

Narcissus & Echo

I am the white petals.

I am the yellow core.

I am the flower seen, but never touched.

I am pale and motionless.

I am perfect, still staring, still at the screen as I sink into a sea of sleep.

The screen turns itself off overnight in order to last the advertised lifetime.

When my eyes are beaten open by the assault of the morning glare, all confidence is gone, depleted.

I stumble around for the remote control in the darkness of my bed...caressing the landscape of white sheets, pulse beating through my fingertips. It must have fallen off the bed, and must have then fallen under the bed.

Quick to the monitor, but careful, I reach out to feel for it, hopeful. My fingers meet the hard plastic, it is cool, and I am breathing once again. I run my fingers up the side of the screen, feeling for the buttons, the top button, the power button.

Blue—

Black—

Numbers pour. Logos reign. Advertisements float.

I wished it would hurry up. It does not.

The video camera ignites just as the screen turns on, throwing light across my mirrored bedroom. The monitoring program opens and I can see myself.

Closed circuit viewing: I never met someone more beautiful.

At first I just needed mirrors, mirrors on each wall.

I looked. Everyone looked.

They just could not pry their preying eyes from me anywhere I went...

...then these older guys.

They told me I am perfect. Told me they wanted to wrap their arms tight around my neck, but no one touches me but me because no one could touch me like me.

They insisted and they bought me my very own screen.

They insisted and they installed a video camera.

They set it all up, showed me how to run the programs, how to record with the video camera, how to use the flash-

light—what the best angles were, what times I would be working. How much I would get paid. All the rest is implied.

Implied.

When I am left alone: To my own devices:

I am naked in front of the screen: Formed on the screen.

The voices start pouring in.

The voices ask me if I could suck myself off,

If I could spit on myself,

If they could look into my whole.

Not for them, though. For their praise. They spurted with warm reception. It is a race, edging closer and closer to the finish line. Hearing myself breathing, the pounding of my heart, the distant cheers.

They watched me watching myself.

It is me, but is not me. It is more than what I saw in glass windows, more than mirrored reflections. It is me translated. It is me transferred. It is me in bytes. It is me on multiple screens, in multiple rooms, in multiple eyes.

Watching me watching myself. Behind glass. Closed circuit viewing.

Last night's footage reflection replay: A nothing. A not me.

He comes. He disconnects. Next.

Only four hours a day. I only have so much.

I am pale and motionless.

All day, in between, I lay; blinds drawn waiting for the screen.

Smooth. Supple. Tight. Lovely—

Lonely.

It is not lonely when you film yourself masturbating.

It is not lonely holding your mobile phone video recorder, your smart phone video recorder, to yourself, spotlight on, masturbating.

It is lonely when you watch it in slow motion.

You wish you would flinch, but it gets you going—instead, it gets you going.

And lonely is good; lonely keeps you safe, keeps you accounted for.

I.

And it is just practice, mere practice.

The thunderclap that is the side of your palm thrashing against your pelvis, the ripple of supplication and of flesh, the pants, the groans, the groans...the emission, exploding and floating in mid air, collecting in your naval, overflowing against your defined stomach. The definitions you trace your finger through.

But it is just practice, mere practice.

It is even lonelier when you upload it.

It gets a one hundred percent user viewing approval.
It gets six thousand viewings in three hours.

You are perfect, they comment.

You are born of a god, they comment, of the river.

Spit on me, they comment.

Let me see your hole, they comment.

If only he did not know himself, they comment.

They love my definition, the way my legs meet at my hips. They love me because I am hairless. Because I am weak and strong. Because they do not know if they want to fuck me or fight me.

They love me because of how I look at them. Because of how I look at myself.

Artificial reflection.

I am pale and motionless.

The screen is blinking.

Red. White. Red.

I am formless. I have not a shape to call my own.

Establishing reliable connection.

User connected.

The moment before the curtain is yanked back. The dot dot dot. Somewhere, someone. A bolt of electric pulse. A momentary flicker of magic. Darkness. A voice.

“Hello?” His voice. It is exceptional.

I can not answer.

“Hello?” He calls again. “Is anyone here?”

“Here,” I call back.

“I can not see you, can you see me?”

“See me?” I ask.

“No, and can you me?”—

A light flashes. His room is dark and grainy. The pixels release themselves as the exposure self-corrects, distributing the light across all framed focused forms. Then a shadow. Then a figure. Then a face. A defined jaw. His perfect body. His eternal reflection bounding from all sides.

He is pale and motionless.

His face, absent.

Beheaded.

The moment we stare. His attention is not deserved. If I look into his eyes and follow his gaze I burn, and everything burns with me.

“What is your name?” He asks, he moves closer to the screen, to the edge of the bed, his legs hang off and onto the floor.

“What is your name?”

“Narcissus. And yours?” He asks again, bothered.

“Yours.”

“*Fine*, you are mine then. Where do you want me to touch myself?”

“My-self.”

“Impossible. I only touch myself.”

“Touch my-self...”

“Have you not come to see me?” The anger flickered in his complexion.

“Come to see me!” I screamed, fading.

“I have no interest in you. None. My chest, my neck, my collarbones, my lips, and my legs.”

He reached out to me. To the screen. To the power button.

I am formless. I have not a shape to call my own.

Everyday, for hours, I would watch his live feed performances. A spectator.

He never rushed me home. He never made me clean my mess. My wet, dirty sheets.

I watched him. I know every curve.

We had came together. Right at the exact same time. He does not know, but we did, many times. My legs burned and I burned everything left in my wake. I dripped with eagerness.

I am formless. I have not a shape to call my own.
I love him to death, to pieces: me in pieces.
If I could only touch him.

I would show him the one thing I could do with my mouth.

I attained his address with the input of a credit card. Do not go there. It is best you stay home. It is best you try to reconnect. This way is better. This way makes more sense. Just have a seat at the screen and try to reconnect.

I type in his code and the search yields: no users to be found by that name. But his advertisement is on the splash page. He is this websites biggest star, why can I not find him?

Maybe he blocked me. Maybe.

He blocked me.

I need his white petals.

I need his yellow core.

I need the flower I can see, the flower I can touch.

I need him pale and motionless.

I am formless. I have not a shape to call my own.

I am imperfect.