

We all come back.



THE  
GRAPHIC TRANSITORY:  
THE PRISM  
VOLUME ONE

K. M. JORDAN



We are all in the gutter, but some of us are  
looking at the stars.

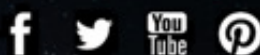
– Oscar Wilde

For Oni

Story & Artwork by K. M. Jordan

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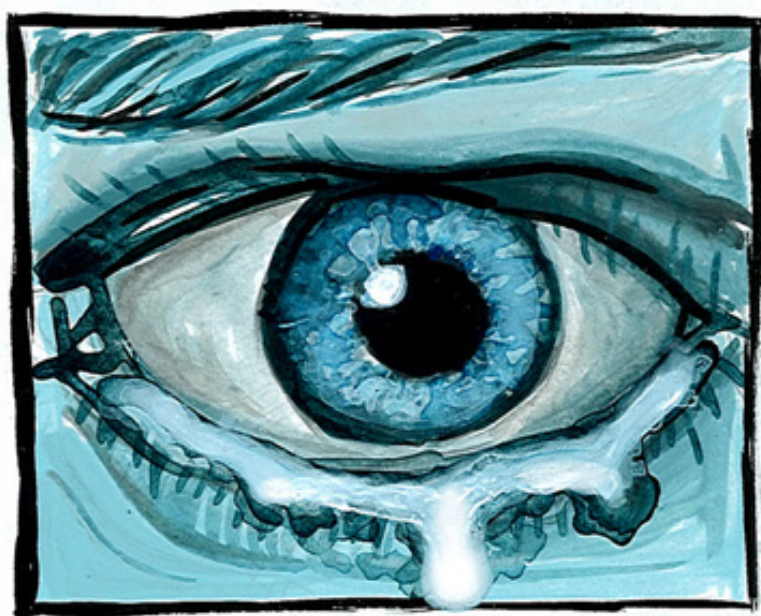
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# When will it end?

SX267 stands like a leafless weeping willow tree. His long arms hang at his sides. The trunk of his body rises and falls with each of his miserly breaths. Bumpy joints protrude where his bones and muscles connect, causing his appendages to appear like disfigured branches. He stands alone, in the dark stillness of the universe.





He craves to cry, but can't.

while enduring his most mournful memories.

the tears cluster and rest, frozen

in the lower creases of his thirsty eyelids.





He wants to feel, but won't.

*What's a human being who can't feel?  
However, my feelings have always  
betrayed me. For what other reason  
would I have ended up in this place called  
Transitory?*

*During my previous lives that I can  
remember, I always attempted to act in  
accordance with my higher self, but  
instead fell victim to weaknesses and  
succumbed to the characteristics I believe  
regrettably make me most human.*



*Each journey  
appeared to be  
unique, but in  
retrospect, I was  
always the same me  
just living through  
different  
circumstances.*



In one life, his heart pounded and his fingers shook as he crept down a narrow hall. Sweat rippled, slid, and dripped into his bushy chin. The intense sounds of their love-making rattled his perception and caused him to grip the wooden staircase railing to keep his balance against what seemed to him to be vibrating walls, ceilings, and floors. Shaking and afraid, his palms couldn't steady at the knob; therefore, William kicked in the door and snarled into their astonished faces.

Lovely and fair like two porcelain dolls, the women's naked bodies were sensually embraced. Their stench revolted and stimulated him. A sudden sweet ache sparked his groin. Hurriedly, he opened the nearby window and wiped sweat from his forehead with a handkerchief he fetched from his suit pocket. His opponent's slippery body proudly stood up. She boldly took a bite from a piece of fruit while they eyed each other like lions locked in a hypnotic predatory glare.

Without further hesitation, he pummeled her with his fists and shoved her through the glass window. Her petite bones shattered easily. Blood from her split skull merged with the steady flow of human and horse feces that ran through the grooves of the cobblestone street.

Looking down, past the billowing curtains, he studied the softness of her face, which was lightly powdered.

He glanced back at the sobbing woman he loved, married, and believed to have been his better half.

SX267 grimaces at the thought of his own reprisal.

*My horses produced a much greater return on my investment than my wife ever had.*







*My need for love transferred to the playhouses. In these places, I found family, self-worth, and mild contentment.*

A haze of flickering candles and cigar smoke lit the boudoir. She passed the blushed colored walls, lowered her suitcase and slipped out of her silk robe. He sat on the burgundy velvet chaise. His white shirt was unbuttoned, disclosing a bearish chest and a perspiring belly. In one of his hands he held a glass full of wine that he offered her. Vanessa accepted, took a sip and arched her back to pour the rest down her naked body. His sneer broadened and his arms widened to a welcome.

*He'd been very generous. But still-no love lost...*

His tongue traveled all over her in a concerted effort to retrieve every dribble of the vintage red. She was stretched out under him, caressing herself with her own fingers and enjoying the sensation of her flesh. When he entered her, she reveled within the hunger of her own sexual satisfaction.

Gripping her chin, he forced her into direct eye contact. Their connection was shallow, especially given that his movements stopped. All she could submit to was a deadened stare. With her pleasure interrupted, she stood up, irritated, and began dressing.

The man inhaled from a cigar.



Smoke softly escaped from his thick lips and dissipated into the air as he watched her and asked, "Where are you going?" She faced him after buttoning a long coat of crushed taffeta and slowly walked to the round wood table where a satchel of money was resting. She smirked as she held the money at her bosom. The man leaped forward and tightened his palms around her throat.



She dropped the satchel and struggled to free herself from his grip. Unable to, her hands swung wildly around until they found the stem

*It was self-defense. Either way, I owed no one anything. And after all, life is never fair. Who was there when I had a life taken by Alzheimer's?*

of an empty wine glass. She cracked it against the wall and pushed it into his face. His eyes ran rivers of red.

She fainted at the sight and fell down on the plush Persian rug he'd once given her for her birthday. Later, she woke to answer questions from the police. The dead man's body was still there. His moist round face leaned sideways, with the pools of blood from his eyes still streaking down his cheeks.

