with fear. Emotions running wild. Amplified screams. Sharpened steel. Delicate flesh. Today's lessons hidden within a brown leather bag. Looking skywards to greet a warm summer rain. Fading breath. Youthful dreams cruelty stolen.

Upstairs. Unknowing, she sets the table for two. Inside pocket phone rings. Its tea time. Mother awaits his return.

Crushing blows. Blood flows. Frightened tears greeted by nervous laughter. Unanswered message.

“Is he?”

“Yes, I think?”

Time stands still. Level 14, the lift welcomes the unsuspecting visitor. Lucifer's done for today. Emerging onto the mud-stained grass verge, life has changed forever. Warm red velvet blood finds its way outside.

You better hide it

Why, what, where?

He said... that's what he told me to tell you

Is he coming?

Yes, at the station when we arrive

Don't say a word about the money

Panic replaces rage.

Run

Young legs working overtime. Puddles splash onto crisp white trainers. In opposite directions but heading to the same destination. Hearts beating fast. The train leaves in five minutes. Running as fast as they can. Phones cleverly dropped into the canal and the passing bin truck. Fear seems to exist only in their imagination. Innocent faces no more. A reunion on Platform 4. Breathless. Frantically painting alibis. Caps pulled down to cover lucifers eyes.

On the top floor frantic fists beat the front door. Few words before emotions run wild. The slow lift down took an age. A mother's worst nightmare. Desperate medics work overtime. Wild banshee cries. God watches on from the top step. The train departs on time.

When do we tell him?

I don't know, tonight maybe

Do you think he's, you know?

Maybe

Your hands are shaking, put them in your pockets

Slumped on the bottom step. Cradling god's creation. The clock stopped. Church bells
welcome Lucifer through the great oak doors