1.- Leaving a medical building, a narrator fixates on a motionless couple beside a burned chair. He follows them to a severe apartment, waits in the rain, and watches through a lit window as the man’s manicured hand encircles the woman’s neck. A storm swells into a street-flood while he remains, aroused, cataloging details and declaring “We were a triangle”—watcher and watched—until his gaze reduces her to objects and surfaces: “skin like a burned chair.”

2.- Voyeurism and the ethics of looking; desire as surveillance; the violence latent in intimacy. The story probes how a gaze creates a power triangle (observer–subject–frame), turning people into furniture, trash, art. Fixity versus flux (a still couple in a moving world; a window as screen) mirrors obsession tipping into delusion; the flood reads as psychic inundation. Urban detritus and activated charcoal hint at toxicity, cleansing, and disposability.

3.- 5

4.- Allegory of spectatorship: narrator as camera/director, window as screen, rain as darkroom bath. The flood is hallucinatory overflow (mania/dissociation). The burned chair totems disposability—how men (and narrators) expect things (women) to end violently—while “furniture” skin reveals objectification. The triangle doubles as power geometry (abuser–victim–bystander), implicating the reader’s gaze. Activated charcoal suggests attempted self-cleansing after toxic desire.